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THE

MERRY MILKMAIDS.

AN AMATEUR

OPERETTA

IN TWO PARTS.

.... MUSIC AND LIBRETTO BY ...

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

PRICE, 85 CENTS.

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE

528 Elm Street CINCINNATI, O.

Printed in the U. S. A.

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M1503
G17M43

ARGUMENT

PART FIRST.

The milkmaids' greeting to the early morning is answered by the farmer boys on their way to the field, and the tinkling bells from the pasture-lands join in the merry refrain.

The Farmer's Brigade are out in early training; the Village Judge passes that way, adjusts matters and departs with best wishes to all as the Two Jolly Farmers appear, and the maids are off to the milking.

The Commodore takes advantage of circumstances, is surprised by the Doctor, but, being "a man of wonderful brain and nerve power," he eludes his persecutor. The Dairy Queen comes in from her morning walk in time to welcome the maids who return with flowing pails.

Dorothy relates her morning adventure, receives kindly advice, when foot-steps are heard and the Beggar (the Commodore in real life) appears, tells his tragical tale of misfortune, and departs in disgust as Farmer Jim enters with confessions, to learn that his declaration has been so long deferred, that he is, alas! too late.

The milking is done, but the buckets and pans must be polished; the Peddler (the Doctor in disguise) enters with his wares; Ruth has a bit of romance to relate, and Mother Monica, the Indian fortune-teller appears with startling revelations, as the farmer boys return from the fields amid hearty demonstrations of welcome.

PART SECOND.

Happy maids churn the golden butter; they catch a glimpse out of the past and are off to the evening milking. Farmer Jim, driven to the depths of despondency, is in need of encouragement, which he receives from neighbor Joe and the Village Judge, but Monica proves to be the Queen of Samaritans.

The Jolly Gentlemen (Farmer's Brigade) returning home engage in their favorite pastime, and receive a surprise from the Commodore, whose reputation is seriously affected by the arrival of the Doctor, who rings the death-knell to all royal affectations in the heart of the "man of war."

Farmer Jim interrupts an ardent soliloquy; hope once more illuminates the sky; the Doctor catches the inspiration, and together they depart, a happy pair.

Margery indulges in retrospection, and the busy Judge pauses a moment to paint a picture of life, when the evening bells announce the close of day; the Queen echoes the strain which is taken up by and borne out over the hills to the maids and farmer boys, who return from labor; Ruth makes a startling announcement as the Vesper song comes floating in from the neighboring Chapel; the wedding-bells peal forth and the entrance of the bridal party provokes a merry demonstration of "All hail to the Farmer's bride," and happiness reigns in the home of

"T-H-E M-E-R-R-Y M-I-L-K-M-A-I-D-S."

◆ ◆ ◆ CHARACTERS ◆ ◆ ◆

The Queen.	Juanita.	The Judge.
Dorothy.	Myrtle.	The Commodore.
Monica.	Maude.	The Beggar.
Margery.	Fay.	The Doctor.
Janet.	Ruth.	The Peddler.
Anita.	Alma.	Farmer Jim.
Cleara.	Blanche.	Farmer Joe.
The Captain.		The Farmer's Brigade.
Two Jolly Farmers.		The Jolly Gentlemen.

Farmer Boys, Milkmaids, Villagers, Bridal Party, Guards, etc.

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10.	With Flowing Pails	Chorus.
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12.	Maid Beware	Solo and Duet.
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23.	Joy Shall be Thine	Solo and Trio.
24.	Jolly Gentlemen	Soli and Refrain.
25.	A Royal Peer	Solo and Chorus.
26.	Hope	Solo and Duet.
27.	'Twas Milking Time	Solo.
28.	What is Life	Solo.
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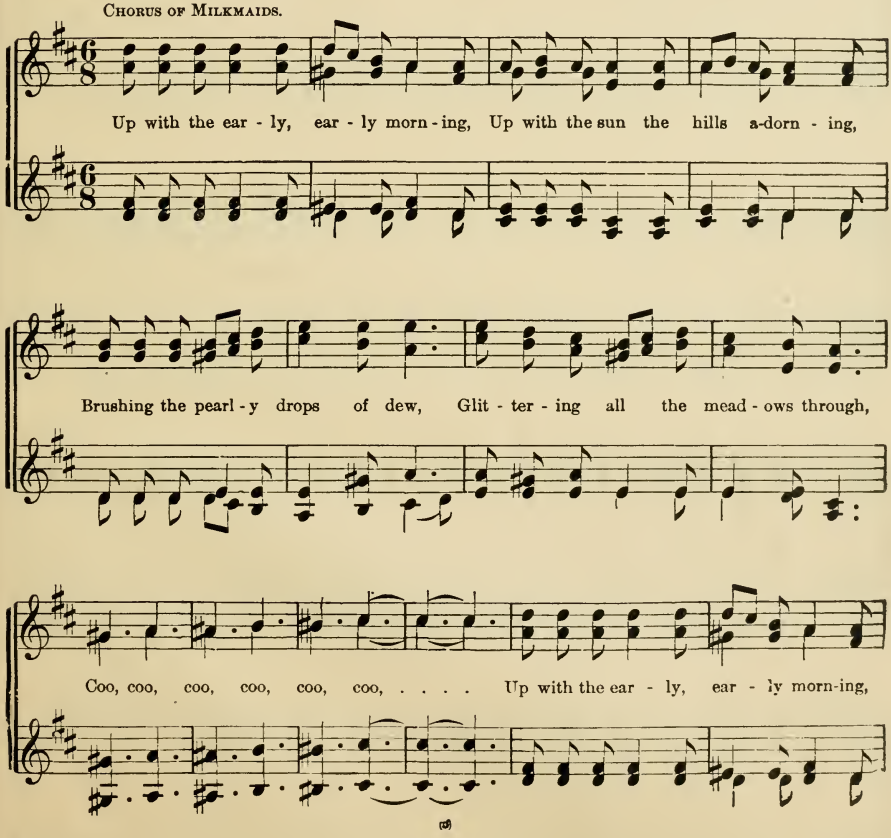
30.	Home Returning	Chorus.
31.	Vesper Hymn	Invisible Chorus
32.	Ding Dong	Duet and Chorus.
33.	Hail to the Farmer's Bride	Closing Chorus.

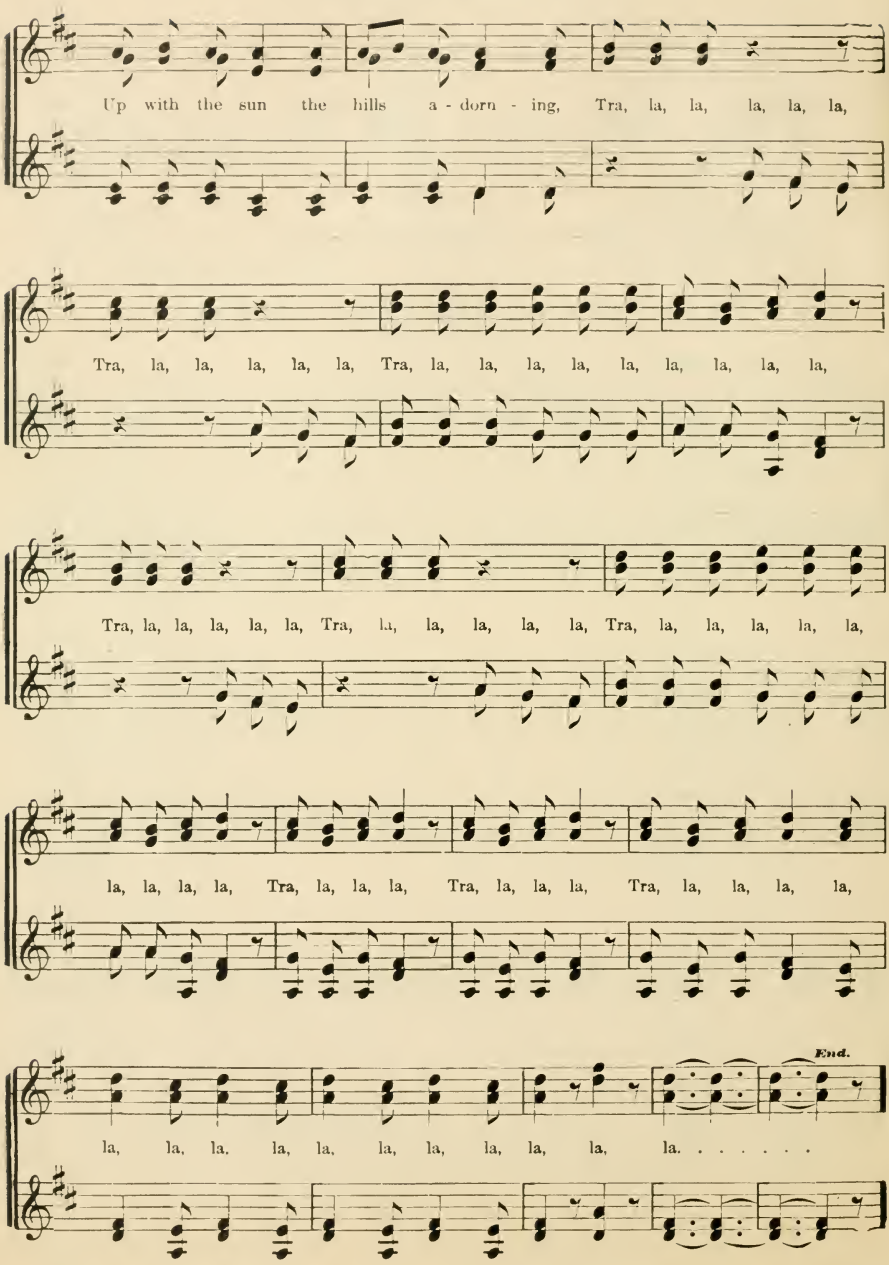
NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR.—This Operetta has been written with an earnest desire of furnishing the young people (in and out of the Church), an altogether pure, chaste and wholesome entertainment. Whether that desire has been accomplished or not must be decided by a careful examination of "THE MERRY MILKMAIDS."

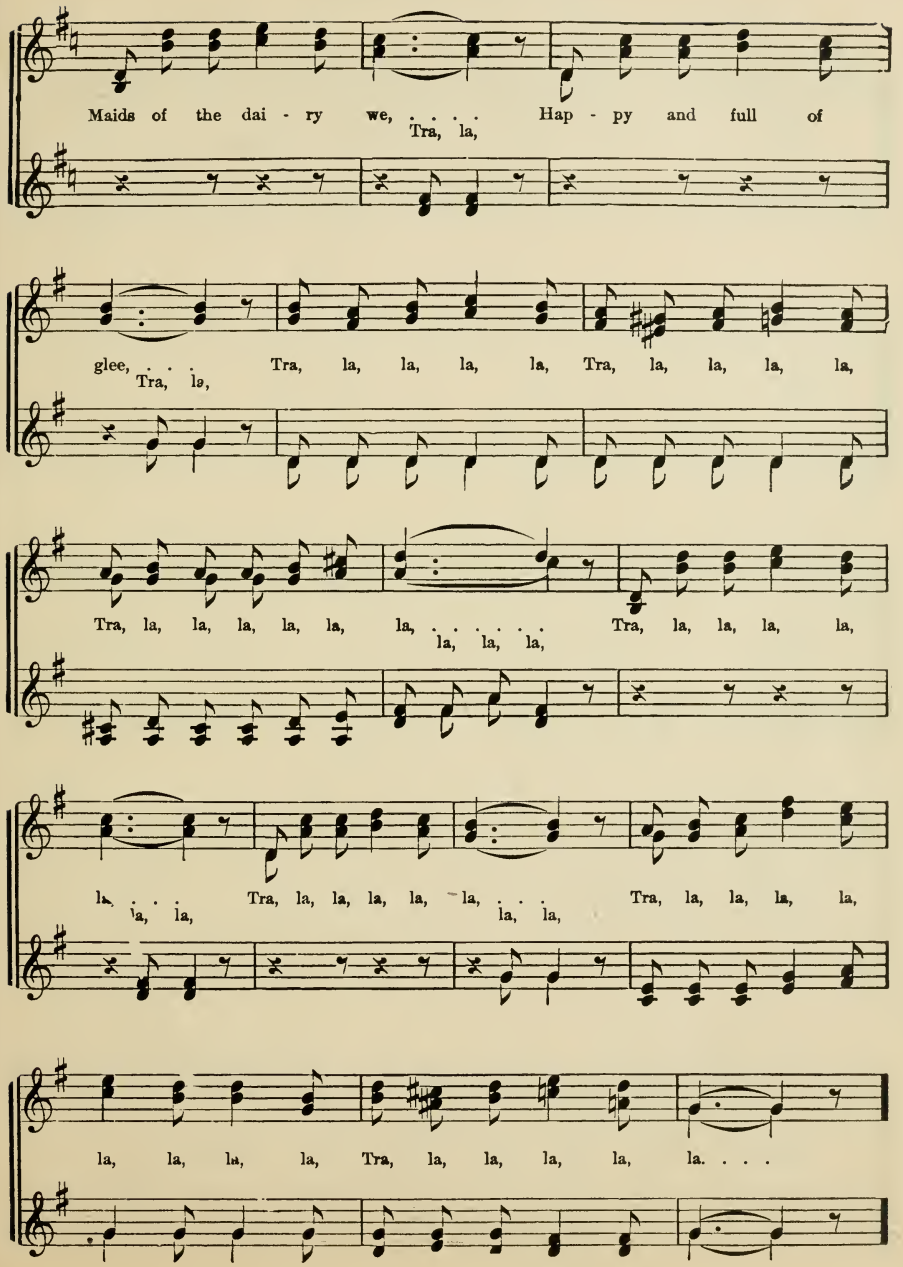
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1891. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

The Merry Milkmaids.

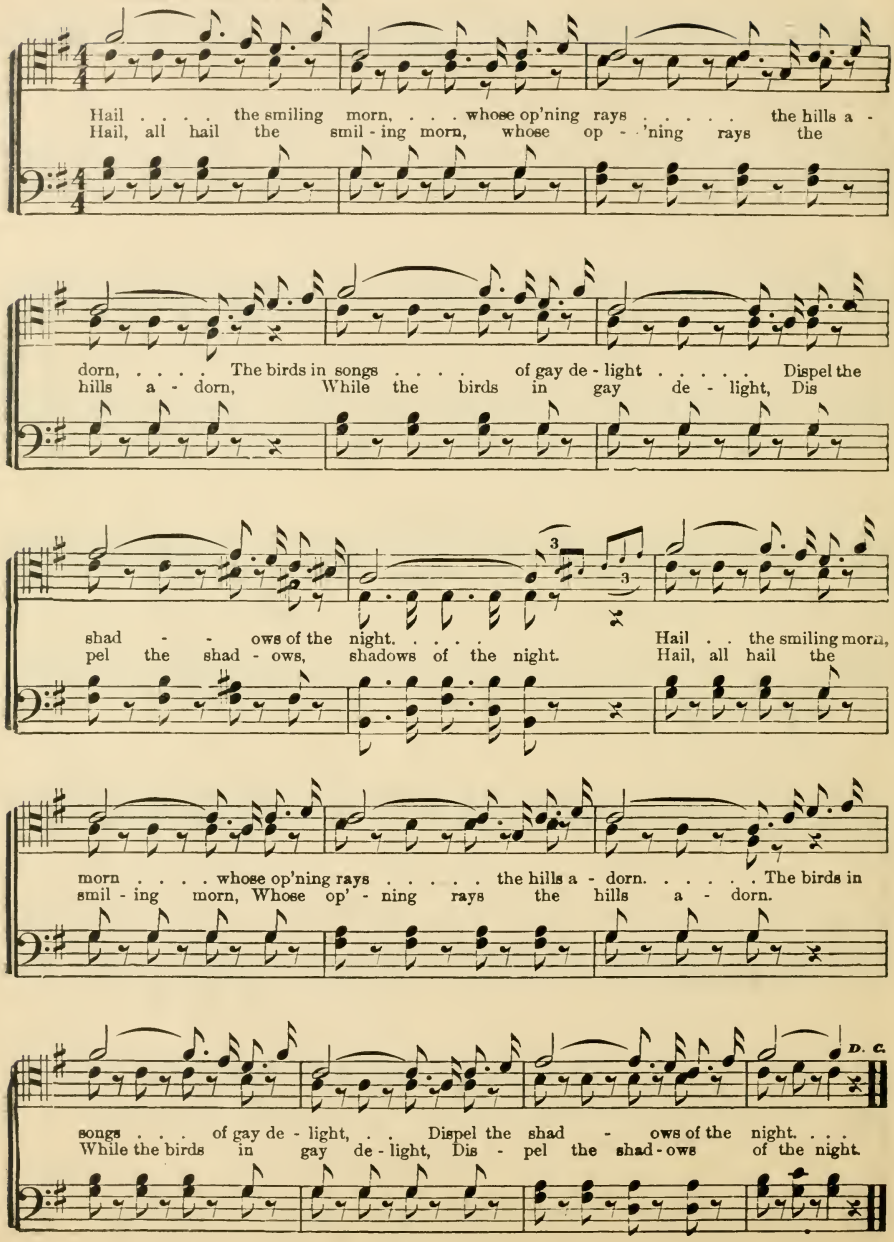
No. 1. UP WITH THE EARLY MORNING.



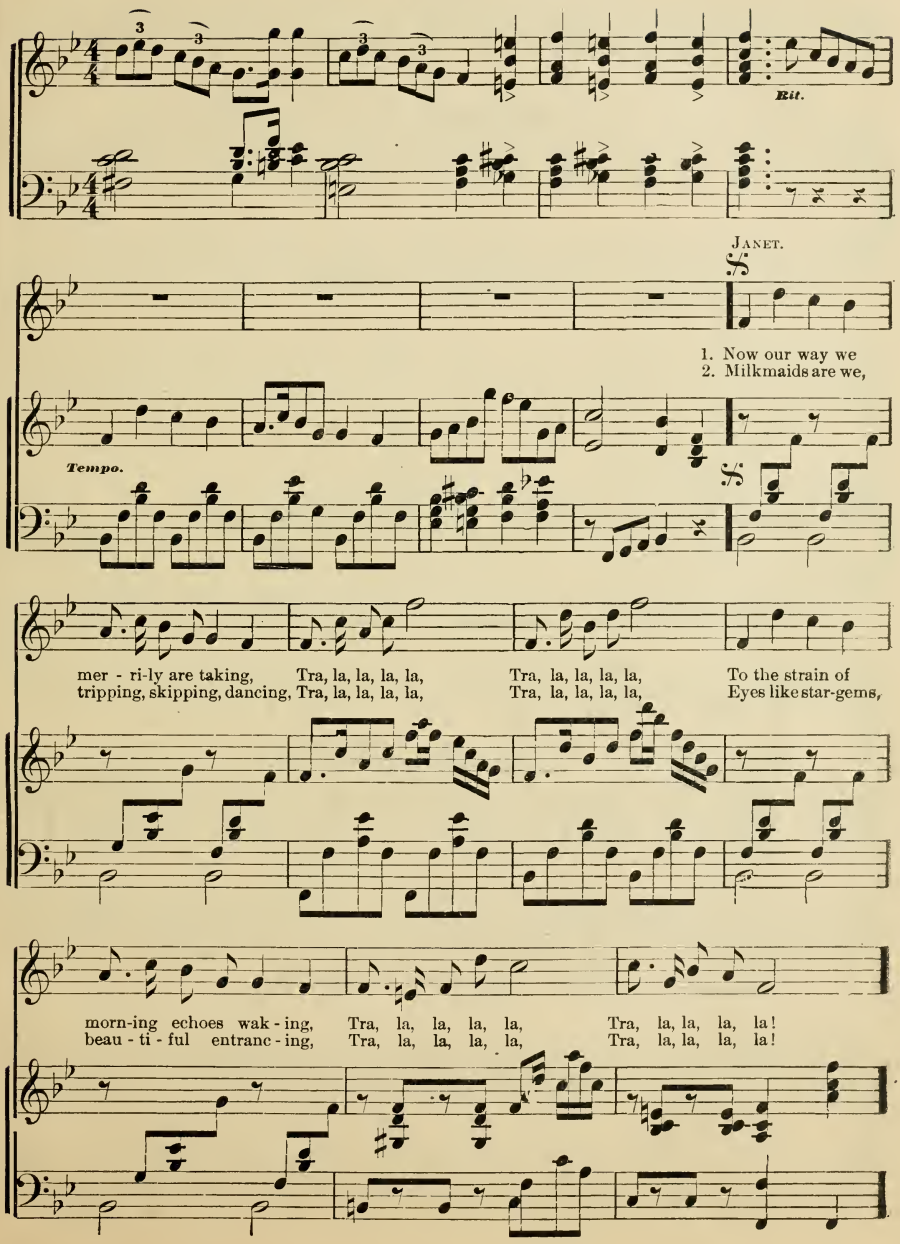

Up with the sun the hills a - dorn - ing, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la,
End.
la, la, la. la, la, la, la, la, la, la. la. . . . . .


Maids of the dai - ry we, ... Hap - py and full of
Tra, la,
glee, . . . Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la,
Tra, la,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, ... Tra, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la,
la. . . Tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Tra, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la. . . .

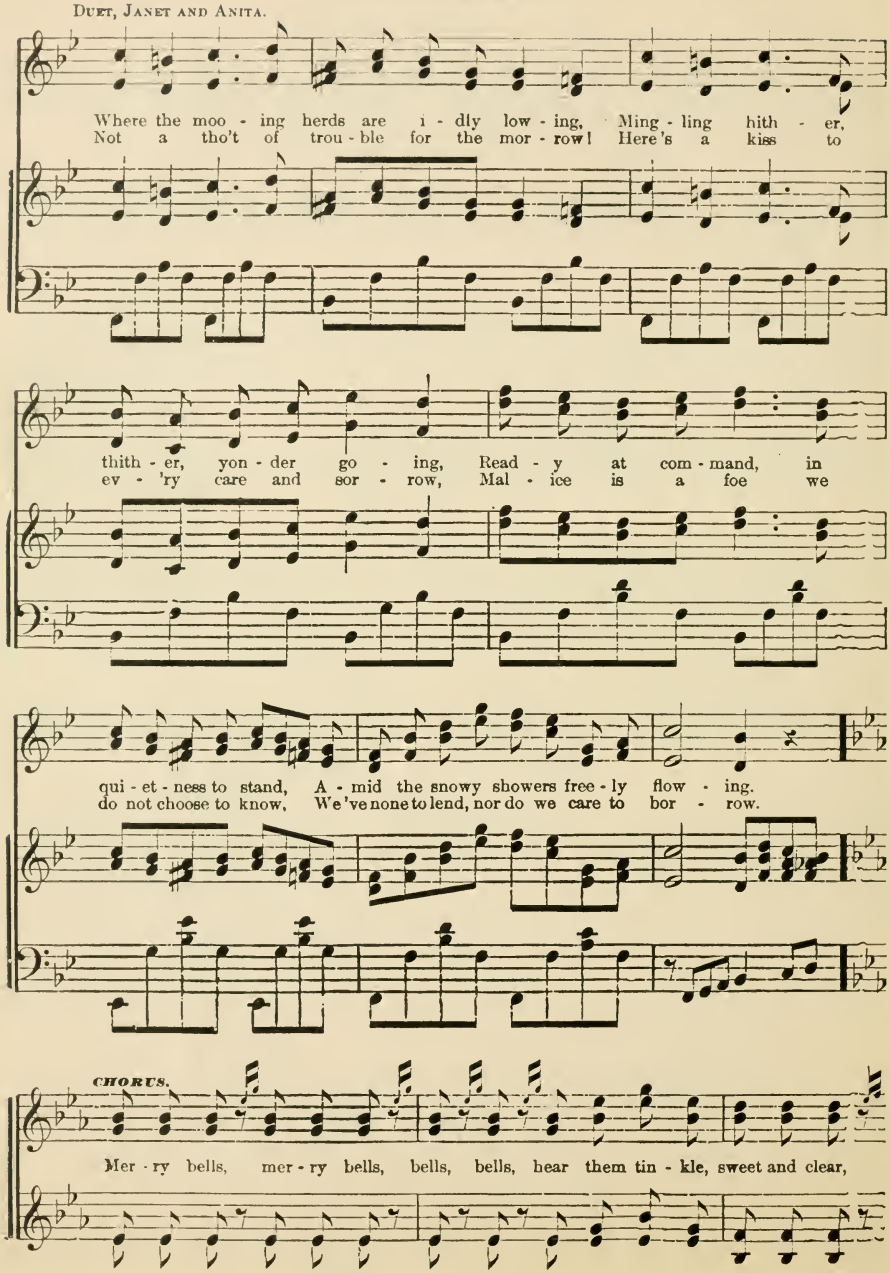
INVISIBLE CHORUS OF FARMERS.

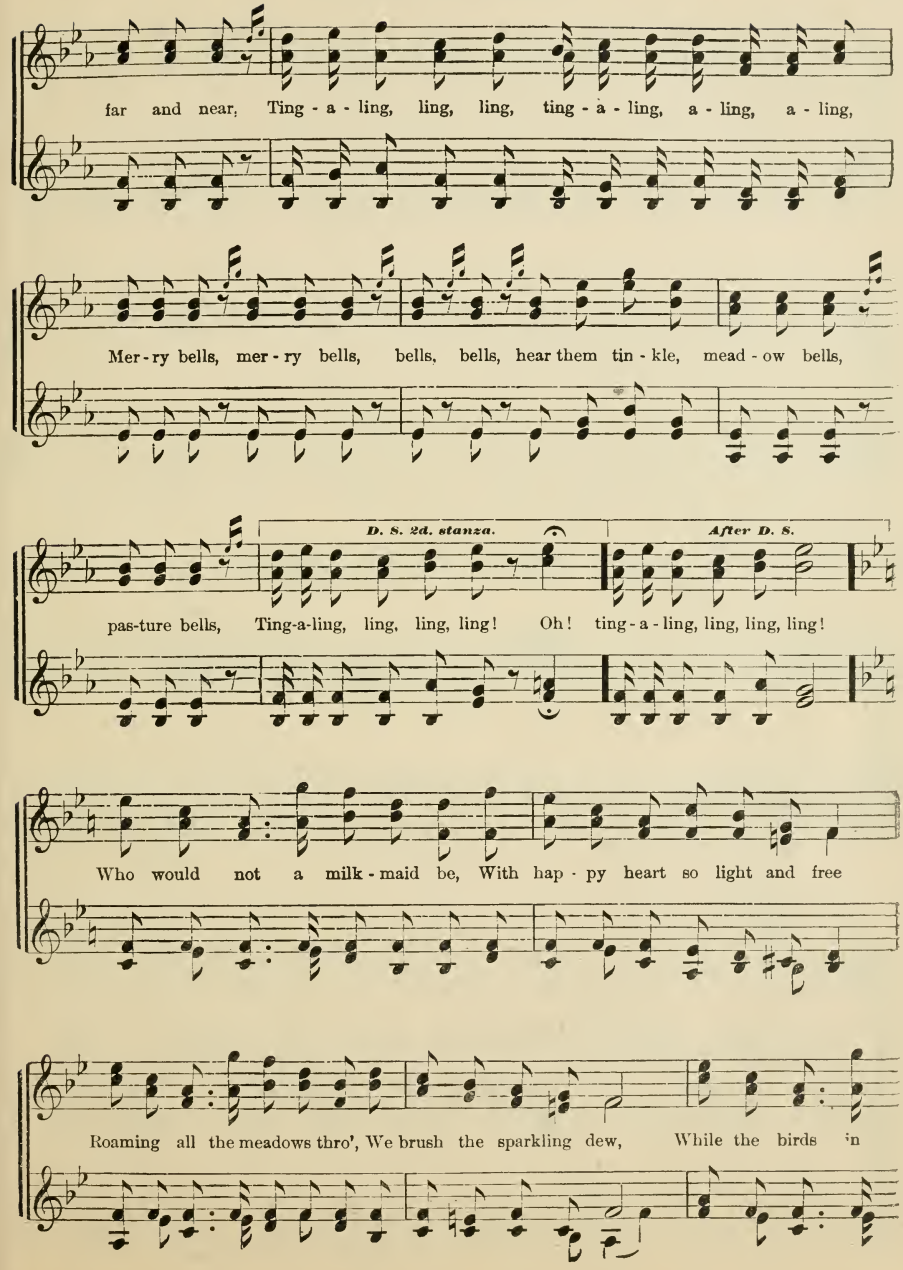


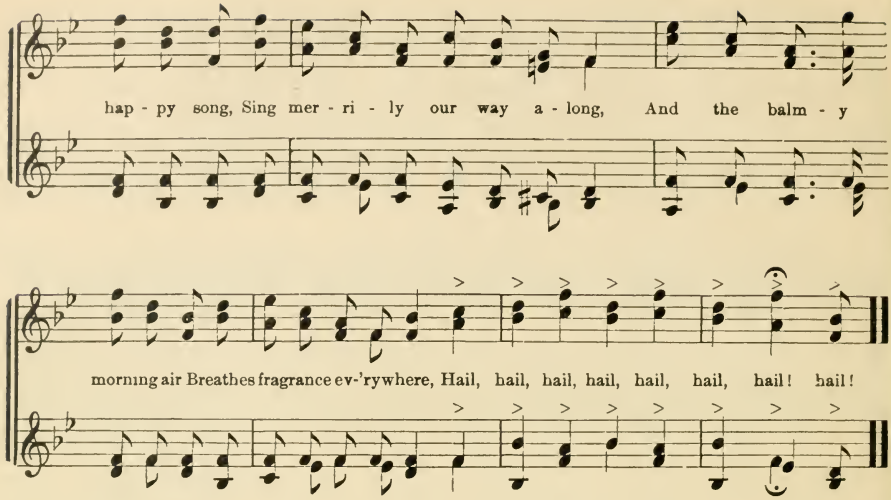
No. 2. MERRY BELLS.



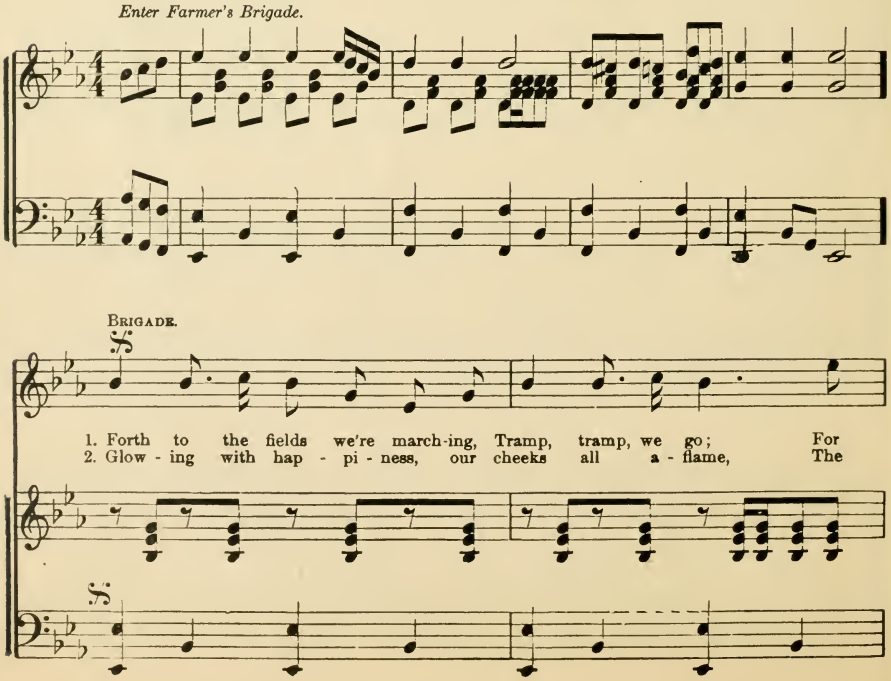
DUET, JANET AND ANITA.

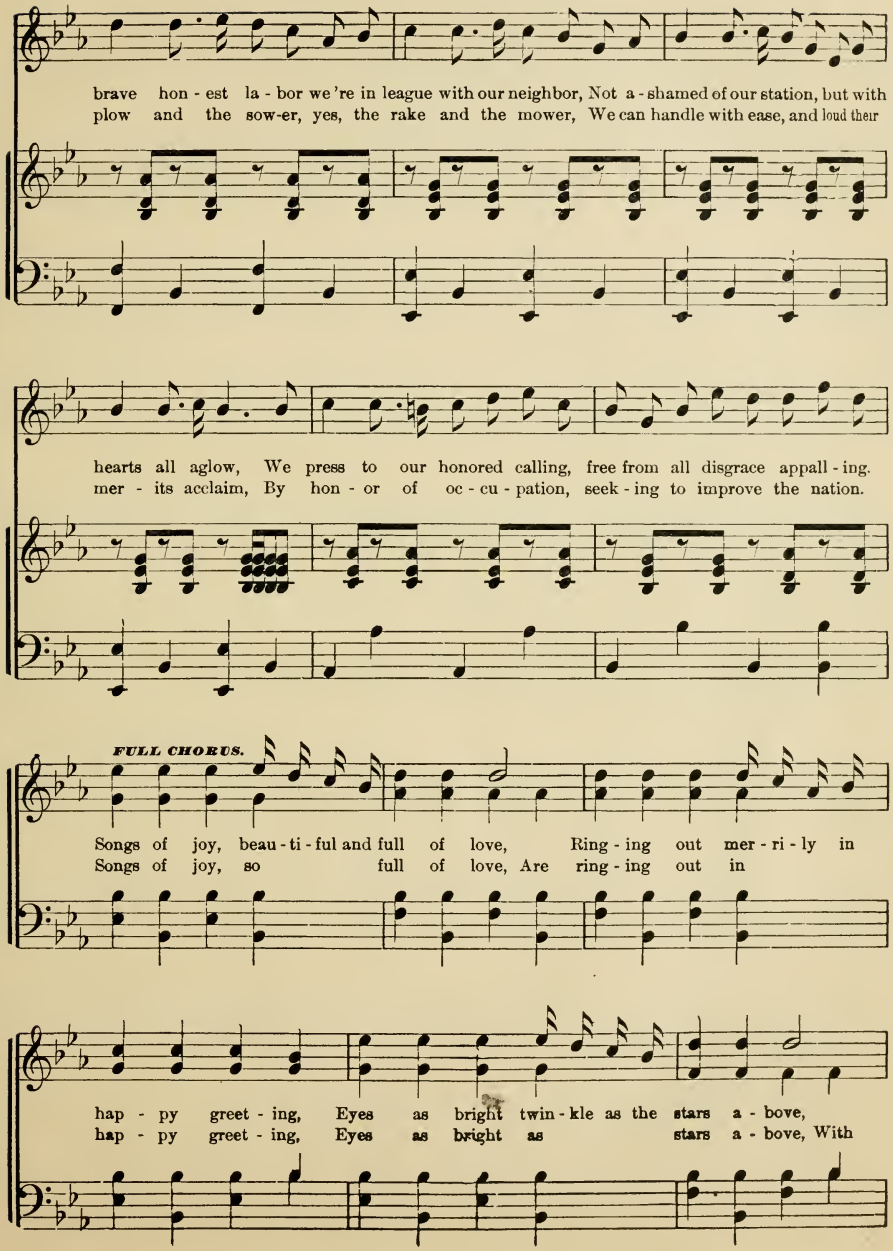


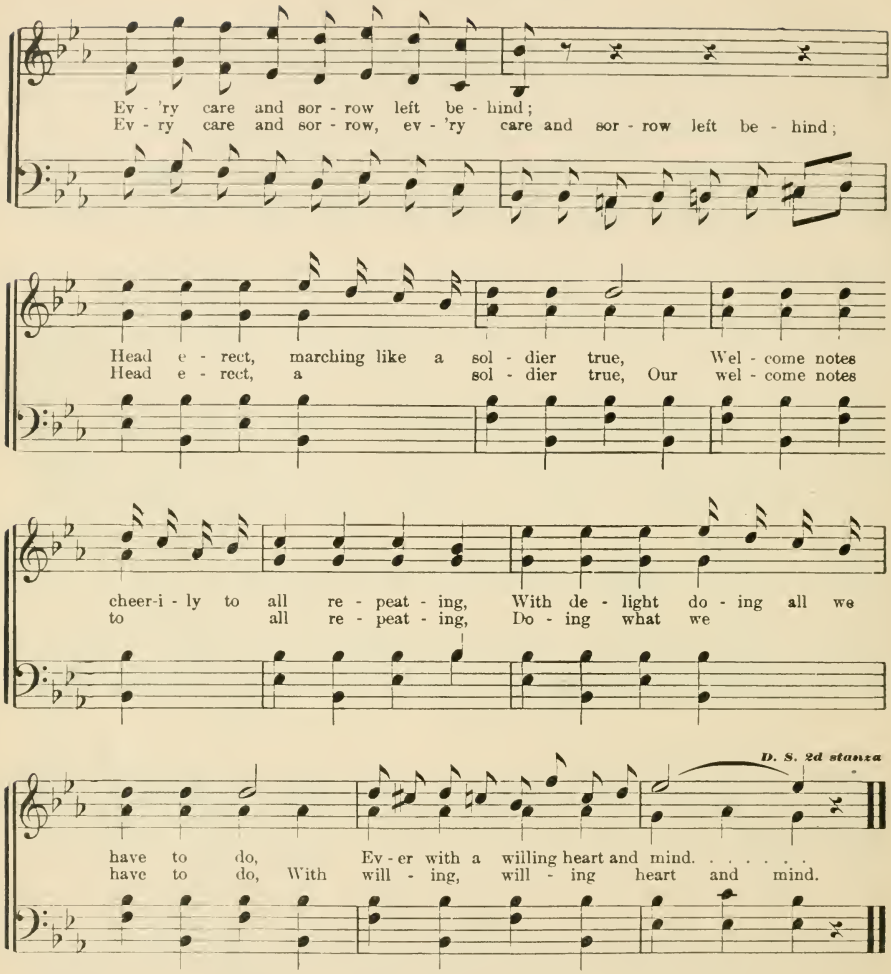

far and near, Ting - a - ling, ling, ling, ting - a - ling, a - ling, a - ling,
Mer - ry bells, mer - ry bells, bells, bells, hear them tin - kle, mead - ow bells,
D. S. 2d. stanza.
After D. S.
pas-ture bells, Ting-a-ling, ling, ling, ling! Oh! ting - a - ling, ling, ling, ling!
Who would not a milk - maid be, With hap - py heart so light and free
Roaming all the meadows thro', We brush the sparkling dew, While the birds in



No. 3. FORTH TO THE FIELDS.




brave hon - est la - bor we're in league with our neighbor, Not a - shamed of our station, but with
plow and the sow-er, yes, the rake and the mower, We can handle with ease, and loud their
hearts all aglow, We press to our honored calling, free from all disgrace appall - ing.
mer - its acclaim, By hon - or of oc - cu - pation, seek - ing to improve the nation.
FULL CHORUS.
Songs of joy, beau - ti - ful and full of love, Ring - ing out mer - ri - ly in
Songs of joy, so full of love, Are ring - ing out in
hap - py greet - ing, Eyes as bright twin - kle as the stars a - bove,
hap - py greet - ing, Eyes as bright as stars a - bove, With



DOROTHY.—Admirably executed, oh, gallant captain and most worthy followers. You should be the minions of a prince. (*Captain bows.*)

ALMA.—What gorgeous uniforms!

CLARA.—What horrible weapons!

DOROTHY.—May we inquire as to what branch of nobility you belong?

CAPTAIN.—Certainly, madam.

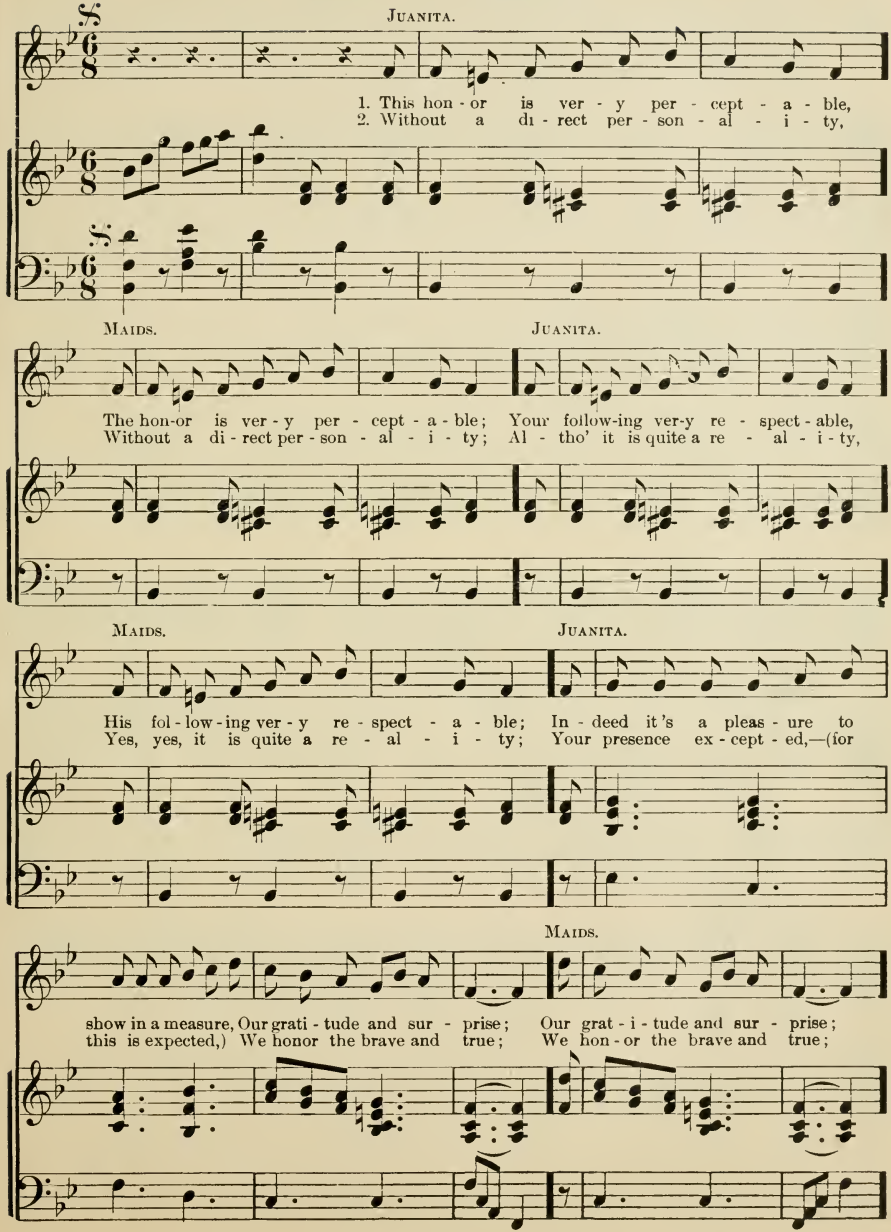
MAIDS.—(*Inquiringly.*)—Certainly, madam?

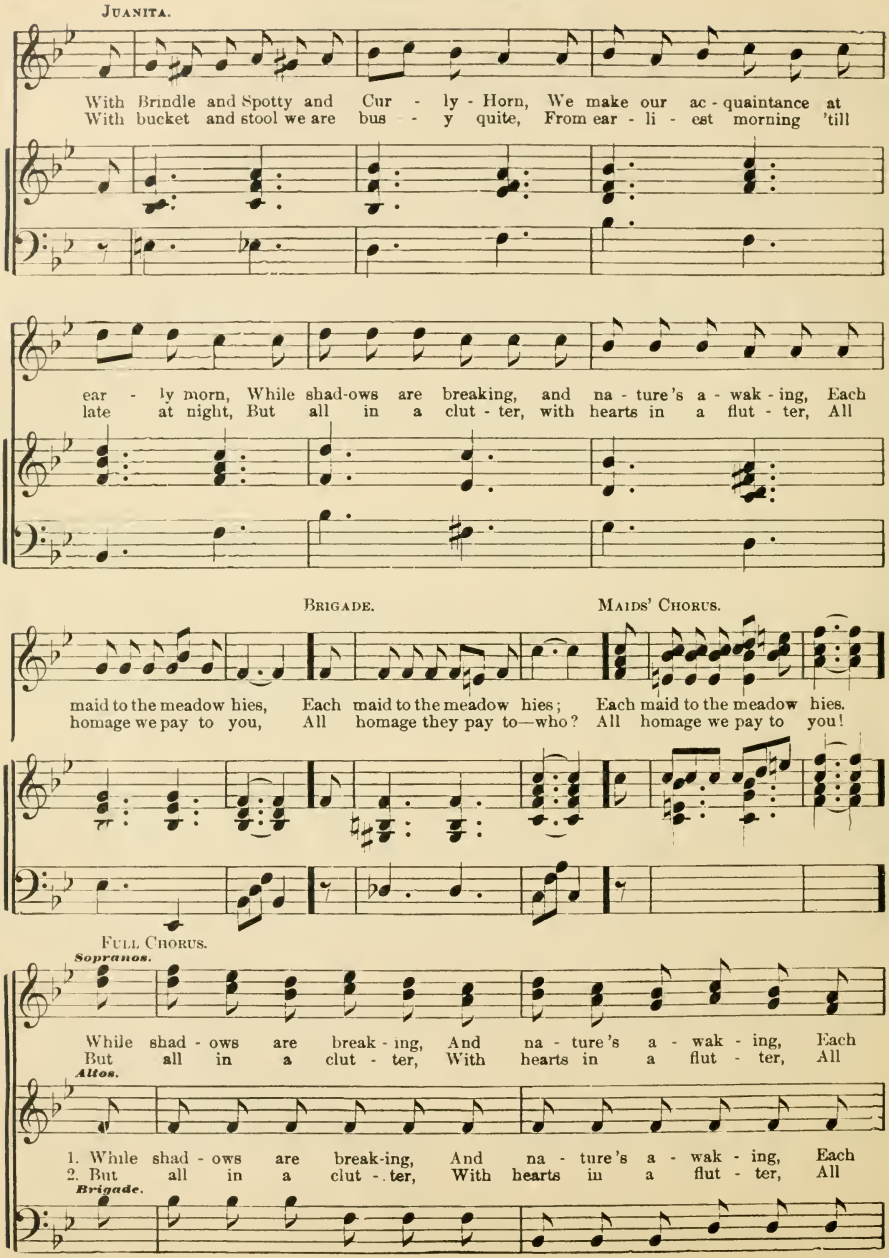
CAPTAIN.—Oh—ah—yes,—we compose the rear guard of the Fourteenth Battalion of the Farmer's Brigade, recruited for service, and under command of General Blank.

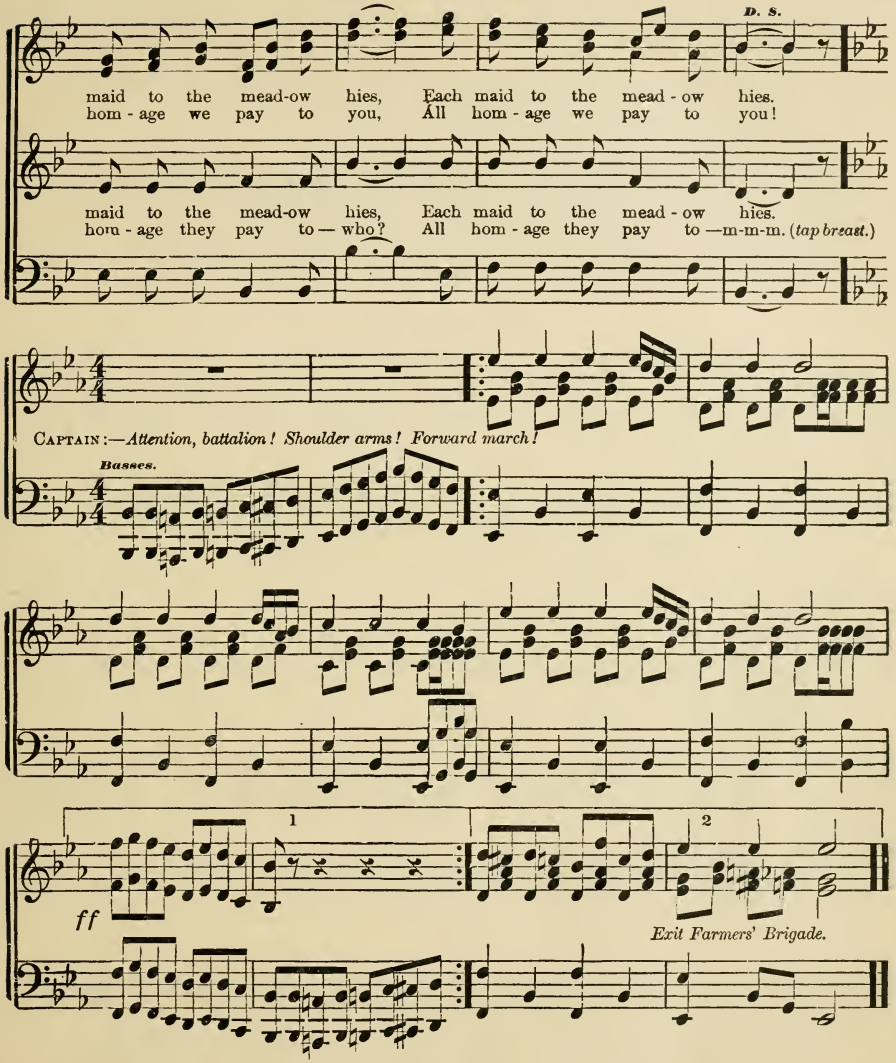
BLANCHE.—(*Aside.*)—What a power they would be in battle!

DOROTHY.—Permit us to express to you our appreciation and gratification for your faultless military demonstration.

No. 4. THE HONORS.




JUANITA.
With Brindle and Spotty and Cur - ly - Horn, We make our ac - quaintance at
With bucket and stool we are bus - y quite, From ear - li - est morning 'till
ear - ly morn, While shad-ows are breaking, and na - ture's a - wak - ing, Each
late at night, But all in a clut - ter, with hearts in a flut - ter, All
BRIGADE.
MAIDS' CHORUS.
maid to the meadow hies, Each maid to the meadow hies; Each maid to the meadow hies.
homage we pay to you, All homage they pay to—who? All homage we pay to you!
FULL CHORUS.
Sopranos.
While shad - ows are break - ing, And na - ture's a - wak - ing, Each
But all in a clut - ter, With hearts in a flut - ter, All
Altos.
1. While shad - ows are break-ing, And na - ture's a - wak - ing, Each
2. But all in a clut - ter, With hearts in a flut - ter, All
Brigade.



DOROTHY.—Oh, that irresistible captain, is n't he sweet?

MAIDS.—Is n't he sweet!

DOROTHY.—Yes, yes, my heart is all in a flutter, and I 'm in a high fever of admiration. Oh, is n't he sweet!

MYRTLE.—Well, yonder they are—brigade, rakes, pitchforks, hoes, shovels, captain and all, and—as I live, he is drilling his men with a corn-knife!

DOROTHY.—Ah, so he is! let me go, for I must be near him. Oh, is n't he sweet! (*Exit.*)

MYRTLE.—Poor Dorothy!

MAUDE.—Yes, "poor Dorothy" better be getting ready for the milking: she loses her head, as well as her heart, to every vagabond that comes along, and goodness knows that the man who finds either will not find much. Farmer Jim must have a superabundance of patience to tolerate her nonsense as he does.

FAY.—Now, I call that a genuine sour-grape speech, for we all know that Farmer Jim is dead in love with Dorothy—but say, I 've got a conundrum!

MAIDS.—What is it?

FAY.—Well—If Farmer Jim 's in love with Dorothy, but she is not in love with him, then which of all the dairy maids can be in love with Farmer Jim?

MAIDS.—Ha! ha! ha! who is? well—I—wonder! (*Enter Judge.*)

JUDGE.—Well—you—wonder—what?

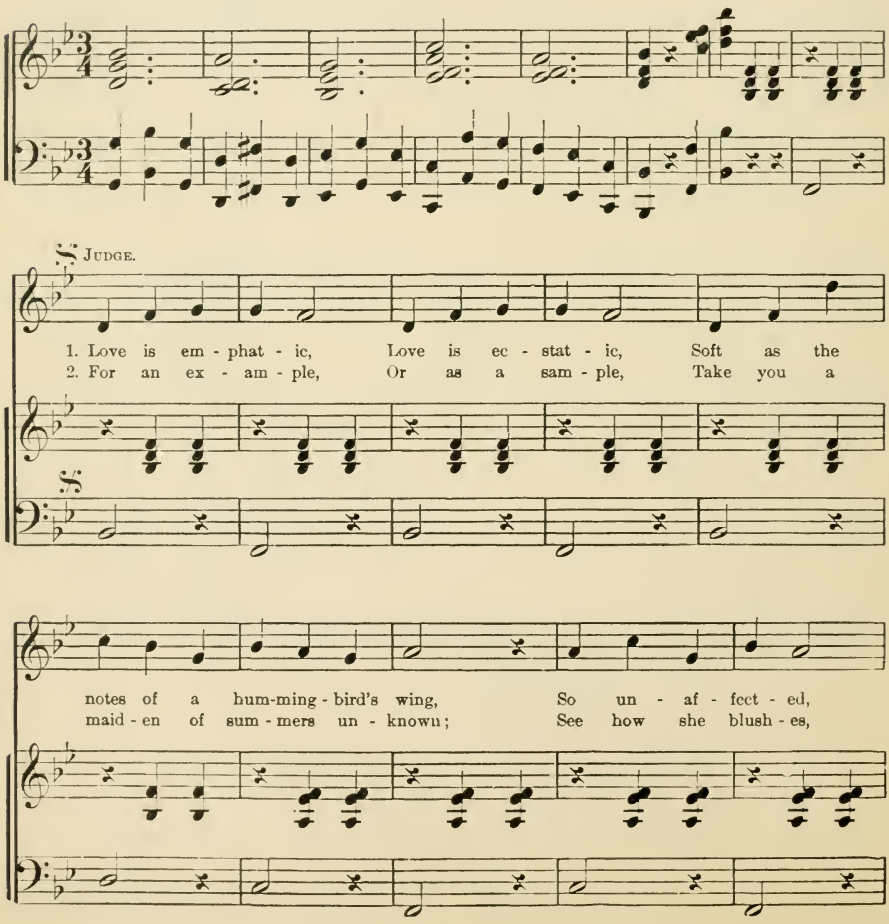
MARGERY.—Oh, here is that dear old Judge, and he shall tell us what love is.

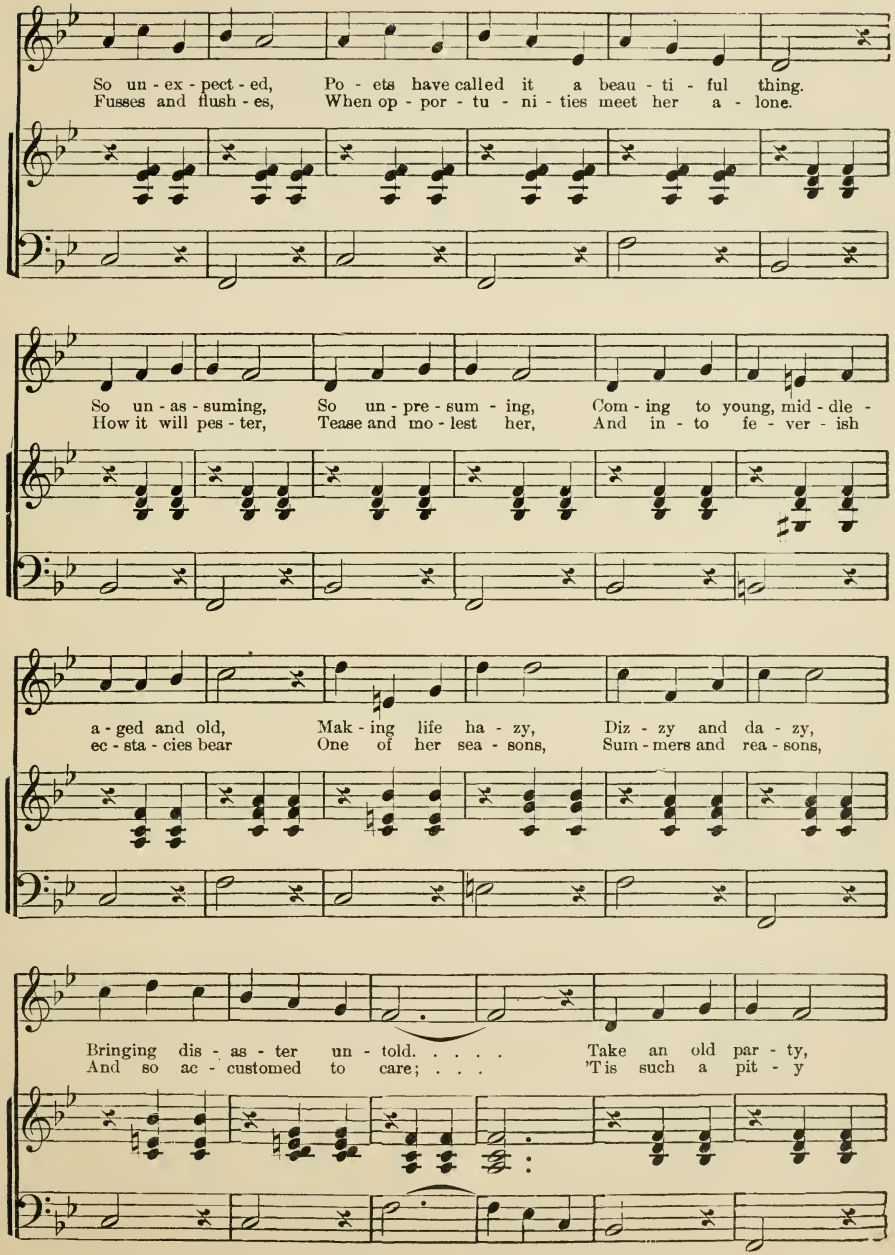
JUDGE.—Love—children,—love? Why, I never was in love in all my life, as near as I remember the line of prosecution, but I will give you the substance of what would constitute, in *my* court, a bench warrant,—not a death-warrant, for you see, my children, there is a slight difference between——

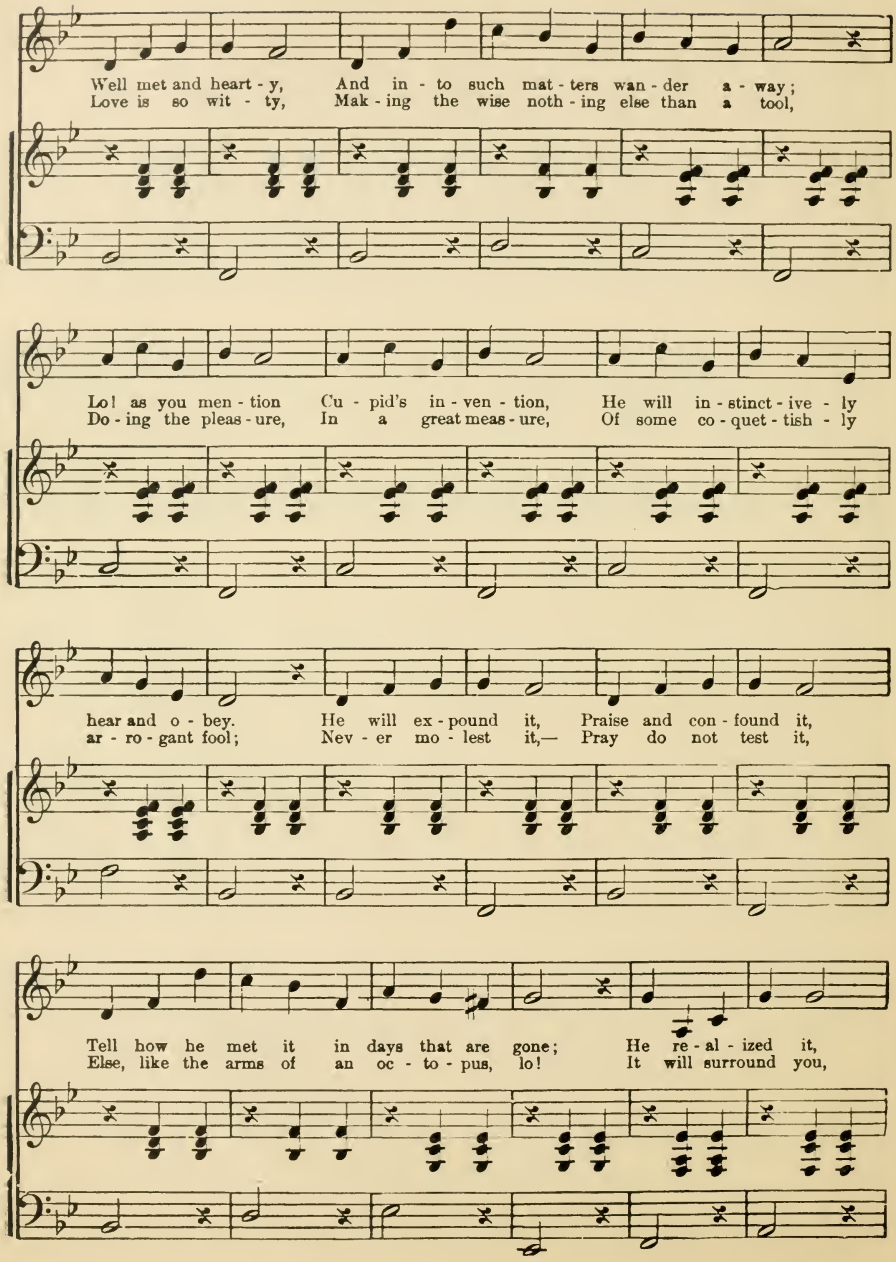
MARGERY.—Oh, never mind the death-warrant, we want to know what constitutes love!

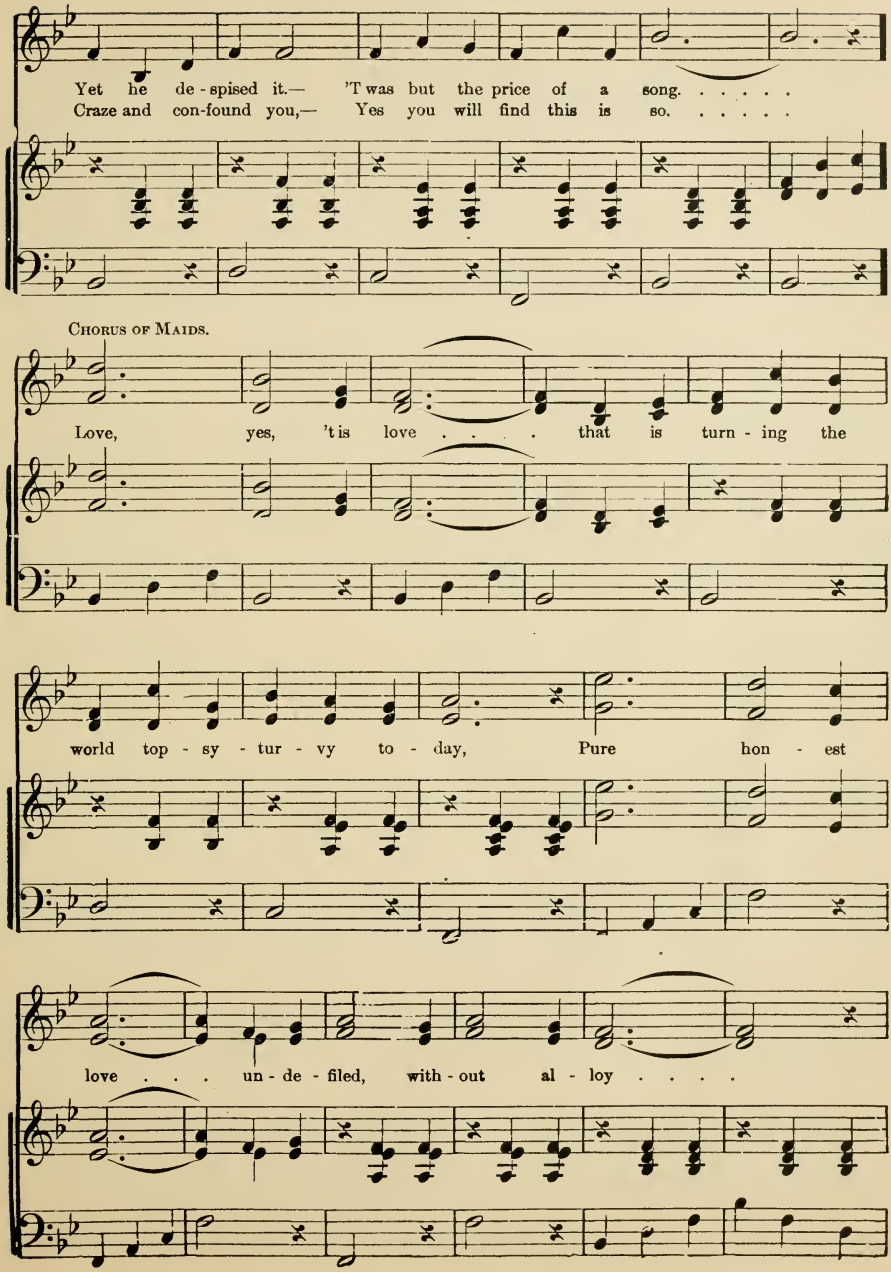
JUDGE.—As I was saying, I will give you the substance of what would constitute, in *my* court, a bench-warrant for one guilty of such an unreasonable offense against his country, as being in love.

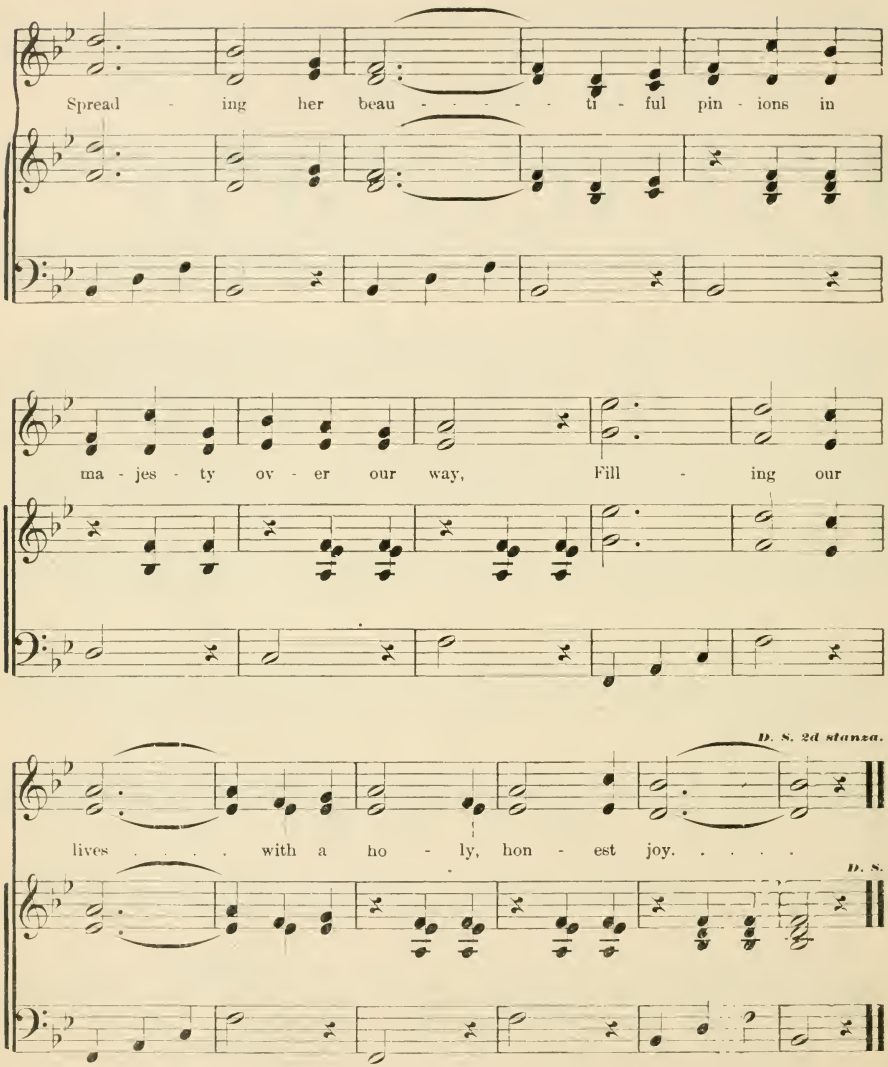
No. 5. LOVE.




So un - ex - pect - ed, Po - ets have called it a beau - ti - ful thing.
Fusses and flush - es, When op - por - tu - ni - ties meet her a - lone.
So un - as - suming, So un - pre - sum - ing, Com - ing to young, mid - dle -
How it will pes - ter, Tease and mo - lest her, And in - to fe - ver - ish
a - ged and old, Mak - ing life ha - zy, Diz - zy and da - zy,
ec - sta - cies bear One of her sea - sons, Sum - mers and rea - sons,
Bringing dis - as - ter un - told. . . . . Take an old par - ty,
And so ac - customed to care; . . . 'Tis such a pit - y


Well met and heart - y, And in - to such mat - ters wan - der a - way;
Love is so wit - ty, Mak - ing the wise noth - ing else than a tool,
Lo! as you men - tion Cu - pid's in - ven - tion, He will in - stinct - ive - ly
Do - ing the pleas - ure, In a great meas - ure, Of some co - quet - tish - ly
hear and o - bey. He will ex - pound it, Praise and con - found it,
ar - ro - gant fool; Nev - er mo - lest it,— Pray do not test it,
Tell how he met it in days that are gone; He re - al - ized it,
Else, like the arms of an oc - to - pus, lo! It will surround you,


Yet he de - spised it.— 'T was but the price of a song.
Craze and con-found you,— Yes you will find this is so.
CHORUS OF MAIDS.
Love, yes, 't is love that is turn - ing the
world top - sy - tur - vy to - day, Pure hon - est
love un - de - filed, with - out al - loy



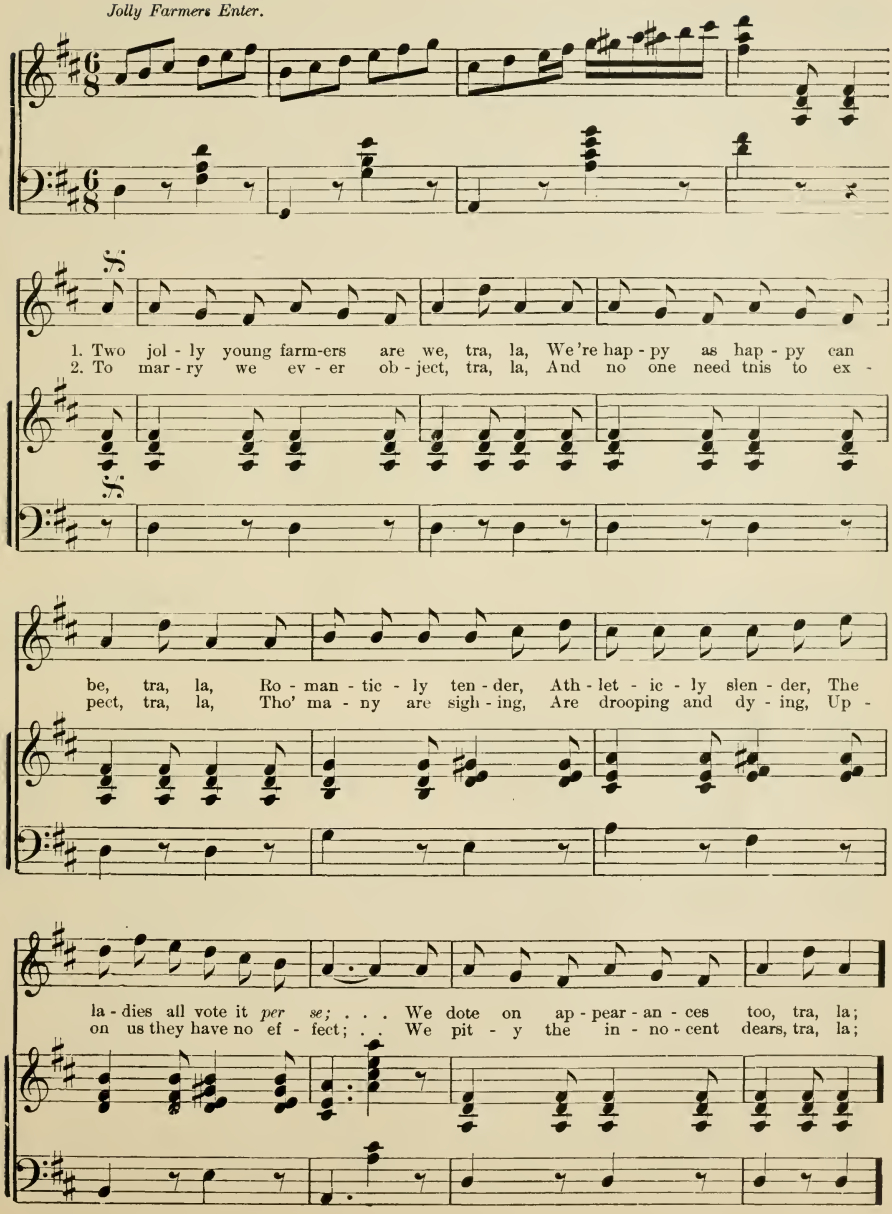
JUDGE:—Now, my pretty maids, I must be off, for my professional services are in such constant demand, now a-days, that I can scarcely find time to hear the cases that have accumulated upon my hands. My word in law prevails, and my rulings are quoted far and near as unimpeachable. I am, without the shadow of a doubt, the most celebrated individual upon the bench to-day. May every blessed one of you live to meet, honor, love and wed as distinguished and brilliant an oracle as he who now bids you an affectionate but hurried adieu. (*Exit*).

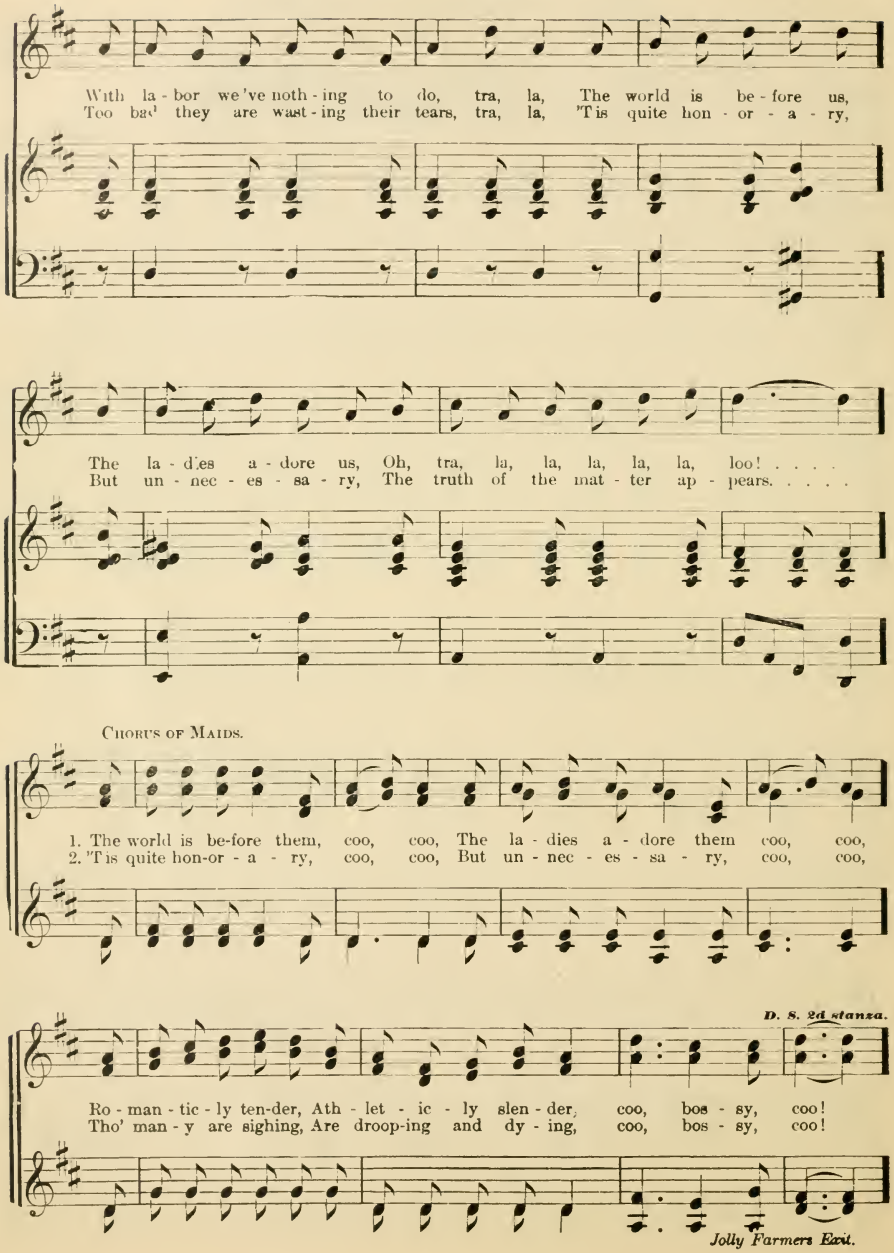
FAY:—What a dear old soul—and so eccentric,—but now we must be off to the milking. (*Maids prepare to go*).

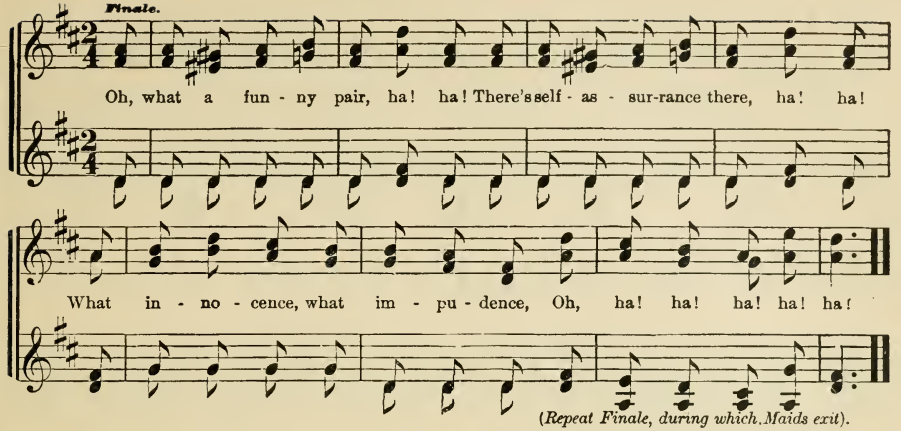
EDITH:—O maids, here come those two jolly young farmers. I hear they are a mutual admiration party, and that they imagine the whole world is at their feet; let us await their imperial pleasure.

No. 6. TWO JOLLY FARMERS.

Jolly Farmers Enter.

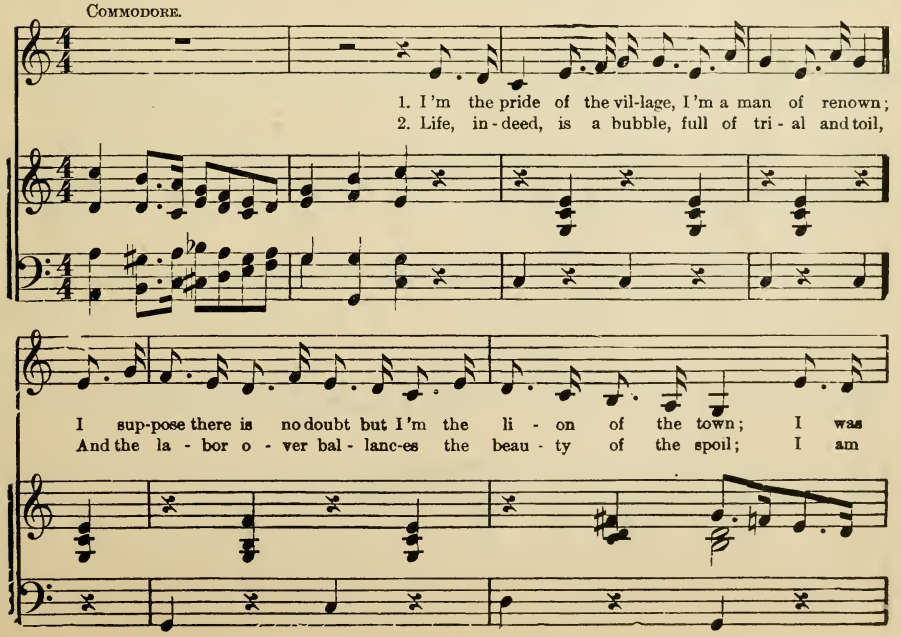


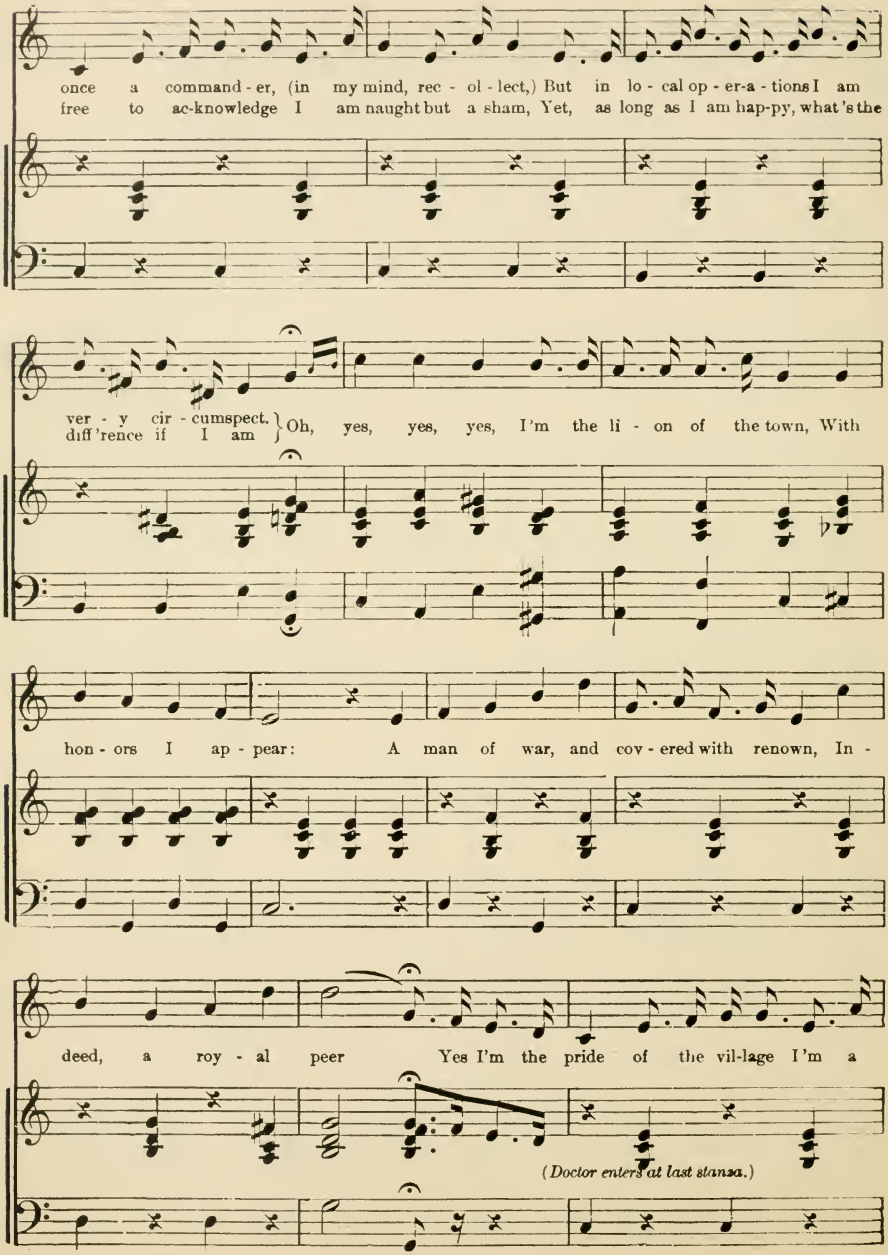

With la - bor we've noth - ing to do, tra, la, The world is be - fore us,
Too bad they are wast - ing their tears, tra, la, 'Tis quite hon - or - a - ry,
The la - dies a - dore us, Oh, tra, la, la, la, la, la, loo! . . . .
But un - nec - es - sa - ry, The truth of the mat - ter ap - pears. . . . .
CHORUS OF MAIDS.
1. The world is be-fore them, coo, coo, The la - dies a - dore them coo, coo,
2. 'Tis quite hon-or - a - ry, coo, coo, But un - nec - es - sa - ry, coo, coo,
D. S. 2d stanza.
Ro - man - tic - ly ten-der, Ath - let - ic - ly slen - der, coo, bos - sy, coo!
Tho' man - y are sighing, Are droop-ing and dy - ing, coo, bos - sy, coo!
Jolly Farmers Exit.

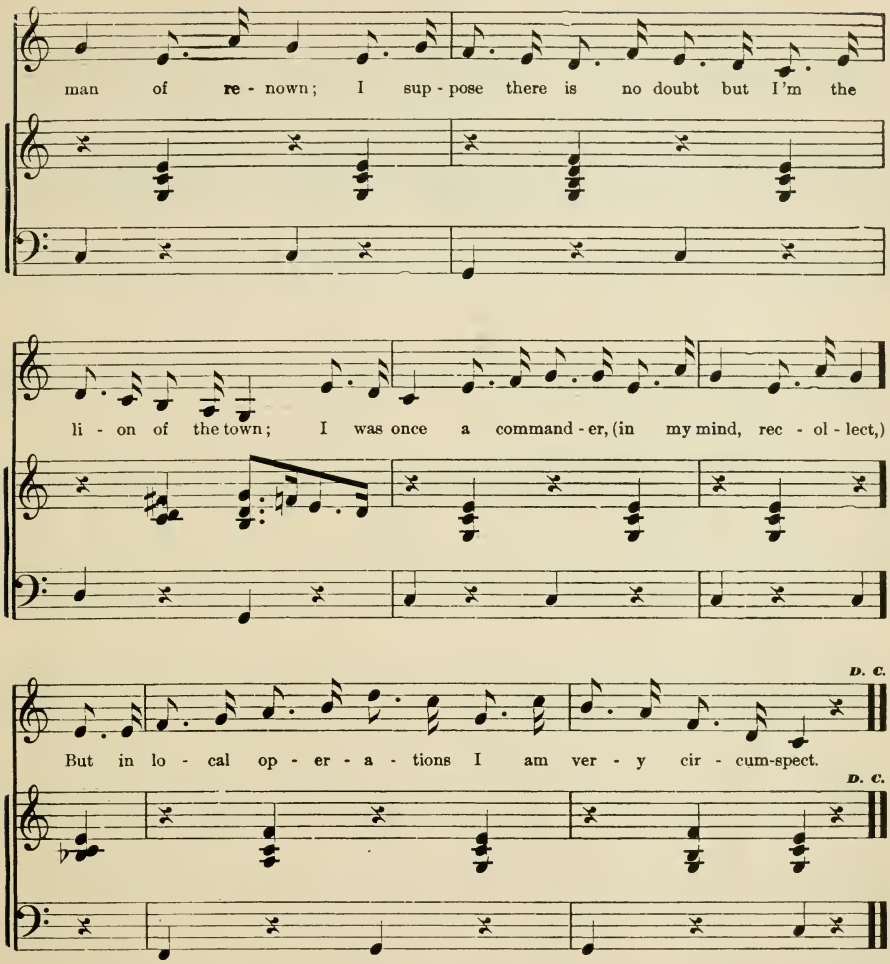


COMMODORE:—Ha! this must be a dairy; (*approaches milk pans*) Looks like milk—smells like milk—'t is milk. (*drinks.*) I'm a man of wonderful brain and nerve power, and a master of polytechnics; I've got those pretty milkmaids crazy over me — but I must have a care that they do not discover the remarkable similarity existing between the individual who appears in this gorgeous costume, and the one who occasionally dons the apparel of the "summer tourist." Here 's to the milkmaids. (*drinks.*) How refreshing that is to a neglected stomach! Ah! I'm a lucky fellow, and I'm the *lion of the town.*

No. 7. THE LION OF THE TOWN.




once a command - er, (in my mind, rec - ol - lect,) But in lo - cal op - er-a - tions I am
free to ac-knowledge I am naught but a sham, Yet, as long as I am hap-py, what 's the
ver - y cir - cumspect.
diff 'rence if I am
Oh, yes, yes, yes, I'm the li - on of the town, With
hon - ors I ap - pear: A man of war, and cov - ered with renown, In -
deed, a roy - al peer Yes I'm the pride of the vil-lage I'm a
(Doctor enters at last stanza.)

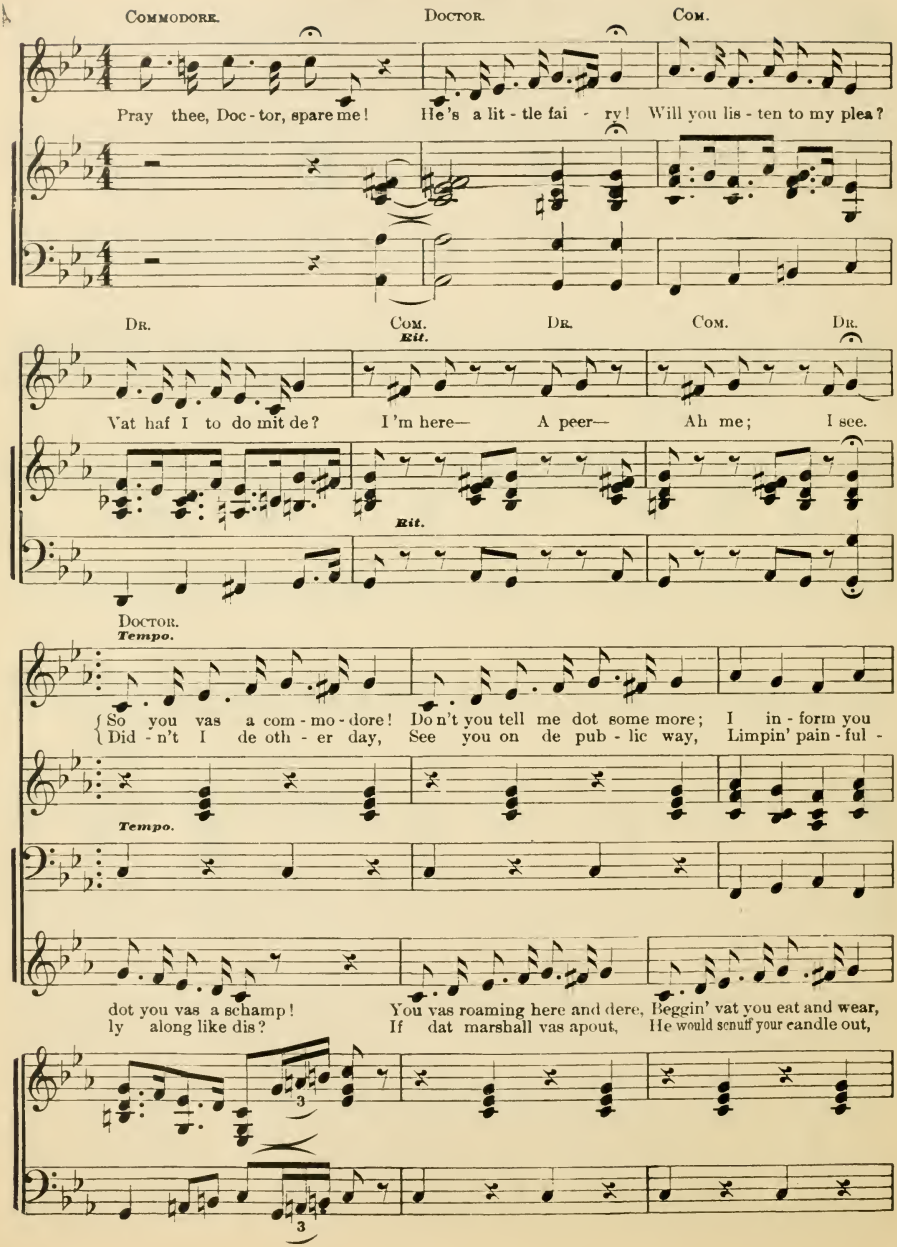


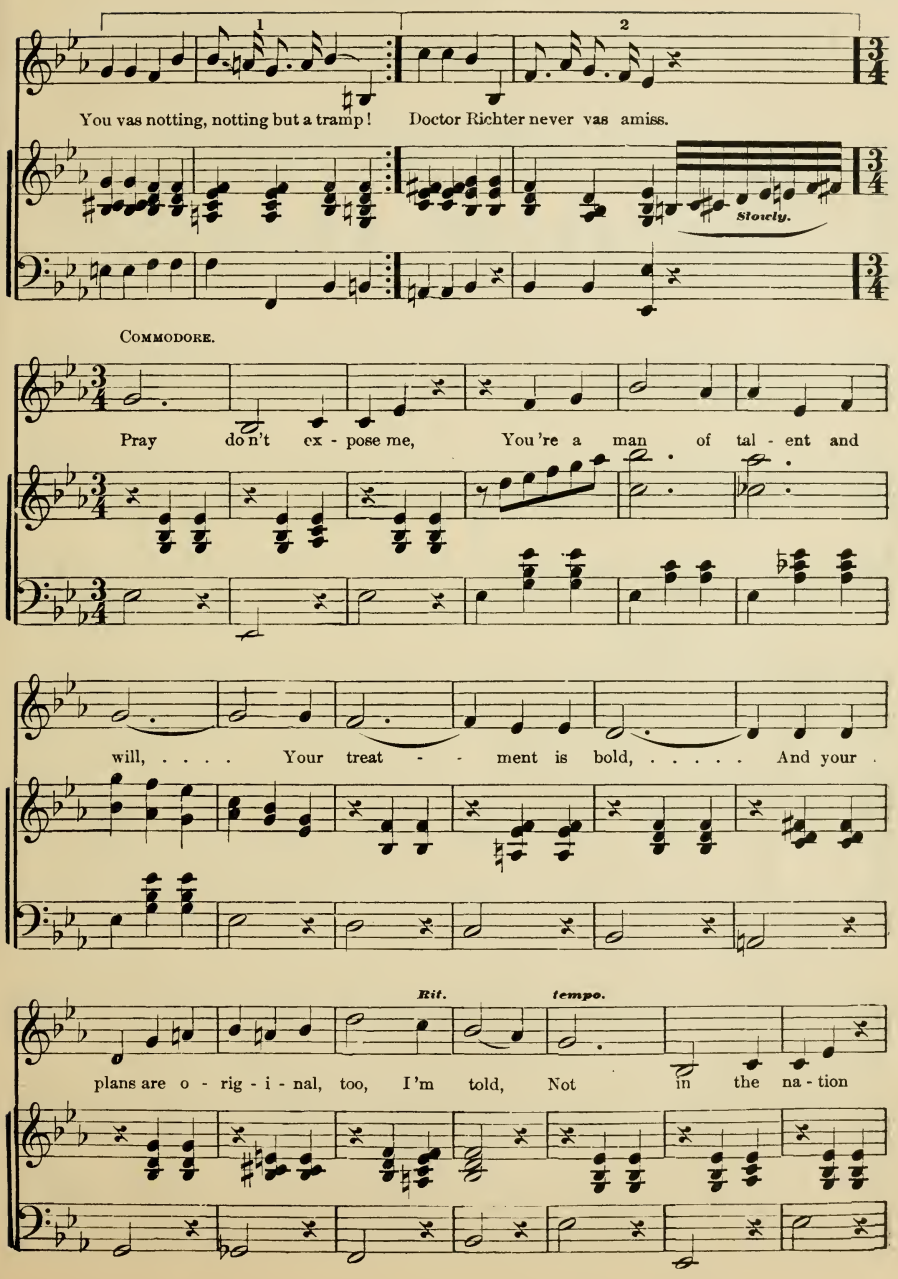
DOCTOR:—Aha! how vas dot my posy bird dot I find you in mit de dairy-maids house? I tinks you better git ouet—eh. Vats your name—vare you coom from—vare you goin'—who vas you—vat yer vants greepin' around here—git ouet!

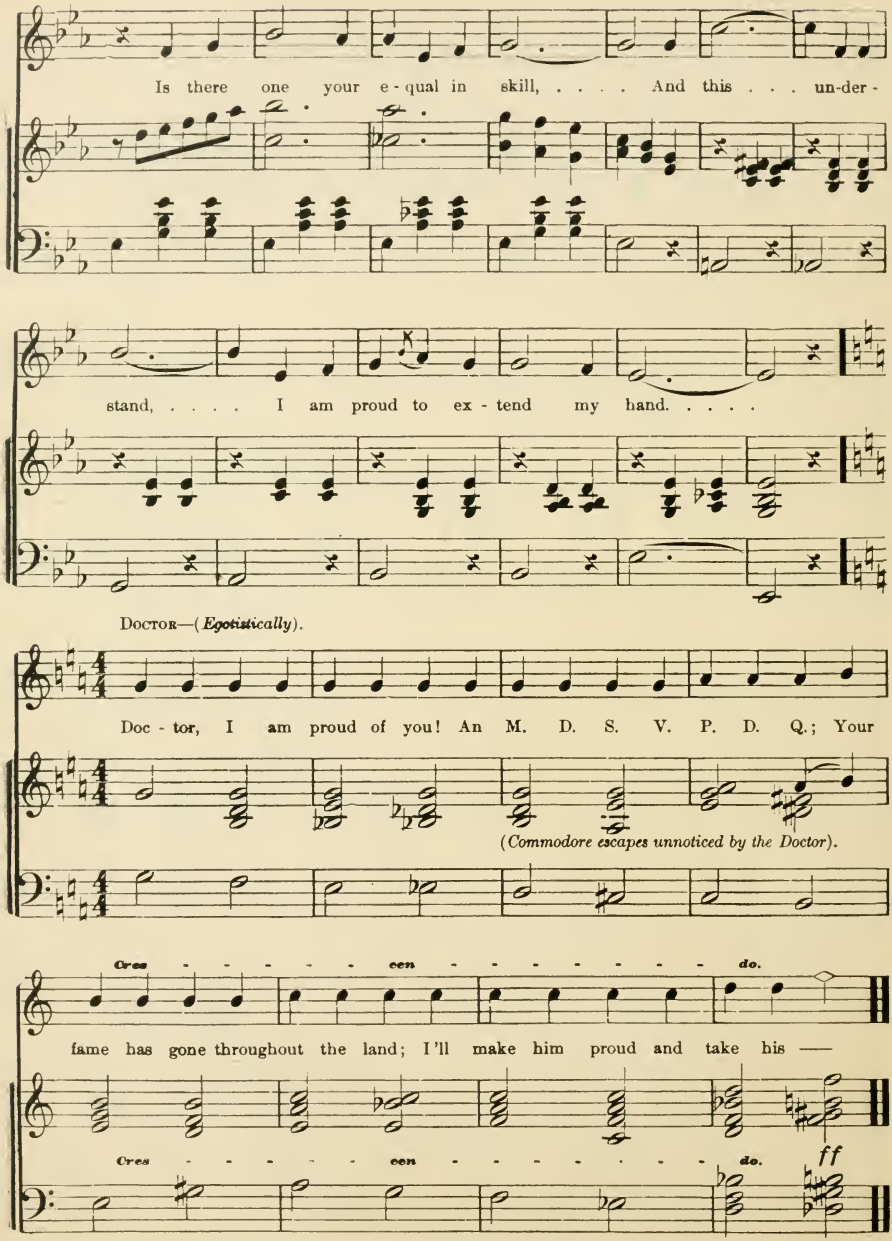
COMMODORE:—Avaunt—thou unclean spoiler of the aromatic limberger! How dare you address a royal peer in such insolent language? I have but to say the word and your miserable apology of a human frame would be torn limb from limb: I am a commodore—down on your knees!

DR:—Eh—vat for? Augh goon now, my royal beer— took anudder drink mit de dairy-maids milk can and cam yourself. I know who you vas, my fine birdie! You tinks you can blay de fool mit Doctor Franz Richter, M. D. S. V. P. D. Q. eh? Not if de Doctor vas home mit himself right avay. I haf seen you mit de patch on the off eye, an' de limp in de hoof—like dot—aind it, hugh? I am Doctor Franz Richter, M. D. S. V. P. D. Q. Down on your knees.

No. 8. SPARE ME.

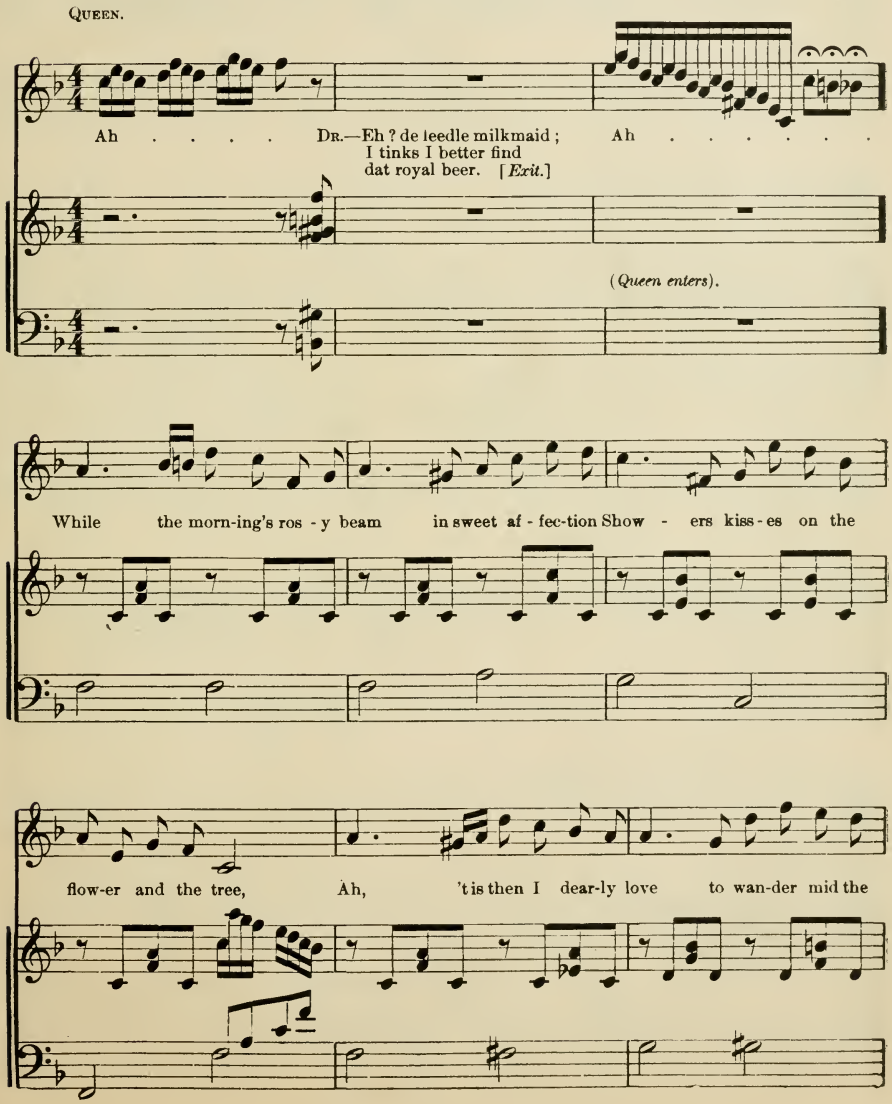

COMMODORE.
DOCTOR.
COM.
Pray thee, Doc - tor, spare me! He's a lit - tle fai - ry! Will you lis - ten to my plea?
DR.
COM.
DR.
COM.
DR.
Rit.
Vat haf I to do mit de? I'm here— A peer— Ah me; I see.
Rit.
DOCTOR.
Tempo.
So you vas a com - mo - dore! Do n't you tell me dot some more; I in - form you
Did - n't I de oth - er day, See you on de pub - lic way, Limpin' pain - ful -
Tempo.
dot you vas a schamp! You vas roaming here and dere, Beggin' vat you eat and wear,
ly along like dis? If dat marshall vas apout, He would scnuff your candle out,
3
3

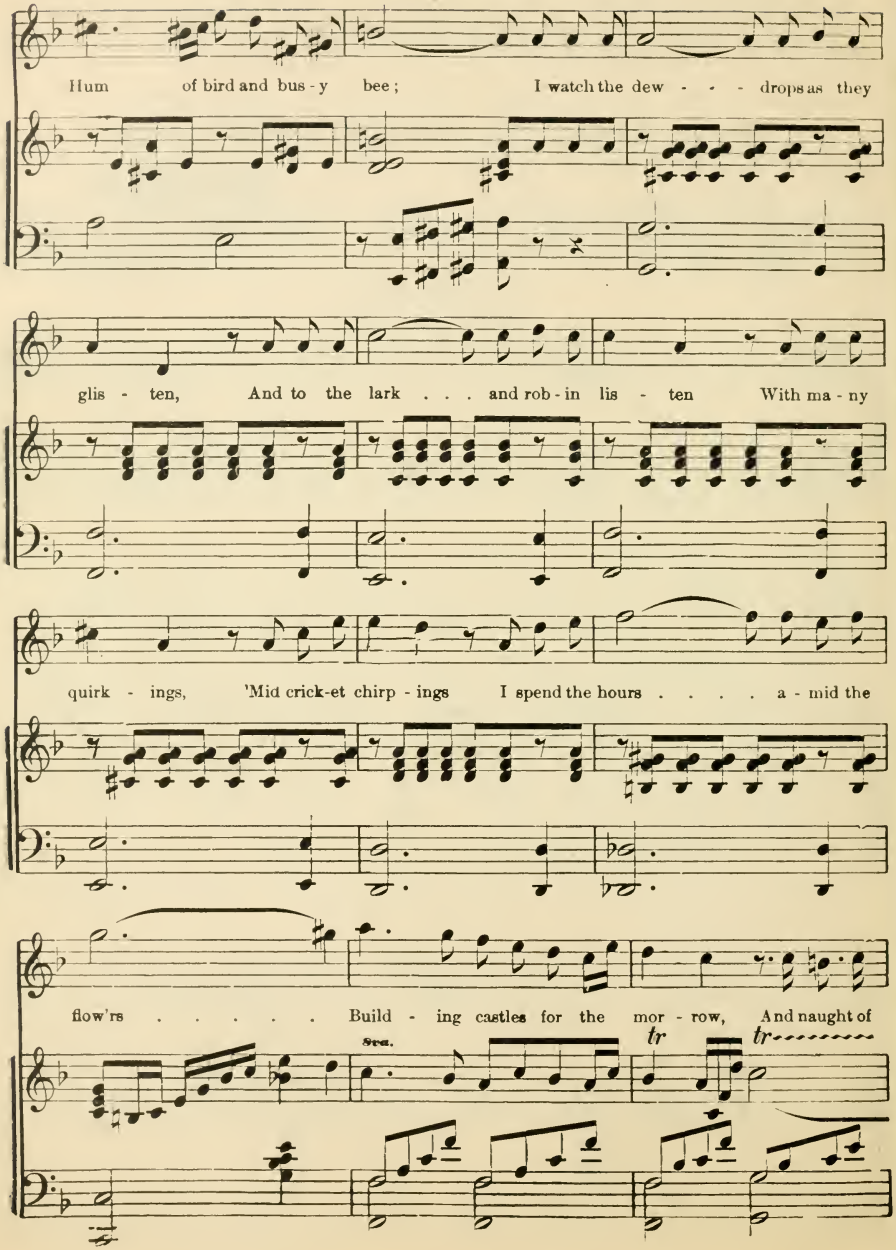

1
2
You vas notting, notting but a tramp!
Doctor Richter never vas amiss.
Slowly.
COMMODORE.
Pray do n't ex - pose me, You 're a man of tal - ent and
will, ... Your treat - - ment is bold, ... And your
Rit.
tempo.
plans are o - rig - i - nal, too, I 'm told, Not in the na - tion

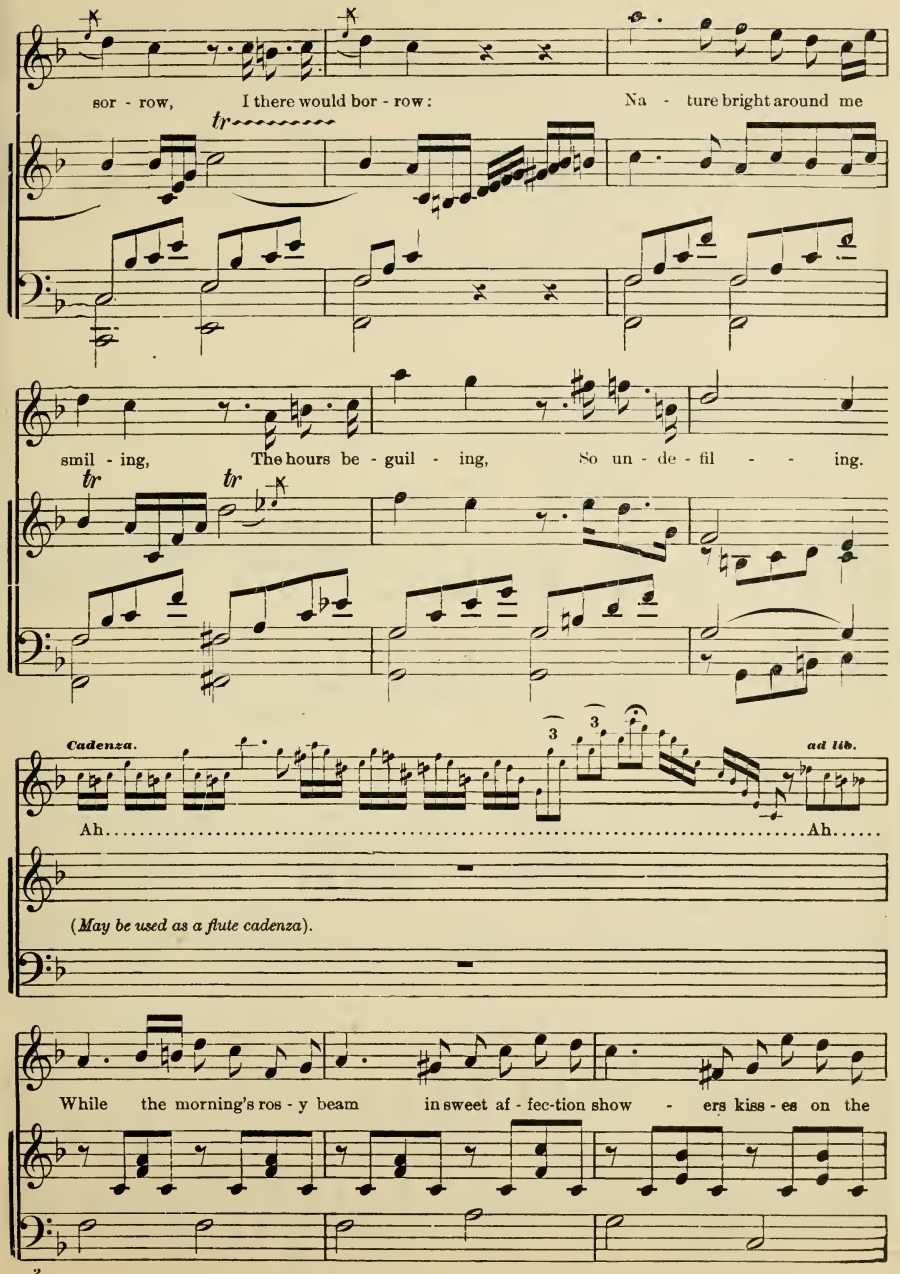

Is there one your e-qual in skill, ... And this . . . un-der-
stand, ... I am proud to ex-tend my hand. . . . .
DOCTOR—(*Egotistically*).
Doc-tor, I am proud of you! An M. D. S. V. P. D. Q.; Your
(*Commodore escapes unnoticed by the Doctor*).
Cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do.
fame has gone throughout the land; I'll make him proud and take his ——
Cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do.
ff

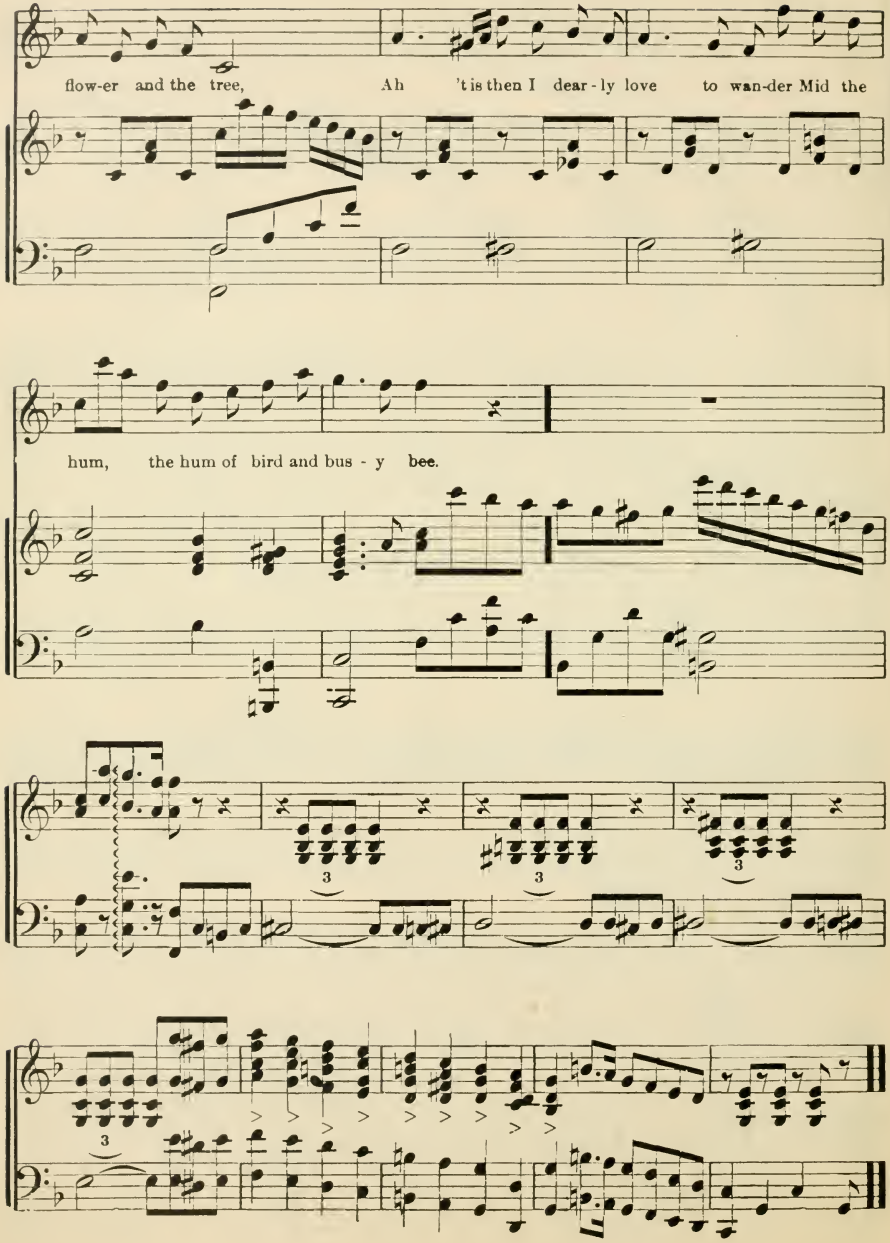
DR.—Hello! he's not here already—I vonder vats de matter mit dat rascally beer? I bet me he vas skedaddled I dunno: He's a royal beer—but he is not here—'t is so very queer—dot he do n't appear! Dunder vedder, dat's a mistake some how—aind it? (*Queen's voice is heard*).

NO. 9. WHILE THE MORNING'S ROSY BEAM.



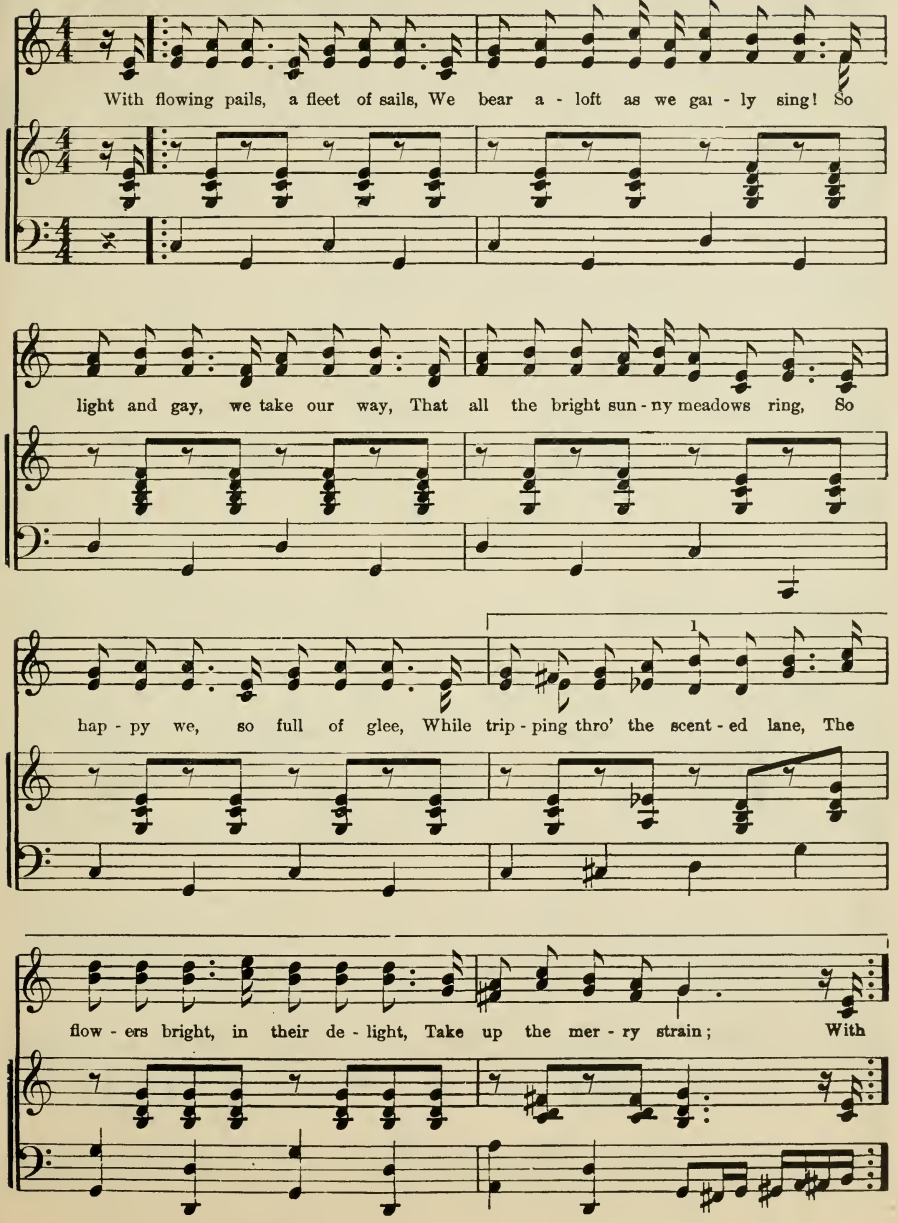

Hum of bird and bus - y bee; I watch the dew - - - drops as they
glis - ten, And to the lark . . . and rob - in lis - ten With ma - ny
quirk - ings, 'Mid crick-et chirp - ings I spend the hours . . . . a - mid the
flow'rs . . . . . Build - ing castles for the mor - row, And naught of
8va.
tr
tr

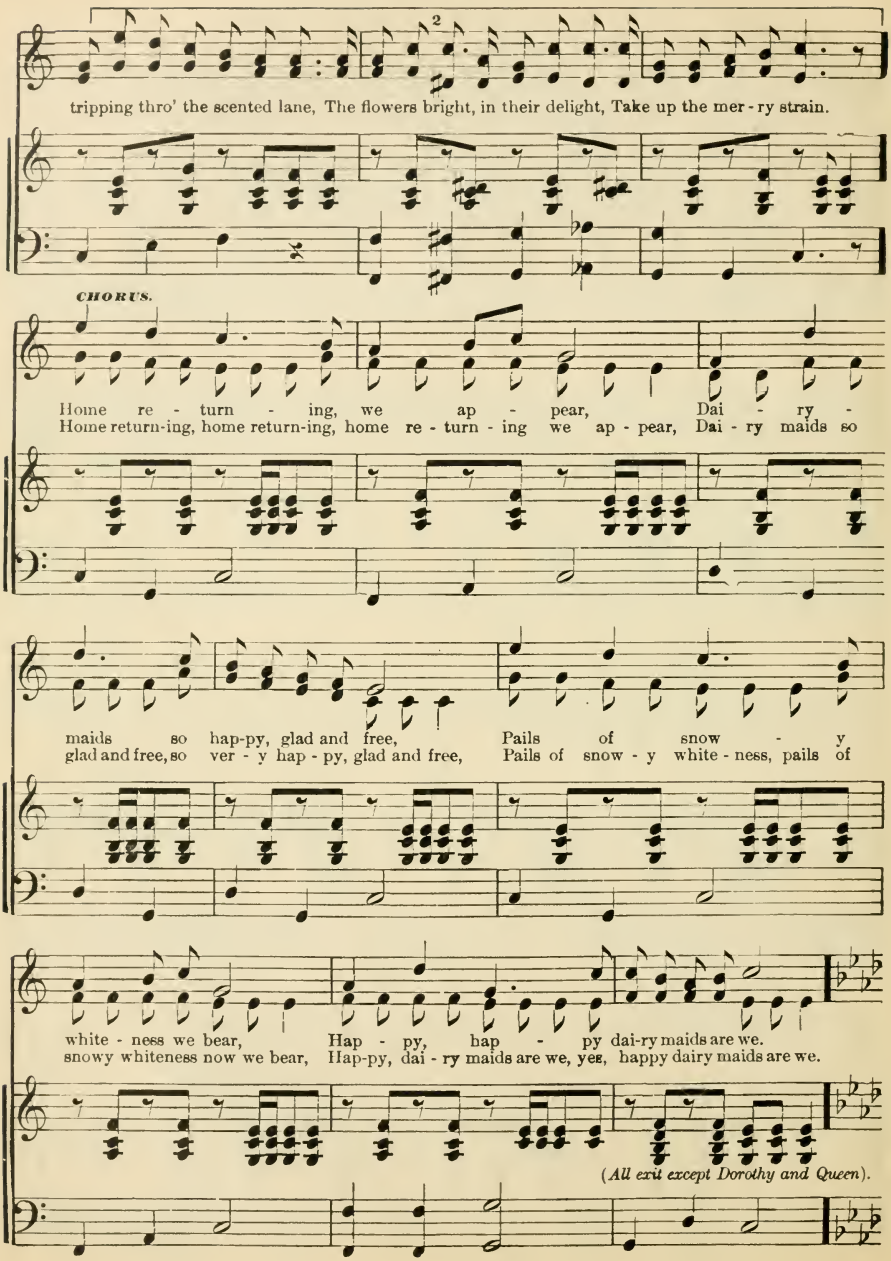

sor - row, I there would bor - row: Na - ture bright around me
tr
smil - ing, The hours be - guil - ing, So un - de - fil - - ing.
tr
tr
Cadenza.
3
3
ad lib.
Ah.....Ah.....
(May be used as a flute cadenza).
While the morning's ros - y beam in sweet af - fec-tion show - ers kiss - es on the

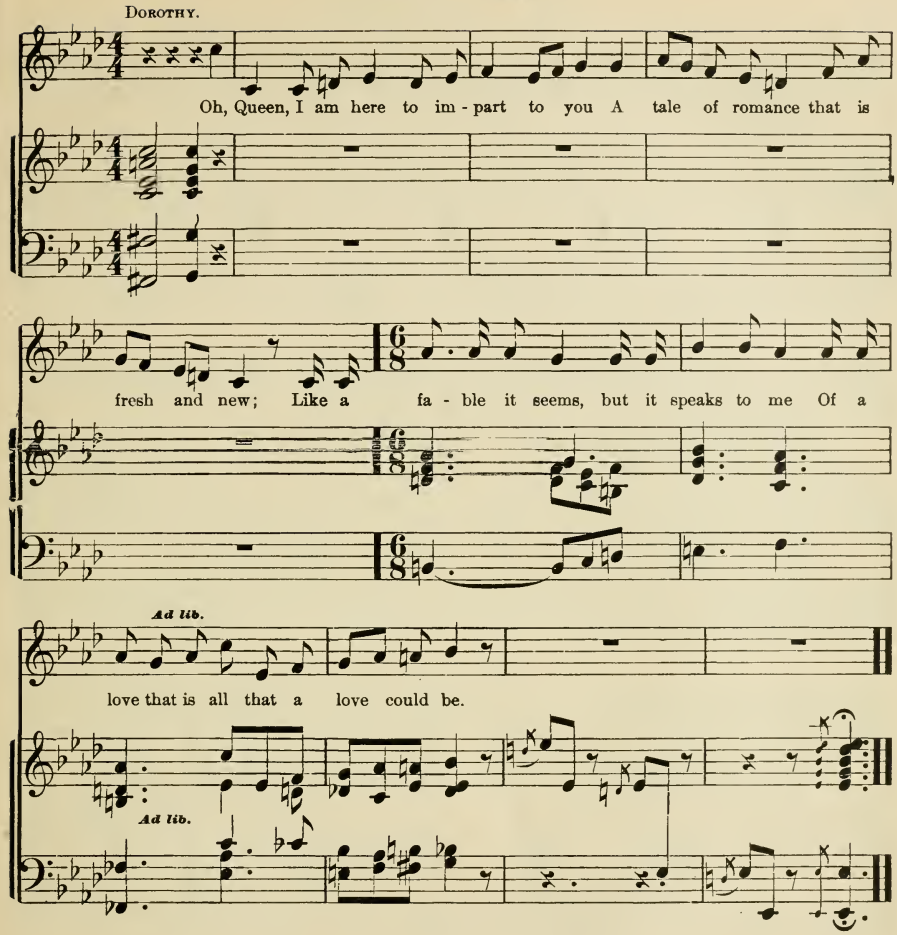

flow-er and the tree, Ah 'tis then I dear-ly love to wan-der Mid the
hum, the hum of bird and bus-y bee.

No 10. WITH FLOWING PAILS.

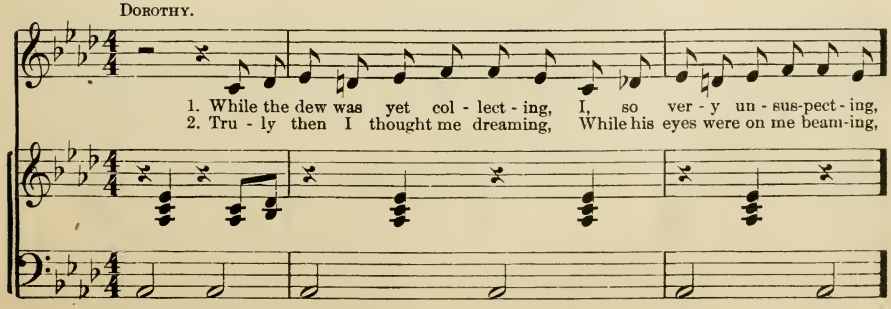
Milkmaids enter with milk-pails overflowing.

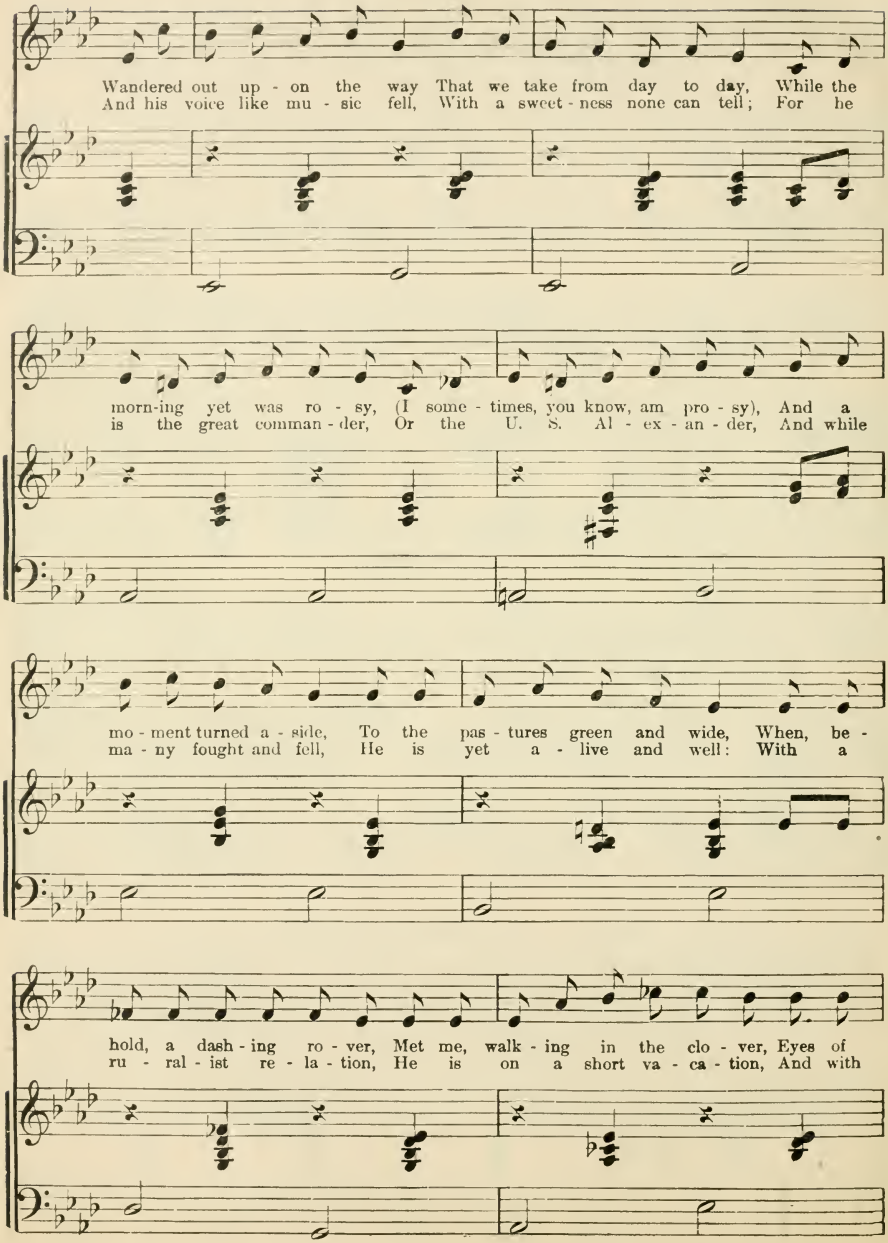


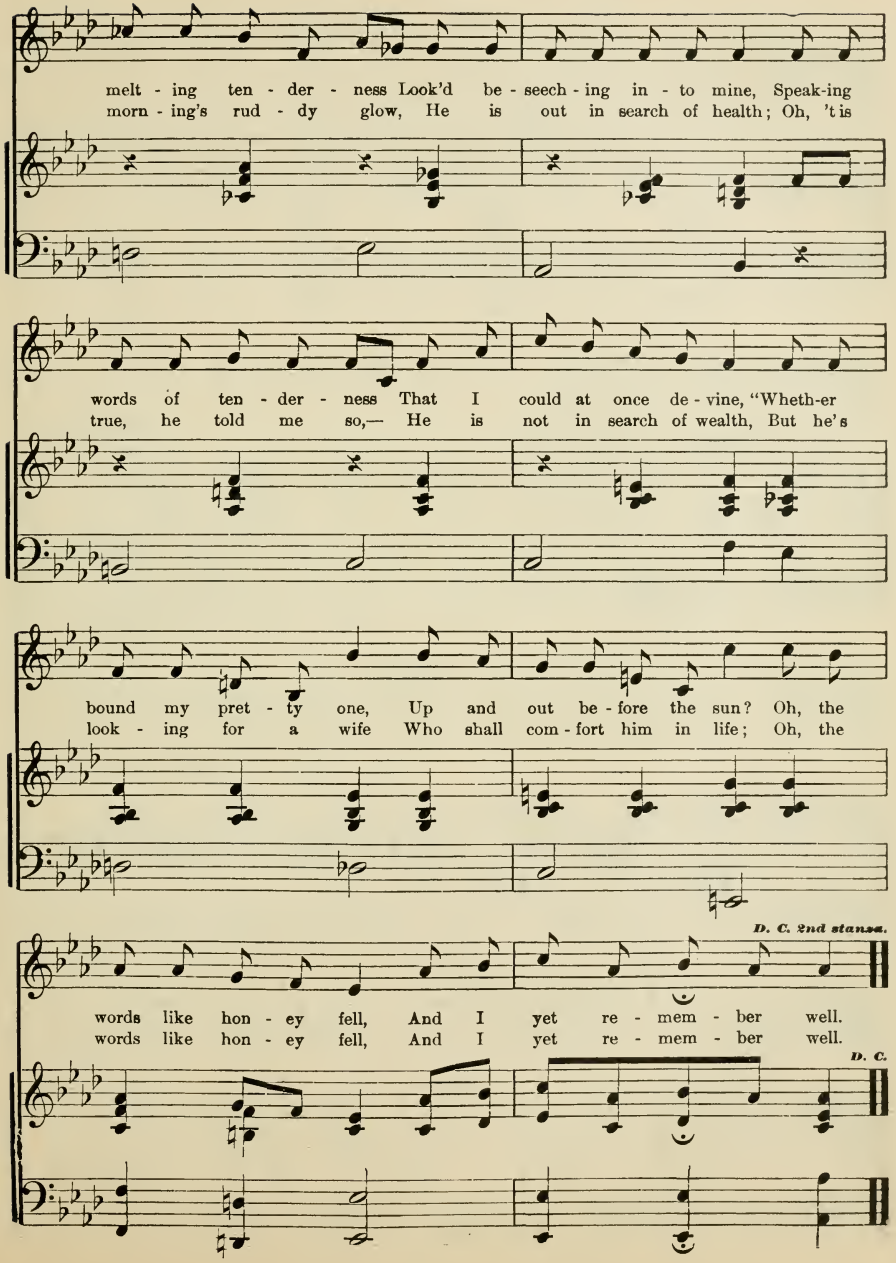

2
tripping thro' the scented lane, The flowers bright, in their delight, Take up the mer - ry strain.
CHORUS.
Home re - turn - ing, we ap - pear, Dai - ry -
Home return-ing, home return-ing, home re - turn - ing we ap - pear, Dai - ry maids so
maids so hap-py, glad and free, Pails of snow - y
glad and free, so ver - y hap - py, glad and free, Pails of snow - y white - ness, pails of
white - ness we bear, Hap - py, hap - py dai-ry maids are we.
snowy whiteness now we bear, Hap-py, dai - ry maids are we, yes, happy dairy maids are we.
(All exit except Dorothy and Queen).



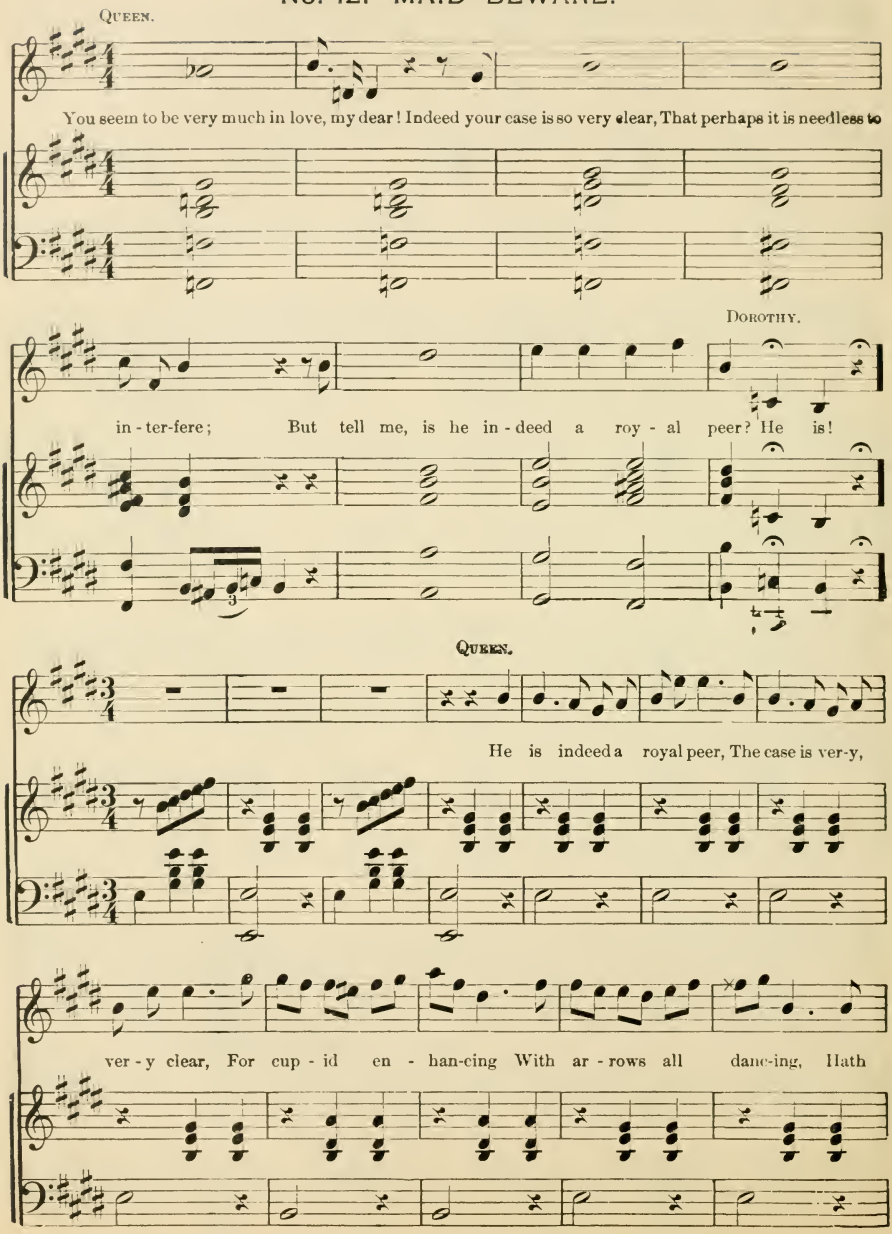
No. 11. WHITHER BOUND.

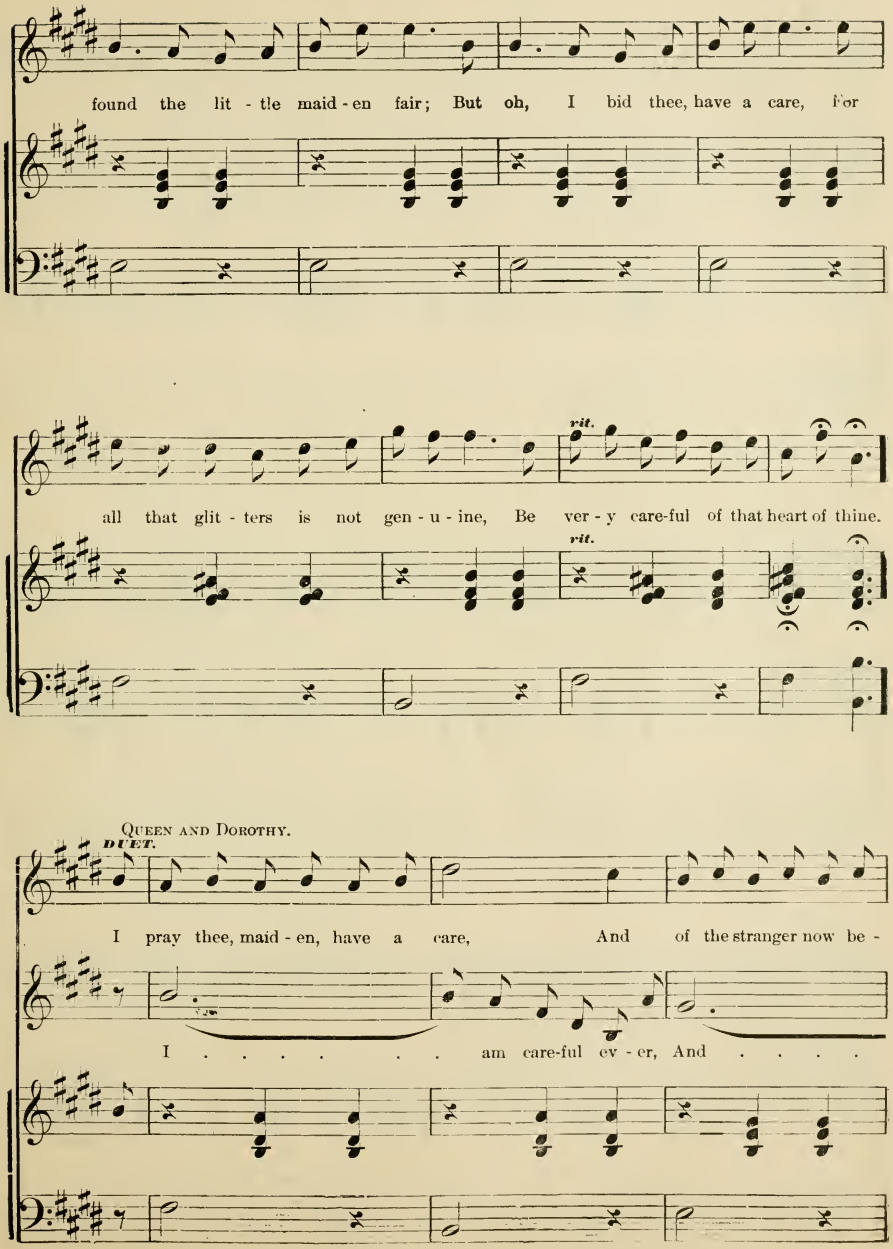


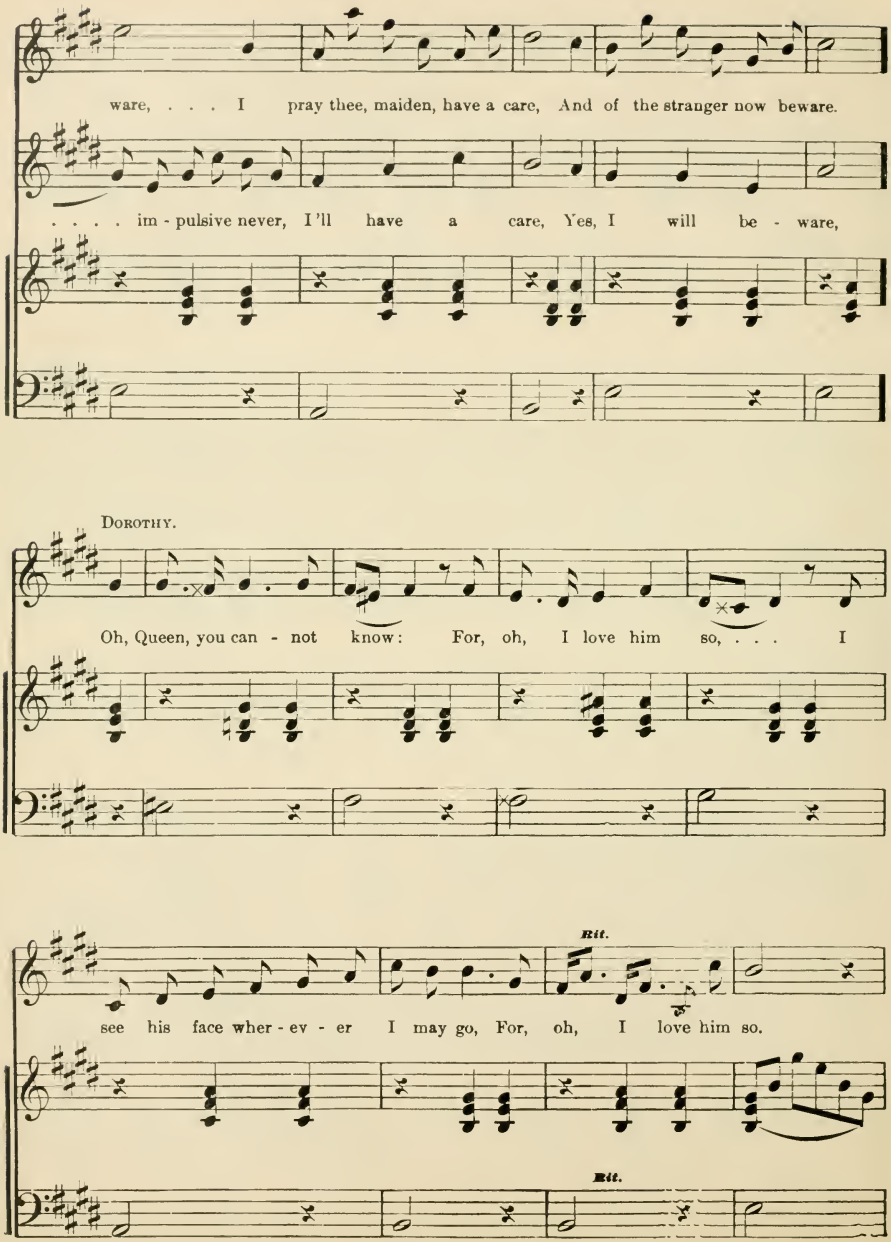

Wandered out up - on the way That we take from day to day, While the
And his voice like mu - sic fell, With a sweet - ness none can tell; For he
morn-ing yet was ro - sy, (I some - times, you know, am pro - sy), And a
is the great comman - der, Or the U. S. Al - ex - an - der, And while
mo - ment turned a - side, To the pas - tures green and wide, When, be -
ma - ny fought and fell, He is yet a - live and well: With a
hold, a dash - ing ro - ver, Met me, walk - ing in the clo - ver, Eyes of
ru - ral - ist re - la - tion, He is on a short va - ca - tion, And with

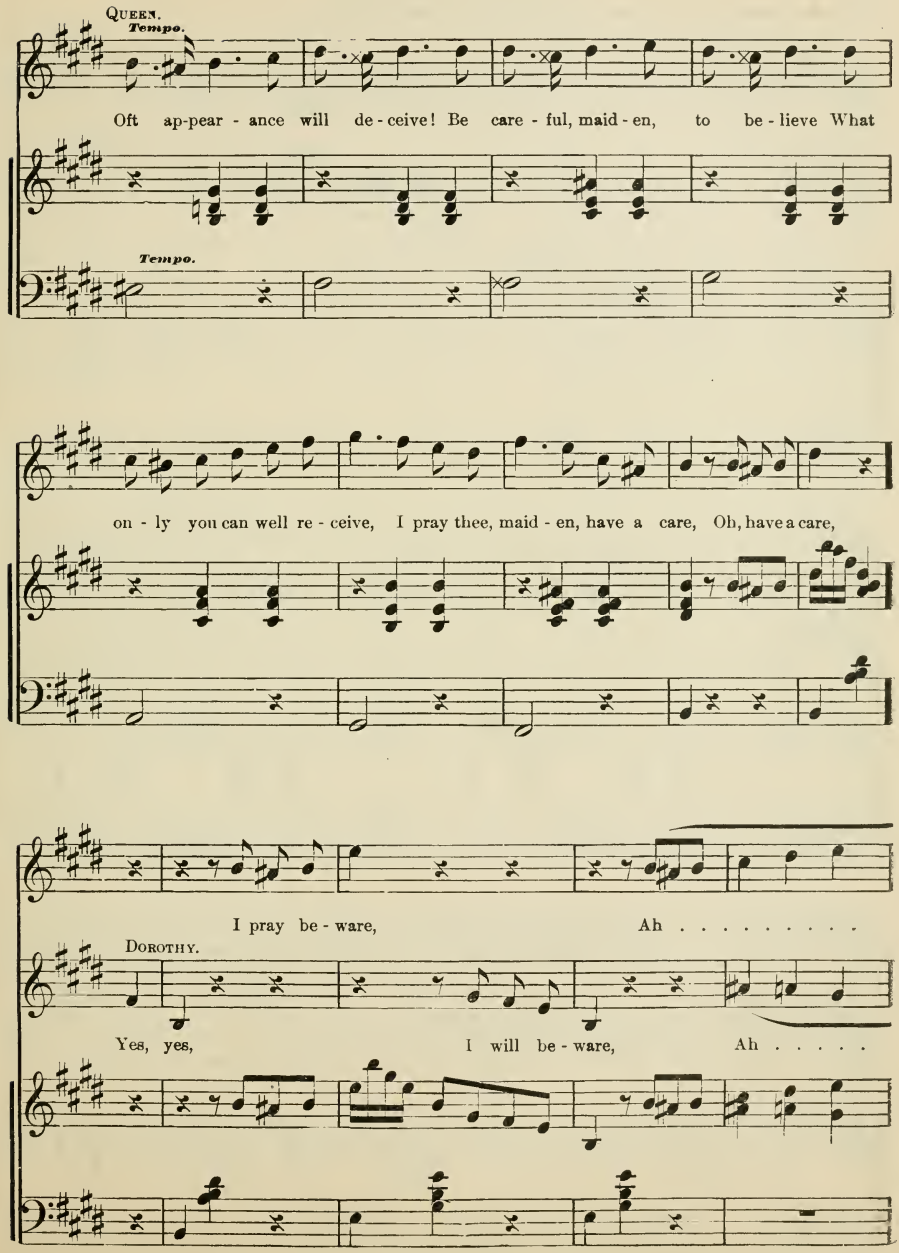

melt - ing ten - der - ness Look'd be - seech - ing in - to mine, Speak-ing
morn - ing's rud - dy glow, He is out in search of health; Oh, 't is
words of ten - der - ness That I could at once de - vine, "Wheth-er
true, he told me so,— He is not in search of wealth, But he's
bound my pret - ty one, Up and out be - fore the sun? Oh, the
look - ing for a wife Who shall com - fort him in life; Oh, the
D. C. 2nd stanza.
words like hon - ey fell, And I yet re - mem - ber well.
words like hon - ey fell, And I yet re - mem - ber well.
D. C.

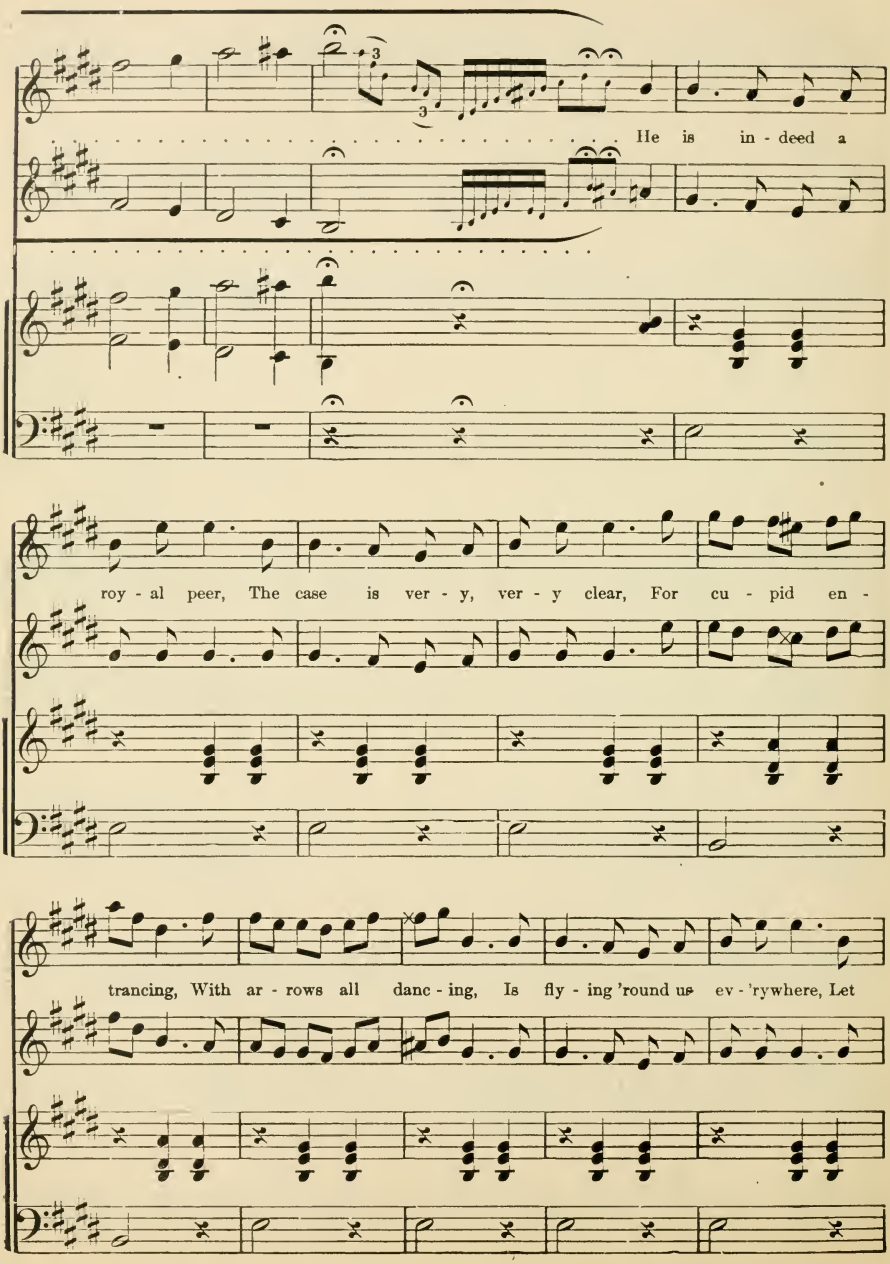
No. 12. MAID BEWARE.

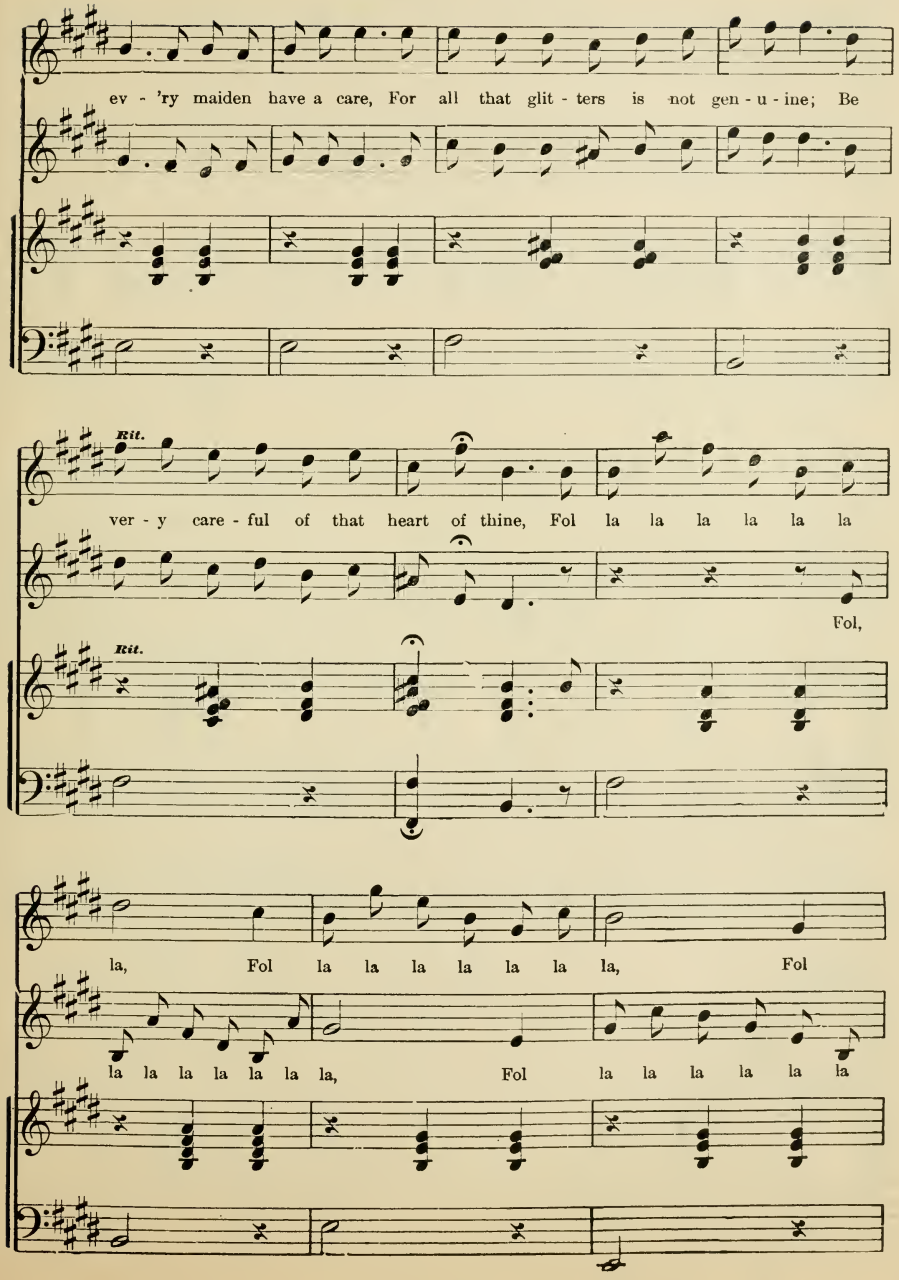


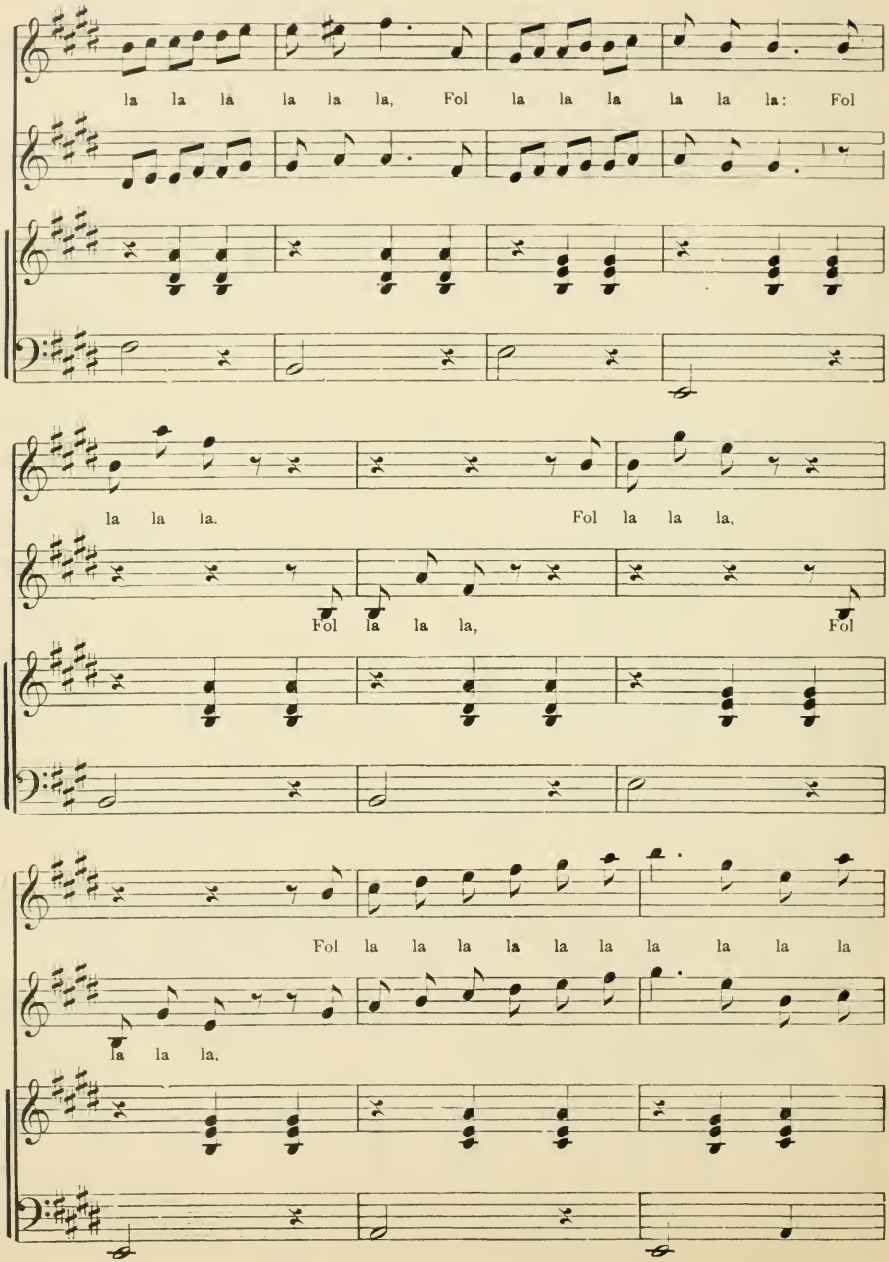

found the lit - tle maid - en fair; But oh, I bid thee, have a care, For
all that glit - ters is not gen - u - ine, Be ver - y care-ful of that heart of thine.
vit.
vit.
QUEEN AND DOROTHY.
DUET.
I pray thee, maid - en, have a care, And of the stranger now be -
I . . . . . am care-ful ev - er, And . . . .

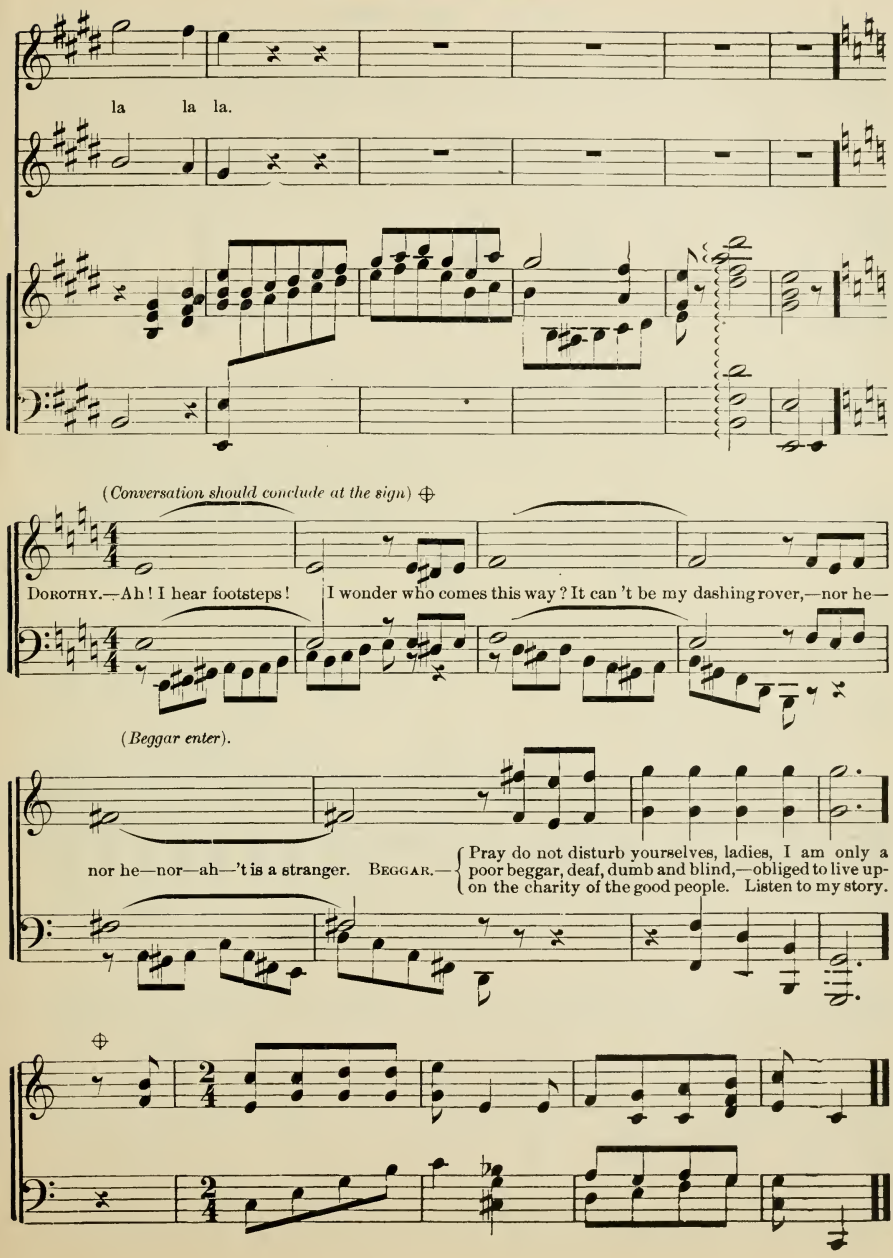

ware, . . . I pray thee, maiden, have a care, And of the stranger now beware.
. . . . im - pulsive never, I'll have a care, Yes, I will be - ware,
DOROTHY.
Oh, Queen, you can - not know: For, oh, I love him so, . . . I
Rit.
see his face wher - ev - er I may go, For, oh, I love him so.
Rit.


QUEEN.
Tempo.
Oft ap-pear - ance will de - ceive! Be care - ful, maid - en, to be - lieve What
Tempo.
on - ly you can well re - ceive, I pray thee, maid - en, have a care, Oh, have a care,
I pray be - ware, Ah . . . . . .
DOROTHY.
Yes, yes, I will be - ware, Ah . . . . .

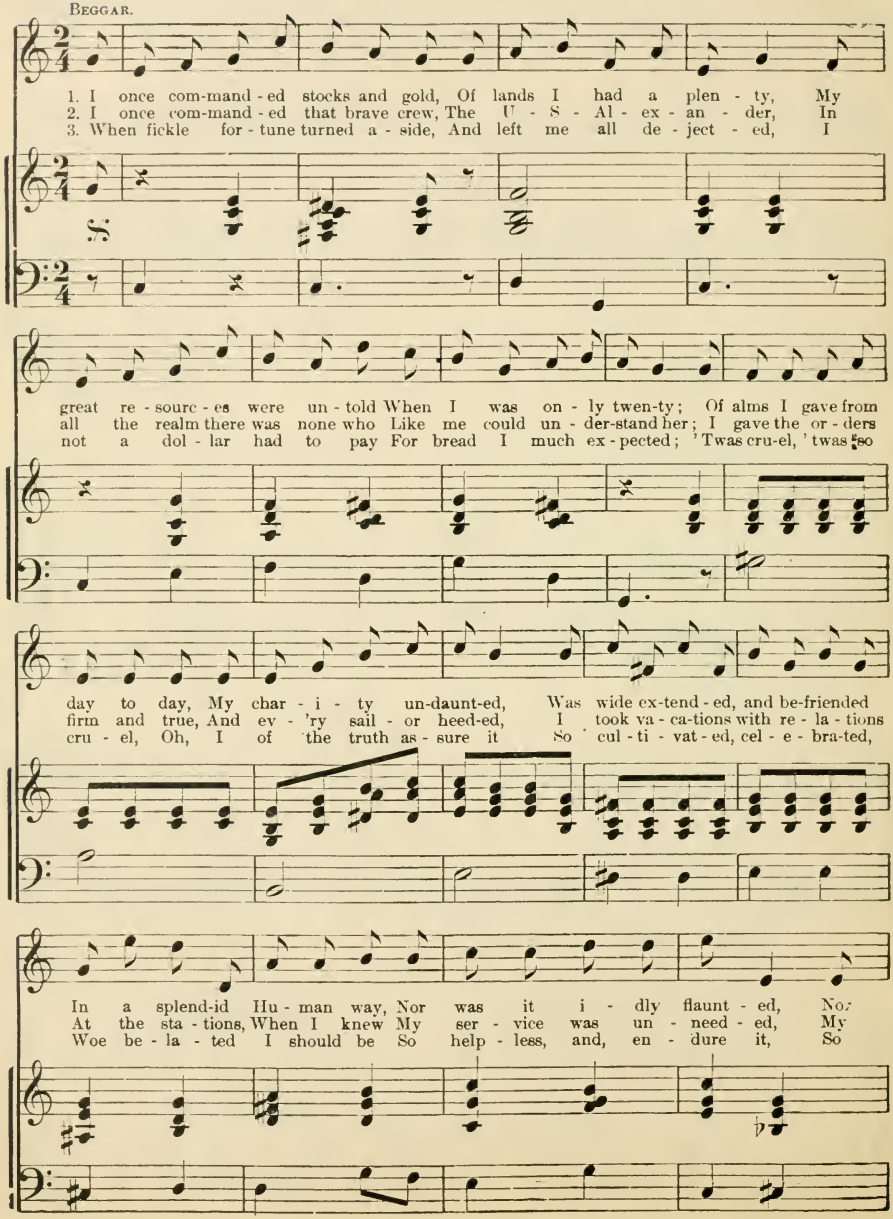

He is in - deed a
roy - al peer, The case is ver - y, ver - y clear, For cu - pid en -
trancing, With ar - rows all danc - ing, Is fly - ing 'round us ev - 'rywhere, Let

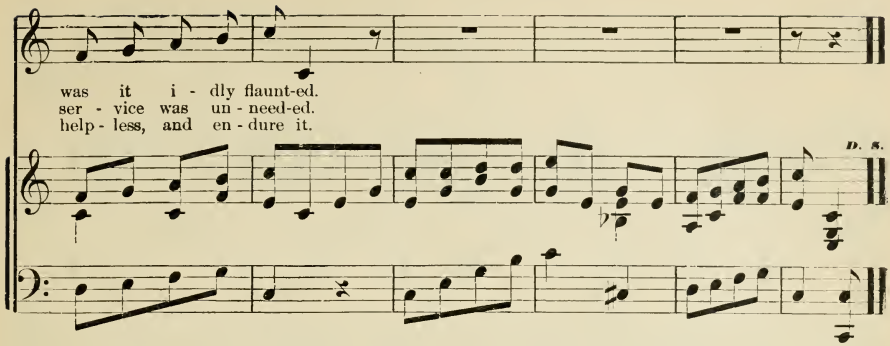

ev - 'ry maiden have a care, For all that glit - ters is not gen - u - ine; Be
Rit.
ver - y care - ful of that heart of thine, Fol la la la la la la
Fol,
Rit.
la, Fol la la la la la la la, Fol
la la la la la la la, Fol la la la la la la


la la la la la la, Fol la la la la la la: Fol
la la la. Fol la la la,
Fol la la la, Fol
Fol la la la la la la la la la la
la la la,


la la la.
(Conversation should conclude at the sign) ⊕
DOROTHY.—Ah! I hear footsteps! I wonder who comes this way? It can't be my dashing rover,—nor he—
(Beggar enter).
nor he—nor—ah—'t is a stranger.
BEGGAR.—Pray do not disturb yourselves, ladies, I am only a poor beggar, deaf, dumb and blind,—obliged to live upon the charity of the good people. Listen to my story.
⊕

No. 13. The Story.





DOROTHY.—So you are a real deaf, dumb and blind beggar. (*aside*). Ah! I thought at first that it was my dashing rover. How I wish I could convey to your understanding some faint idea of the sweet soothing influence of the beautiful feathered warbler's caroling,—of the quivering, blending harmonies of nature, whose lingering cadences fill with their vibrating influence the whole world with their ecstacies of melody. Oh, that I might paint upon the canvas of your perception, the soft and calm reflections of the glorious moon with her fleet of silvery stars as they go majestic'ly swimming through infinite—

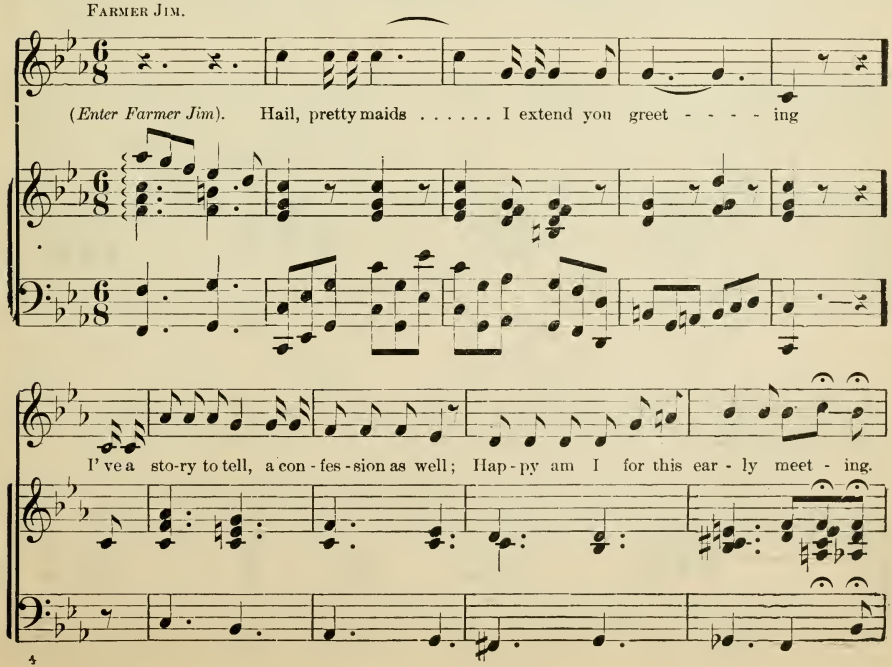
BEGGAR.—Silence! (*The tramp of feet is heard*).

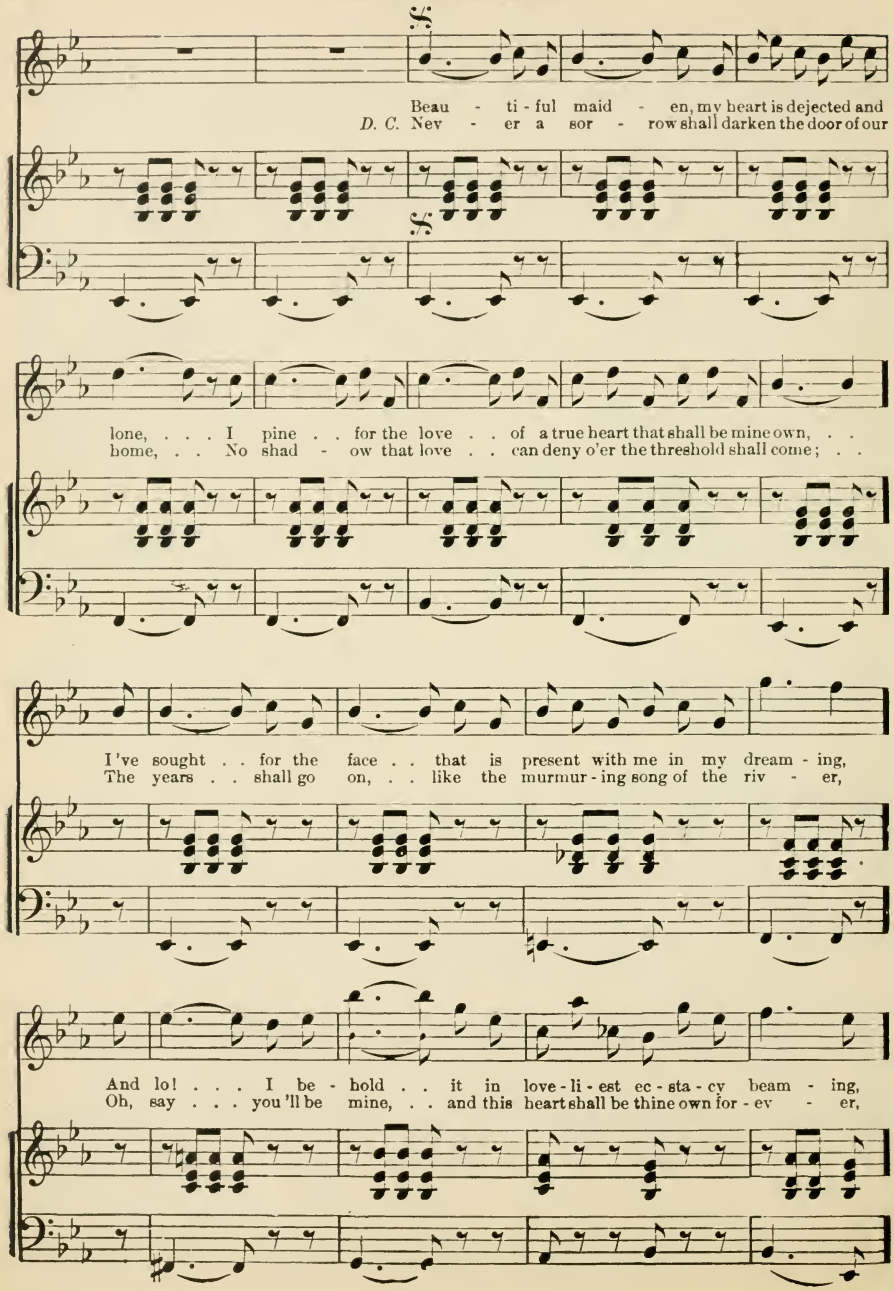
DOROTHY.—Ah! you almost startled me!

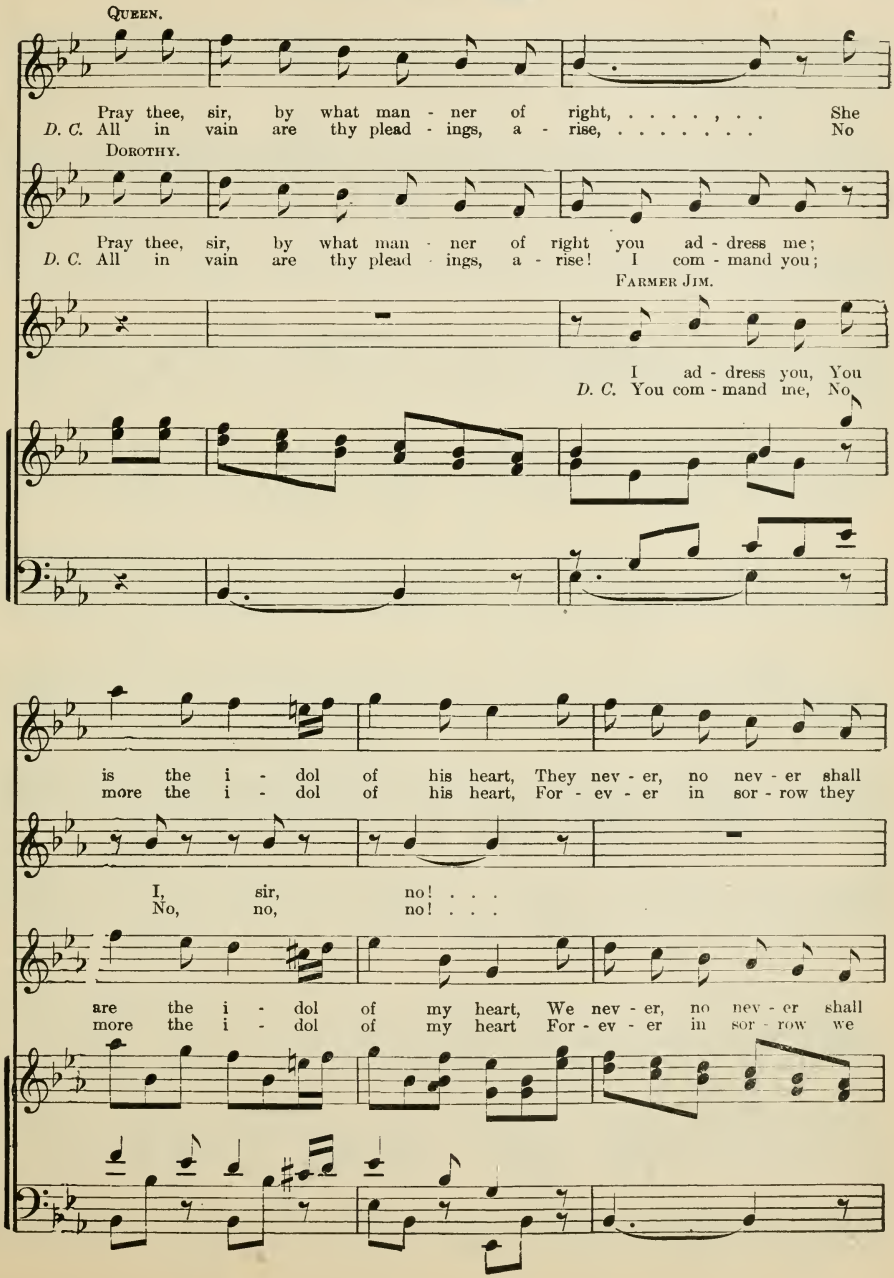
BEGGAR.—A footfall! Adieu, thou tinnient distortioner of rays effulgent and effervescent vibratory sound-waves, whose refoscillations skolezite aslant my dura-mater in quite a sesquitertional proportion, and with ligamentous shackles binds the hilarious bird of freedom to the hard, cold face of the festive nickle. Ugh! (*exit*).

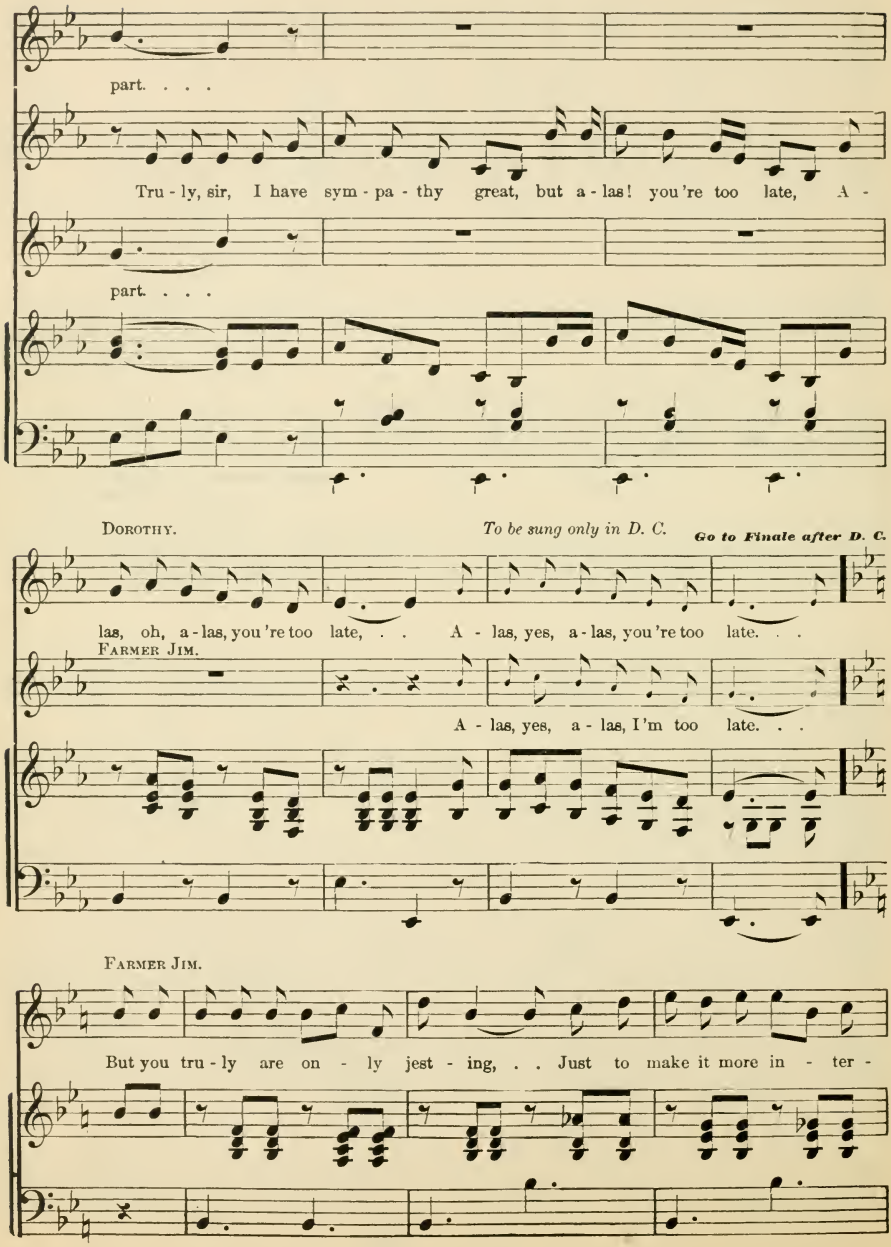
NO. 14. BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN.

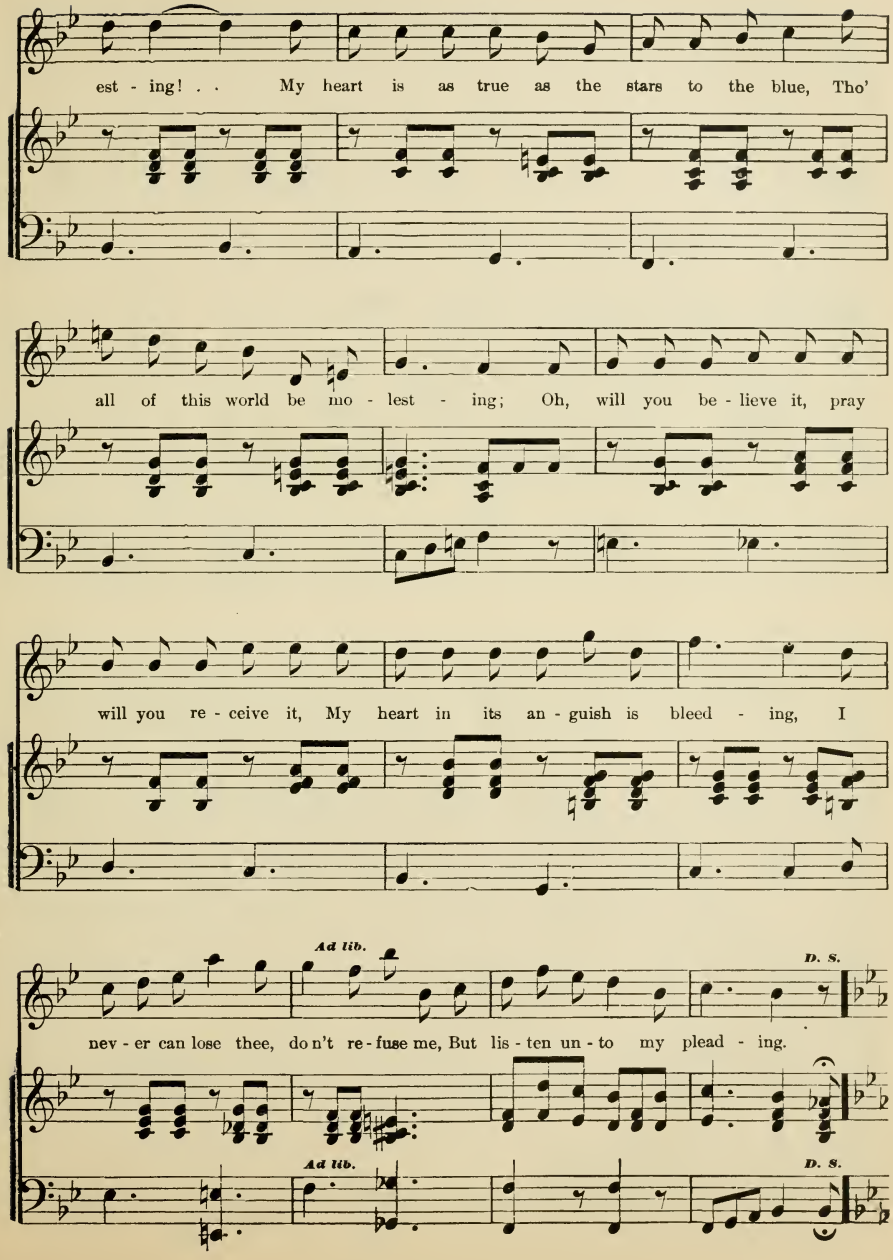
FARMER JIM.

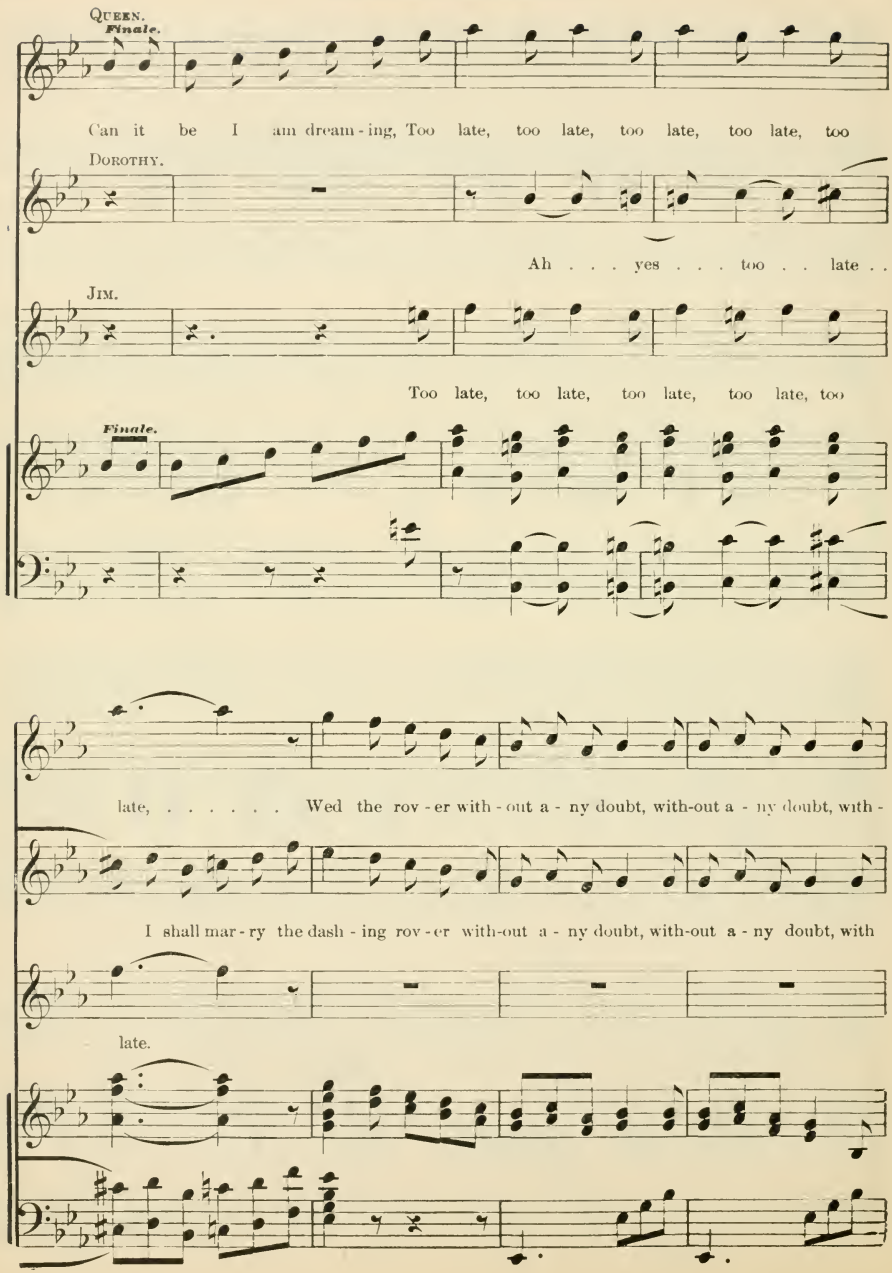


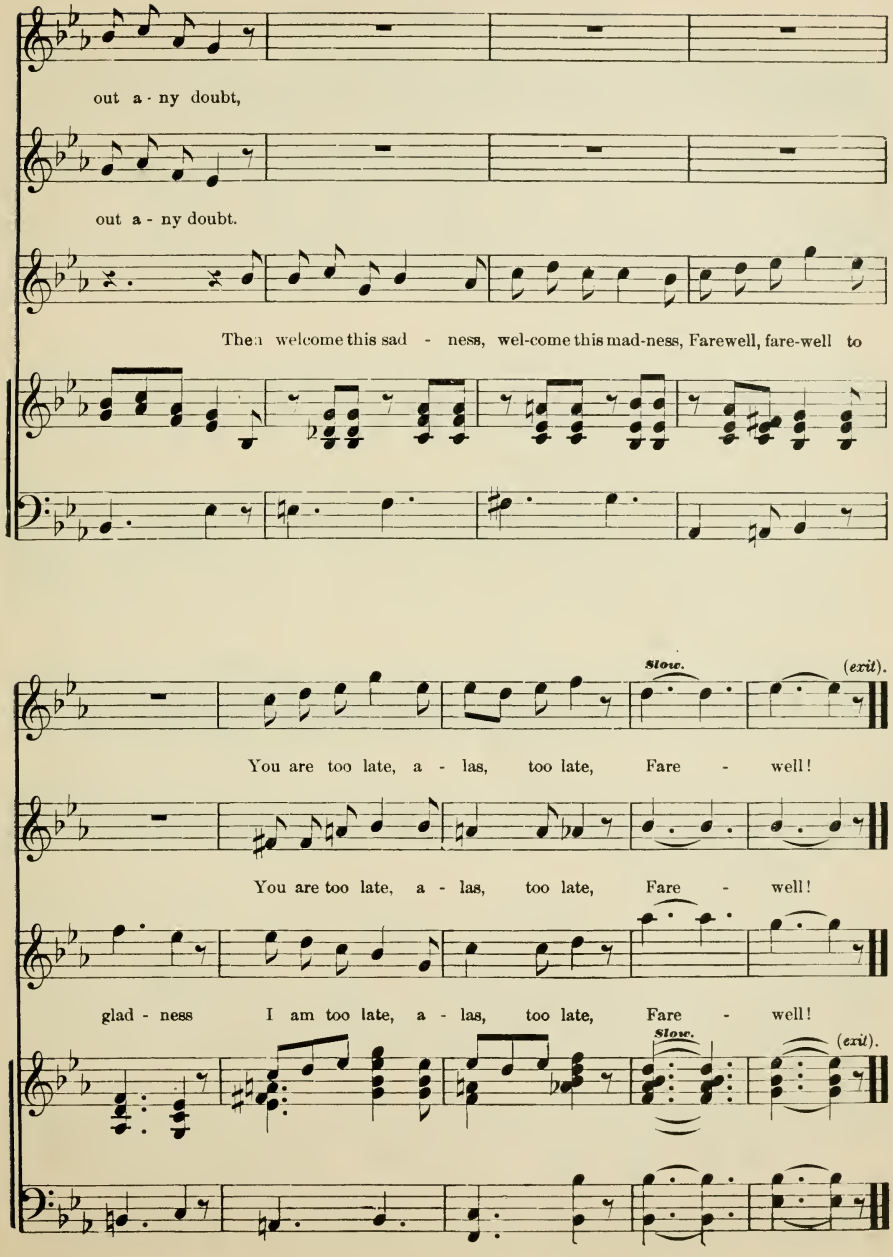

Beau - ti - ful maid - en, my heart is dejected and
D. C. Nev - er a sor - row shall darken the door of our
lone, . . . I pine . . for the love . . of a true heart that shall be mine own, . .
home, . . No shad - ow that love . . can deny o'er the threshold shall come; . .
I've sought . . for the face . . that is present with me in my dream - ing,
The years . . shall go on, . . like the murmur - ing song of the riv - er,
And lo! . . . I be - hold . . it in love - li - est ec - sta - cy beam - ing,
Oh, say . . . you 'll be mine, . . and this heart shall be thine own for - ev - er,


QUEEN.
Pray thee, sir, by what man - ner of right, ... She
D. C. All in vain are thy plead - ings, a - rise, ... No
DOROTHY.
Pray thee, sir, by what man - ner of right you ad - dress me;
D. C. All in vain are thy plead - ings, a - rise! I com - mand you;
FARMER JIM.
I ad - dress you, You
D. C. You com - mand me, No
is the i - dol of his heart, They nev - er, no nev - er shall
more the i - dol of his heart, For - ev - er in sor - row they
I, sir, no! . . .
No, no, no! . . .
are the i - dol of my heart, We nev - er, no nev - er shall
more the i - dol of my heart For - ev - er in sor - row we

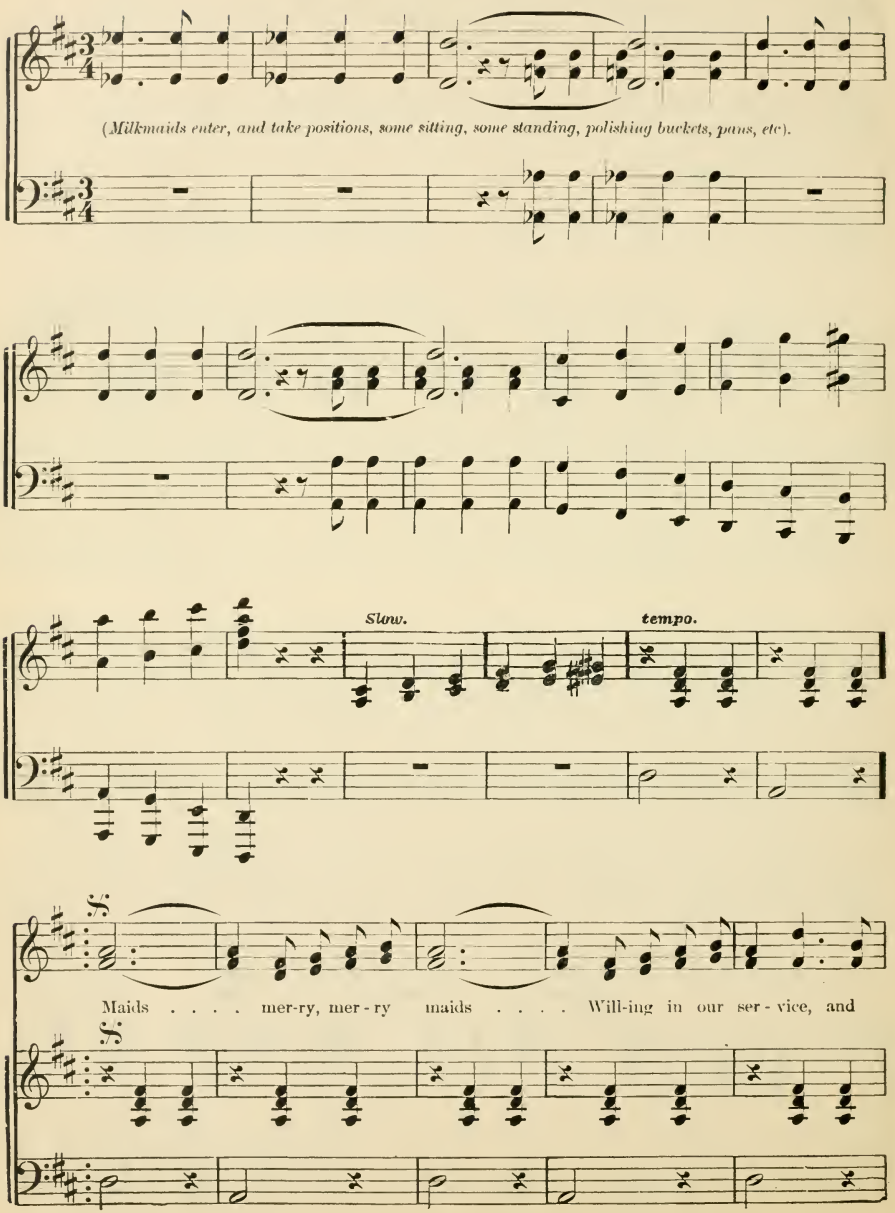

part. . . .
Tru - ly, sir, I have sym - pa - thy great, but a - las! you're too late, A -
part. . . .
DOROTHY.
To be sung only in D. C.
Go to Finale after D. C.
las, oh, a - las, you're too late, . . A - las, yes, a - las, you're too late. . .
FARMER JIM.
A - las, yes, a - las, I'm too late. . .
FARMER JIM.
But you tru - ly are on - ly jest - ing, . . Just to make it more in - ter -

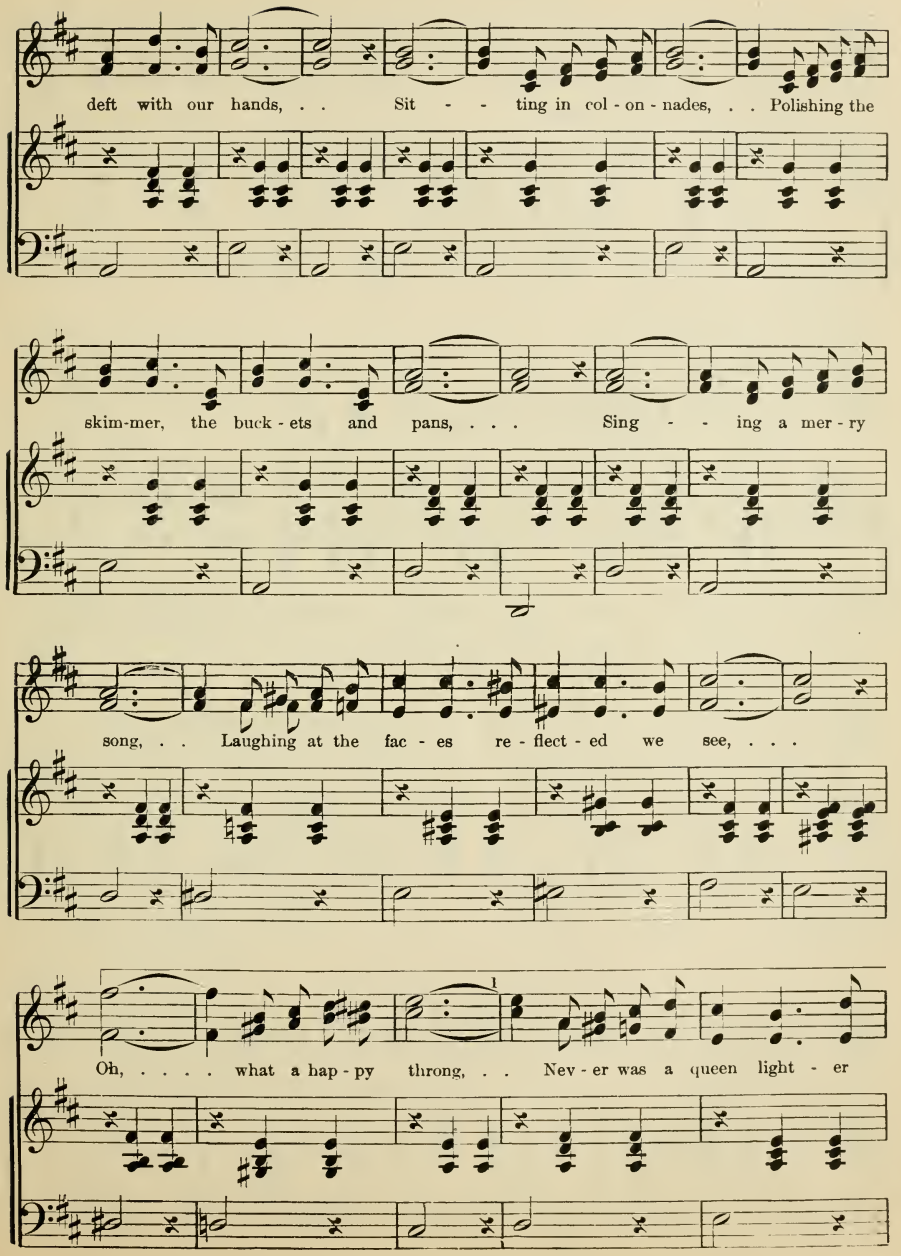

est - ing! . . My heart is as true as the stars to the blue, Tho'
all of this world be mo - lest - ing; Oh, will you be - lieve it, pray
will you re - ceive it, My heart in its an - guish is bleed - ing, I
Ad lib.
D. S.
nev - er can lose thee, do n't re - fuse me, But lis - ten un - to my plead - ing.
Ad lib.
D. S.

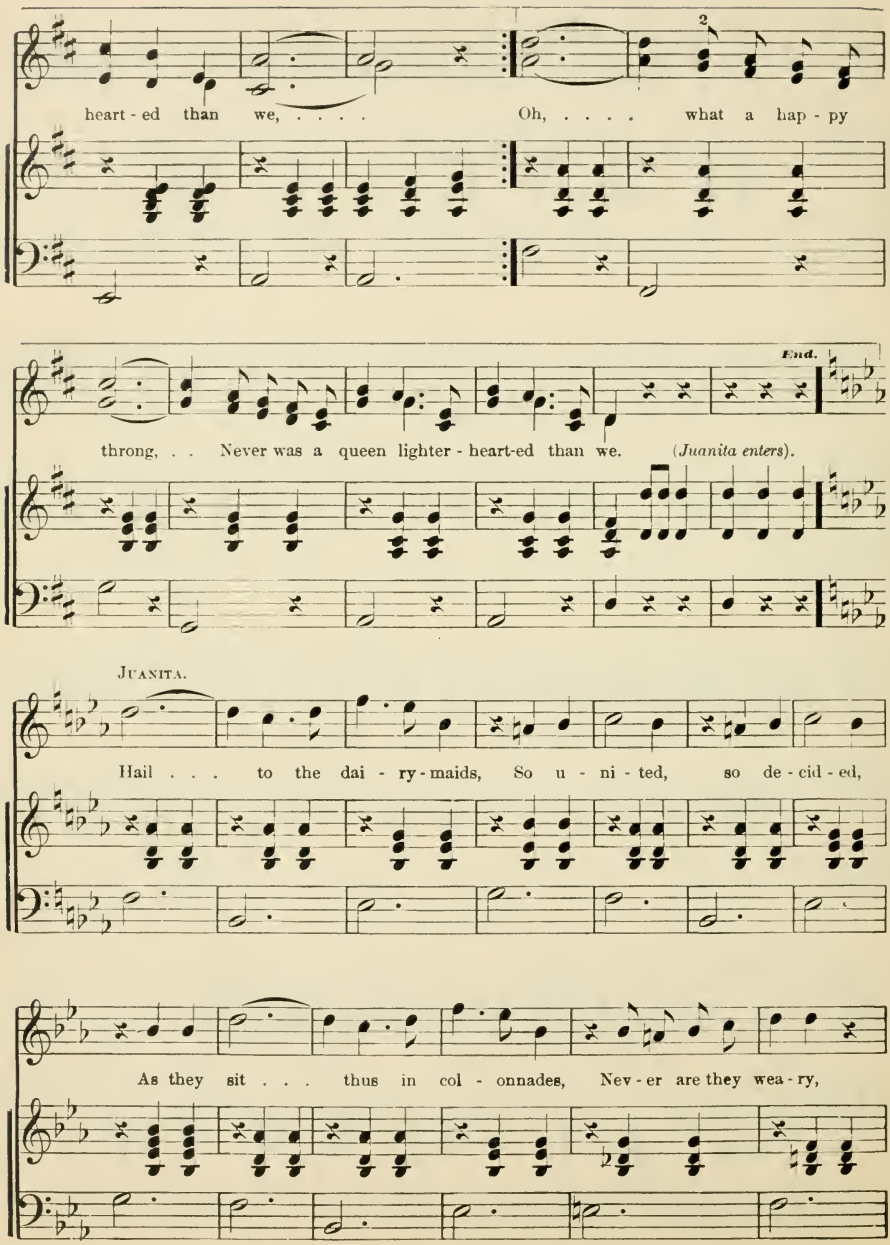

QUEEN.
Finale.
Can it be I am dream - ing, Too late, too late, too late, too late, too
DOROTHY.
Ah . . . yes . . . too . . late . .
JIM.
Too late, too late, too late, too late, too
Finale.
late, ... Wed the rov - er with - out a - ny doubt, with-out a - ny doubt, with -
I shall mar - ry the dash - ing rov - er with-out a - ny doubt, with-out a - ny doubt, with
late.

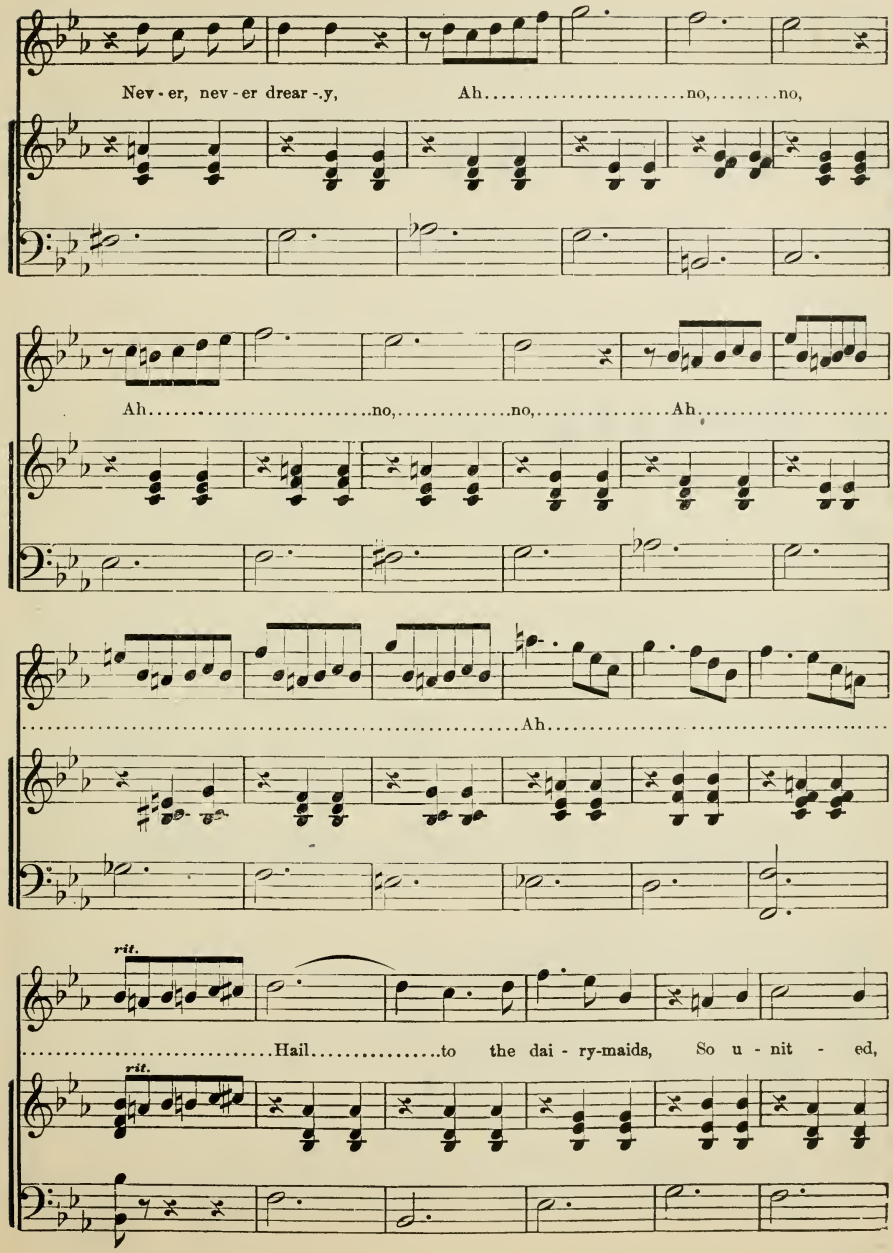

out a - ny doubt,
out a - ny doubt.
Then welcome this sad - ness, wel-come this mad-ness, Farewell, fare-well to
Slow.
(exit).
You are too late, a - las, too late, Fare - well!
You are too late, a - las, too late, Fare - well!
glad - ness I am too late, a - las, too late, Fare - well!
Slow.
(exit).

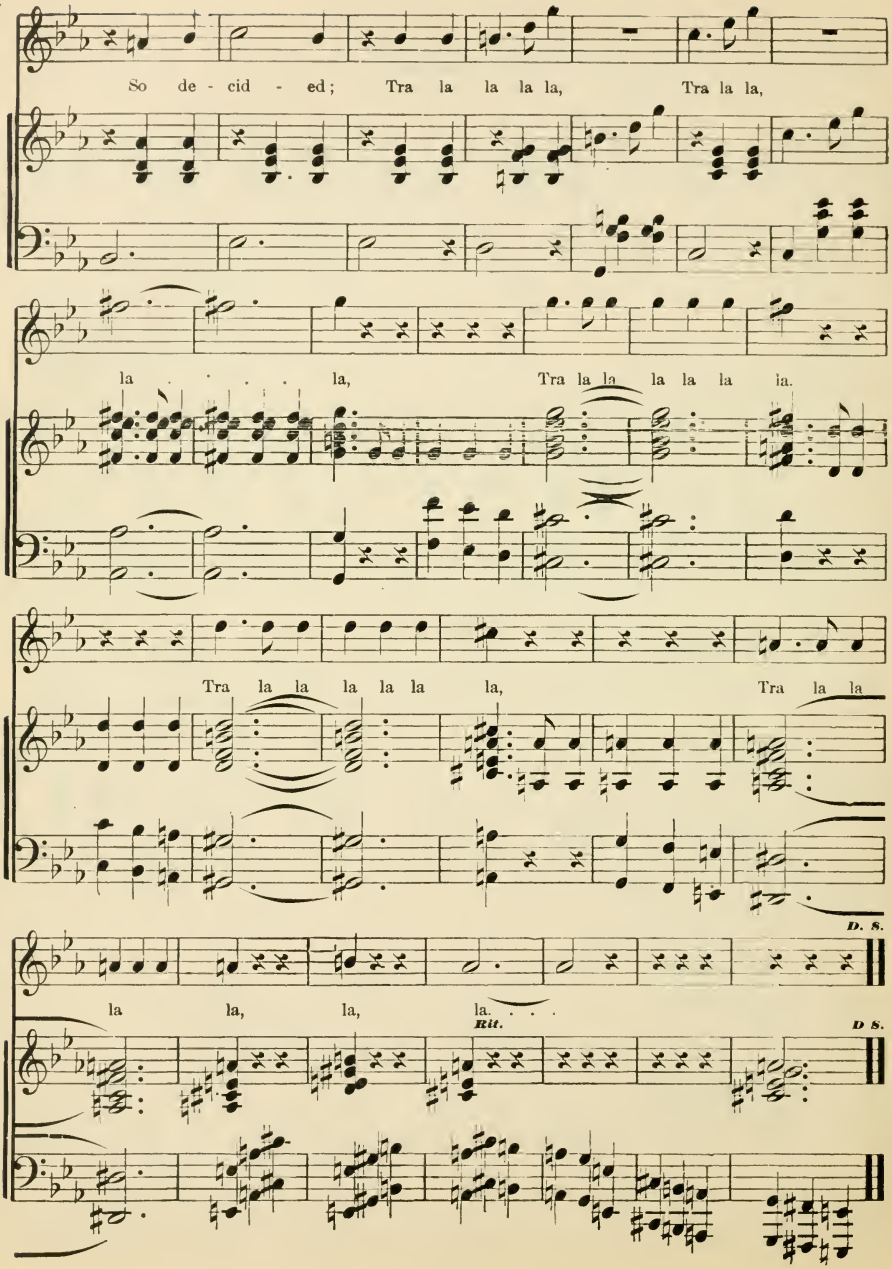
NO. 15. MERRY MAIDS.



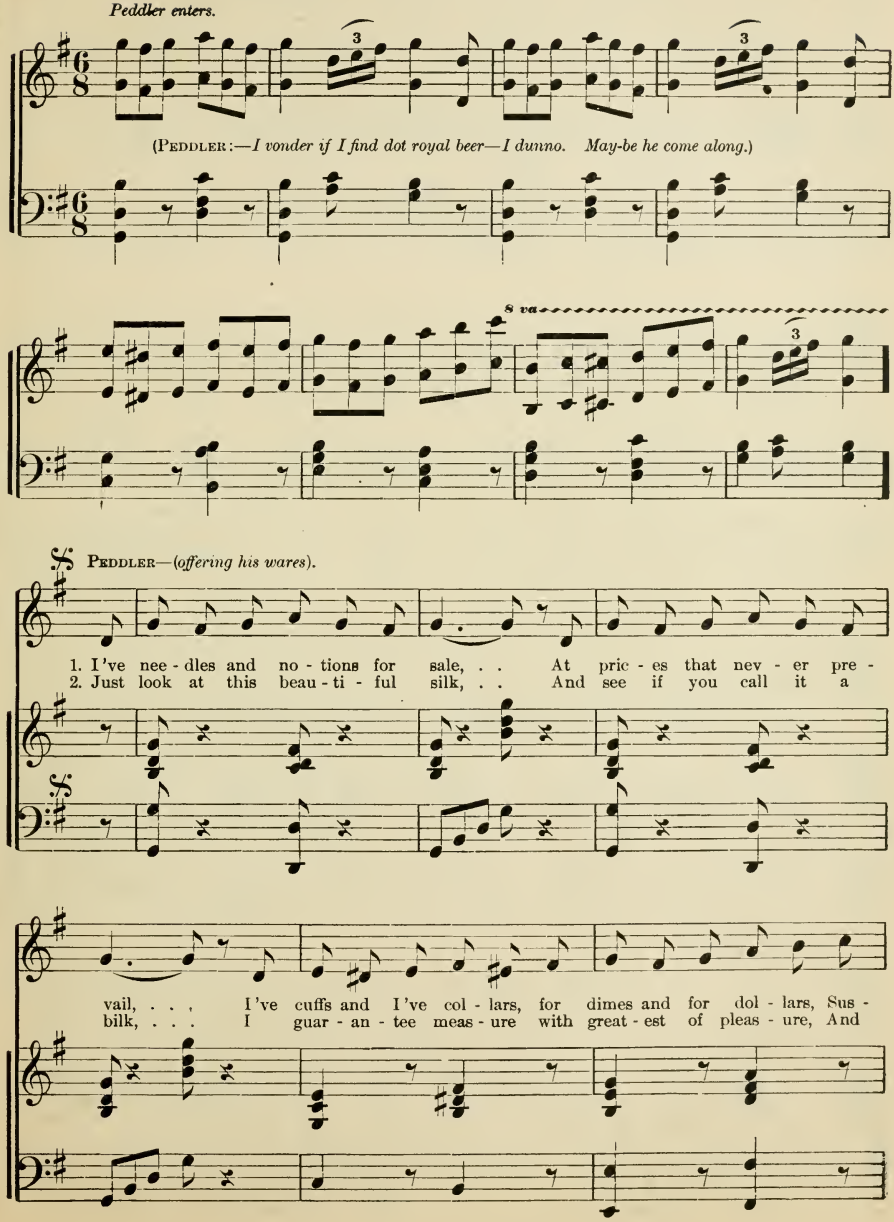

deft with our hands, . . Sit - - ting in col - on - nades, . . Polishing the
skim-mer, the buck - ets and pans, . . . Sing - - ing a mer - ry
song, . . Laughing at the fac - es re - flect - ed we see, . . .
Oh, ... what a hap - py throng, . . Nev - er was a queen light - er

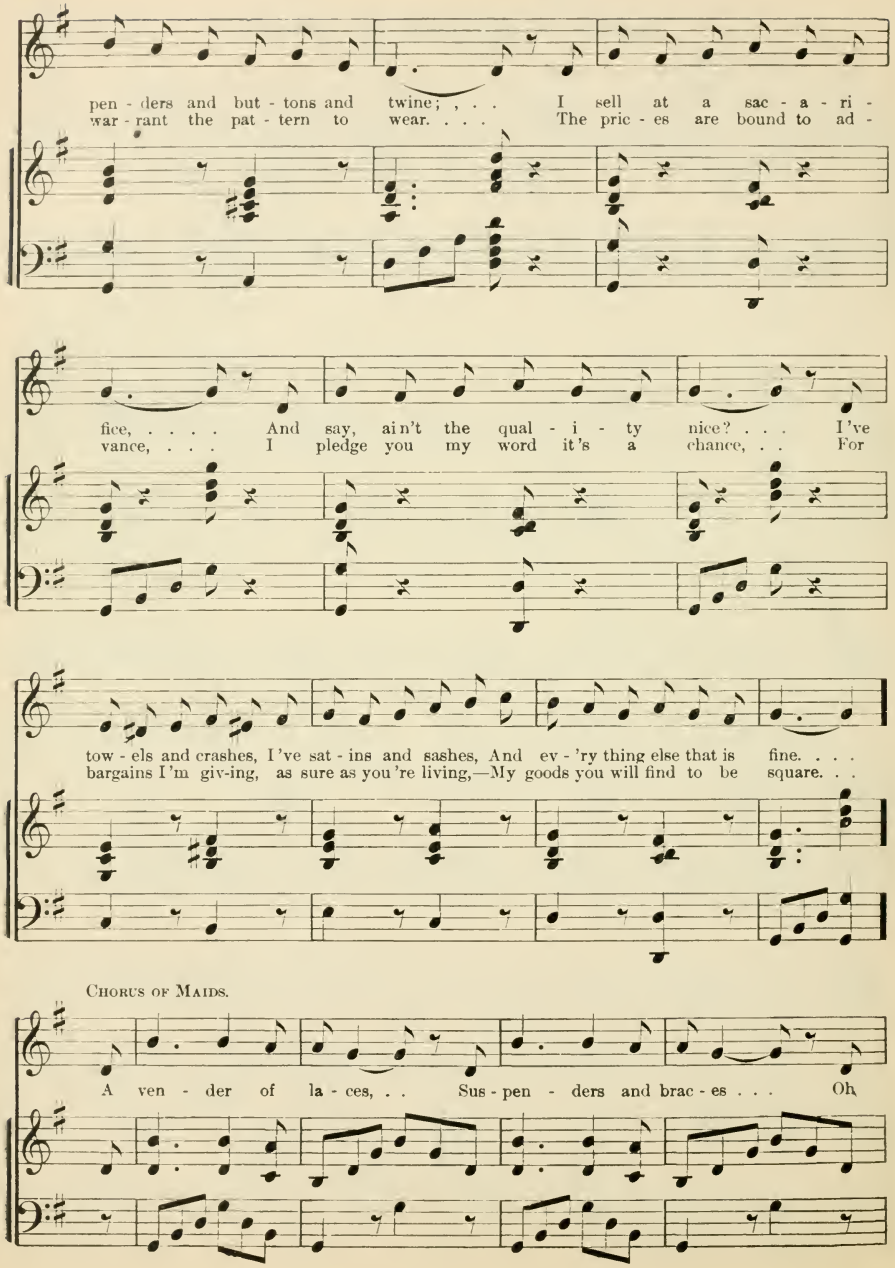

2
heart - ed than we, ... Oh, ... what a hap - py
End.
throng, . . Never was a queen lighter - heart-ed than we. (Juanita enters).
JUANITA.
Hail . . . to the dai - ry-maids, So u - ni - ted, so de - cid - ed,
As they sit . . . thus in col - onnades, Nev - er are they wea - ry,

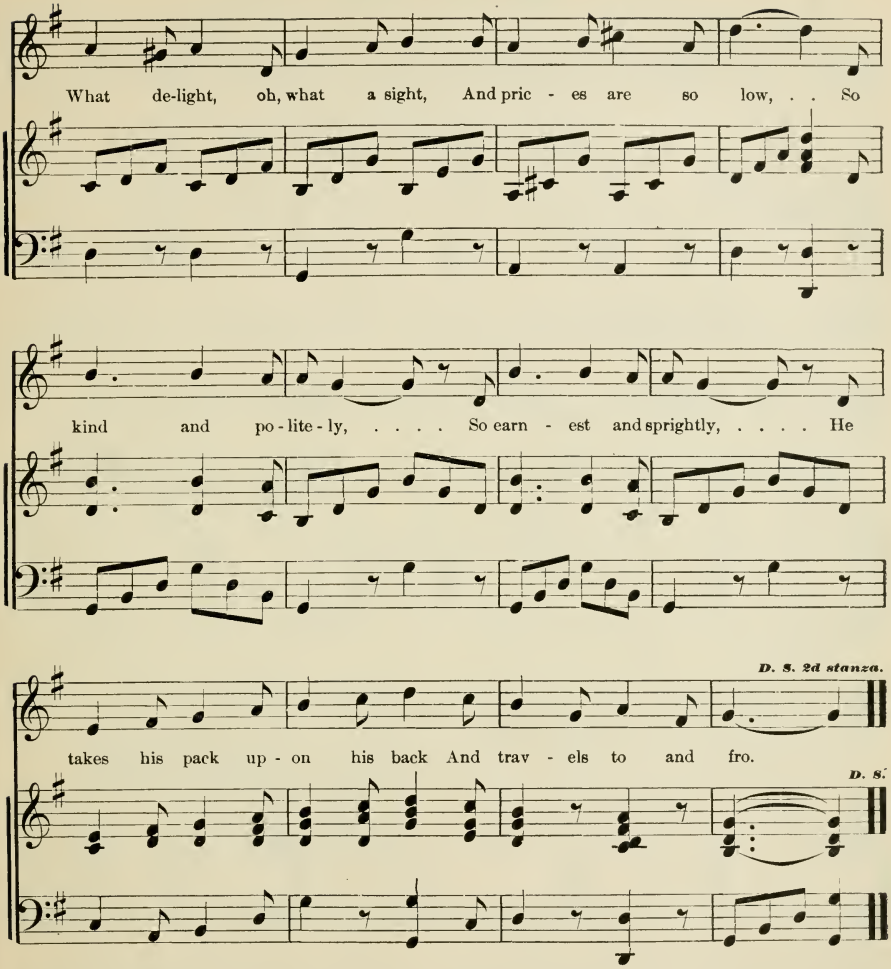

Nev - er, nev - er drear - y, Ah.....no,.....no,
Ah.....no,.....no,.....Ah.....
.....Ah.....
rit.
.....Hail.....to the dai - ry-maids, So u - nit - ed,
rit.


So de - cid - ed; Tra la la la la, Tra la la,
la . . . . la, Tra la la la la la la.
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la
D. S.
la la, la, la. . . .
Rit.
D S.

No. 16. A VENDER OF LACES.




pen - ders and but - tons and twine; . . . I sell at a sac - a - ri -
war - rant the pat - tern to wear. . . . The pric - es are bound to ad -
fice, ... And say, ain't the qual - i - ty nice? . . . I've
vance, . . . I pledge you my word it's a chance, . . For
tow - els and crashes, I've sat - ins and sashes, And ev - 'ry thing else that is fine. . . .
bargains I'm giv-ing, as sure as you're living,—My goods you will find to be square. . .
CHORUS OF MAIDS.
A ven - der of la - ces, . . Sus - pen - ders and brac - es . . . Oh



RUTH.—(*Enter hurriedly*) Ha! ha! ha!

PEDDLER.—Va-va-vats de matter mit dot gal?

MAIDS.—Yes, yes, what in the world is the matter?

RUTH.—Well, I' ll tell you; I was gathering flowers out on the hill, and, as I wandered along, suddenly I heard familiar voices—and can you guess whose?

MAIDS.—No, no! do tell us!

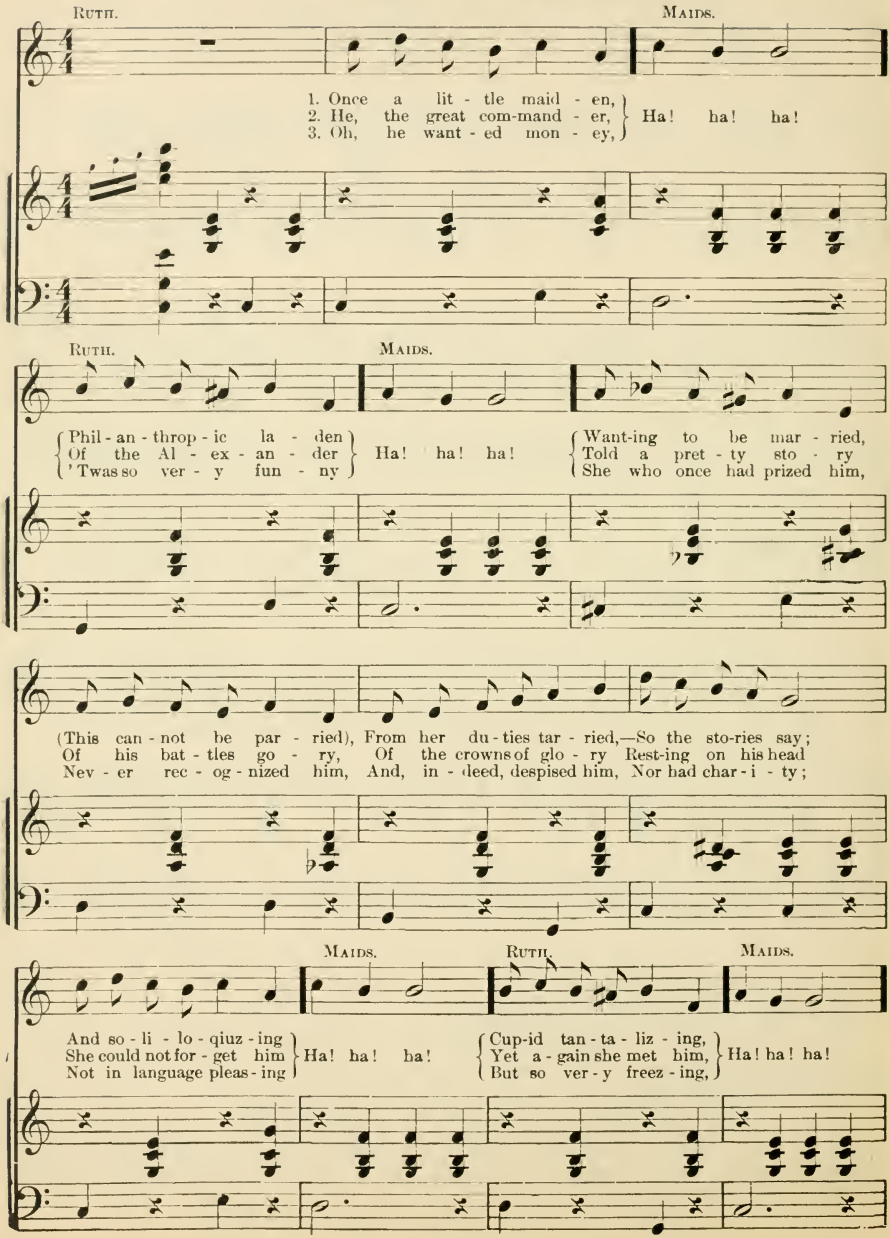
PEDDLER.—Yah, tole us quick, for ve vas all dyin' to know dat—he! he! he!

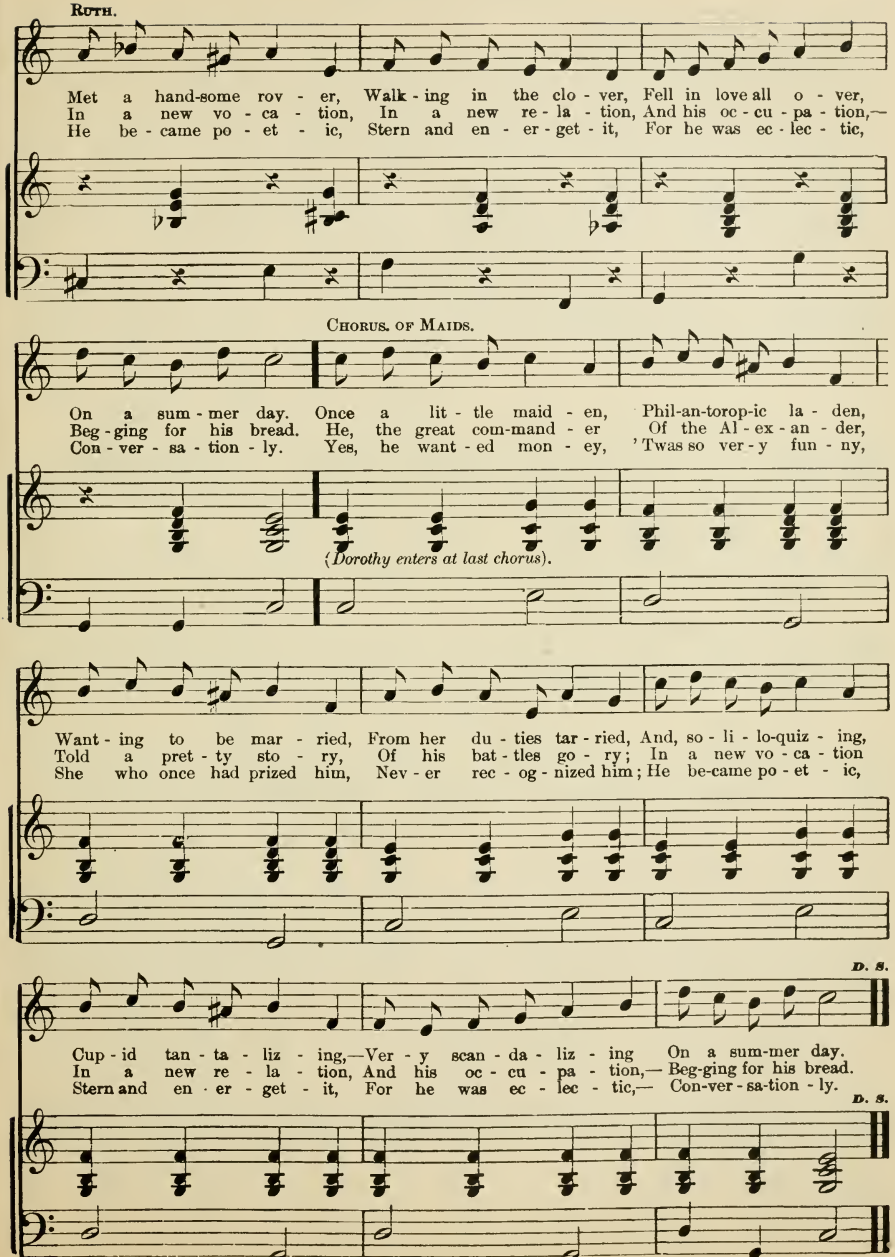
RUTH.—'Twas Dorothy and that vagabond "Commodore." Oh, he 's a villian! I' d just like to grind him in the dust. I' m sorry for poor Dorothy,—but ha! ha! ha! it was the quaintest, queerest bit of romance I have heard in a long time. I have to laugh whenever I think of it.

MAIDS.—Do tell us, quickly!

PEDDLER.—Yah, tole us right avay. (*aside*) Dot' s him—I' ve got ' im. (*exit peddler*).

NO. 17. ONCE A LITTLE MAIDEN.




RUTH.
Met a hand-some rov - er, Walk - ing in the clo - ver, Fell in love all o - ver,
In a new vo - ca - tion, In a new re - la - tion, And his oc - cu - pa - tion,—
He be - came po - et - ic, Stern and en - er - get - it, For he was ec - lec - tic,
CHORUS. OF MAIDS.
On a sum - mer day. Once a lit - tle maid - en, Phil-an-torop-ic la - den,
Beg - ging for his bread. He, the great com-mand - er Of the Al - ex - an - der,
Con - ver - sa - tion - ly. Yes, he want - ed mon - ey, 'Twas so ver - y fun - ny,
(Dorothy enters at last chorus).
Want - ing to be mar - ried, From her du - ties tar - ried, And, so - li - lo-quiz - ing,
Told a pret - ty sto - ry, Of his bat - tles go - ry; In a new vo - ca - tion
She who once had prized him, Nev - er rec - og - nized him; He be-came po - et - ic,
D. S.
Cup - id tan - ta - liz - ing,—Ver - y scan - da - liz - ing On a sum-mer day.
In a new re - la - tion, And his oc - cu - pa - tion,— Beg-ging for his bread.
Stern and en - er - get - it, For he was ec - lec - tic,— Con-ver - sa-tion - ly.
D. S.

MAUDE.—Oh, maids, here comes old Mother Monica, the true Indian fortune-teller! Who'll take a glimpse into the future at so much a glimpse?

DOROTHY.—I will! Here's the last bit of money I have in this world.

MAUDE—(*aside*).—Or any other!

DOROTHY.—I was tempted to give it to the poor, unfortunate beggar, but how glad I am that I did n't. (*Monica enters*). Here, Mother Monica, I am pining for a glimpse into the unknown future, from a love-lorn present, (*extends her hand*). Tell me, please, what you read there.

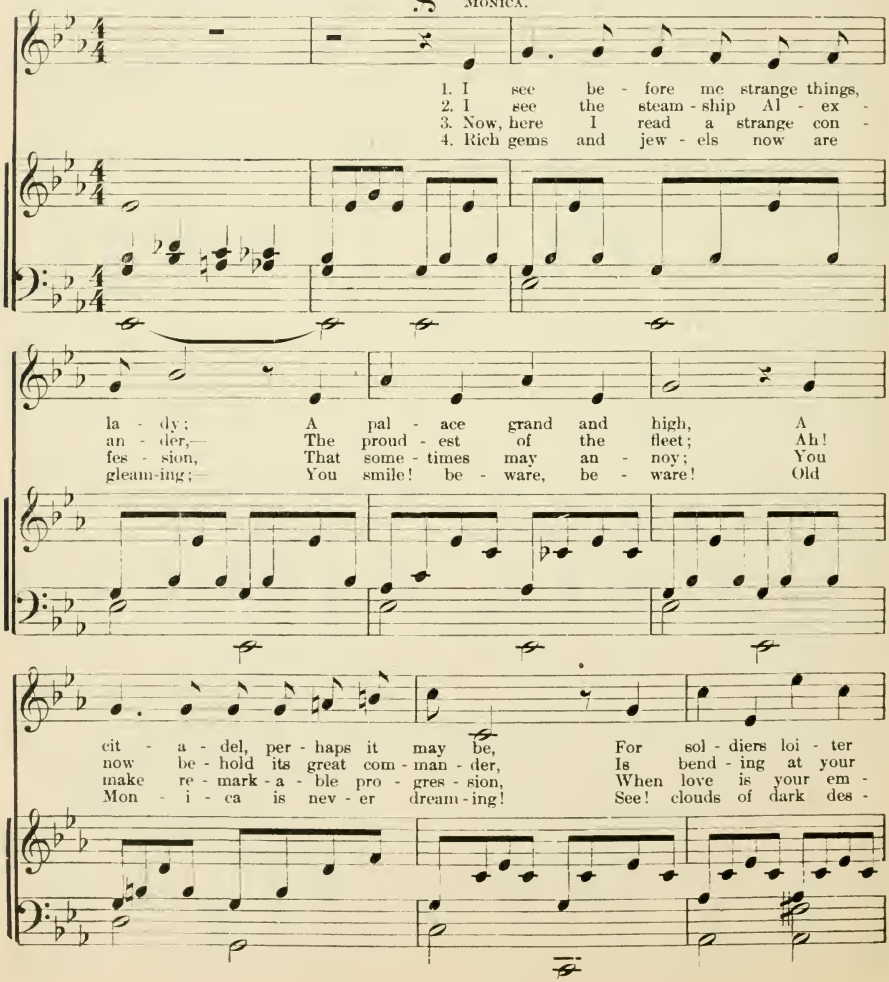
MONICA.—Ah, I see wonderful signs and omens in the white lady's hand, but the old Indian's palm must be crossed with silver before the good spirit will interpret the meaning thereof. (*Dorothy offers coin*). What, you want but five cents' worth—eh?

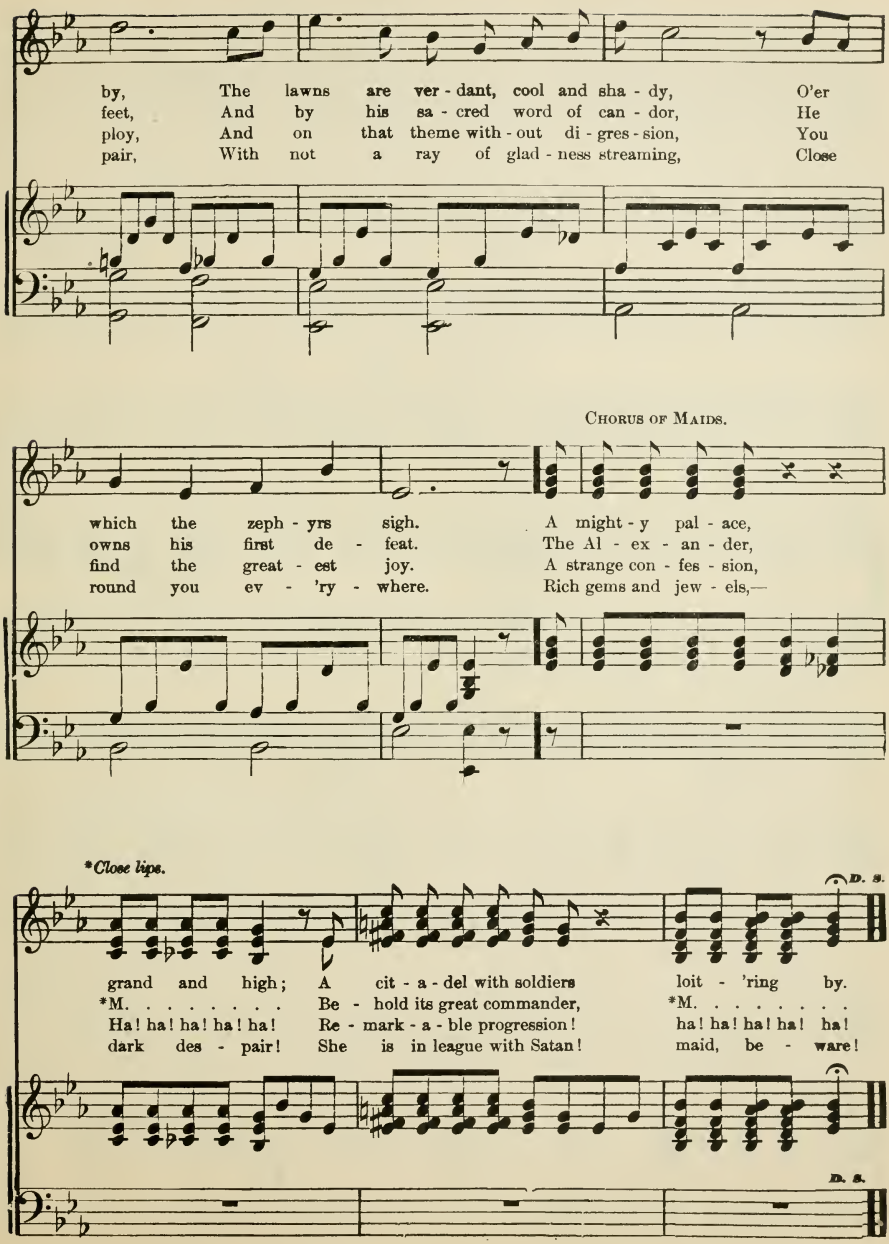
DOROTHY.—No, Monica, I want all you can tell me. Please do not deny me, for that was my last coin, and it was as much to me as twenty-five cents is to (*supply name*). Pray tell me all you see and read, for my heart is sorely troubled within me.

MONICA.—Very well—come where the light is better.

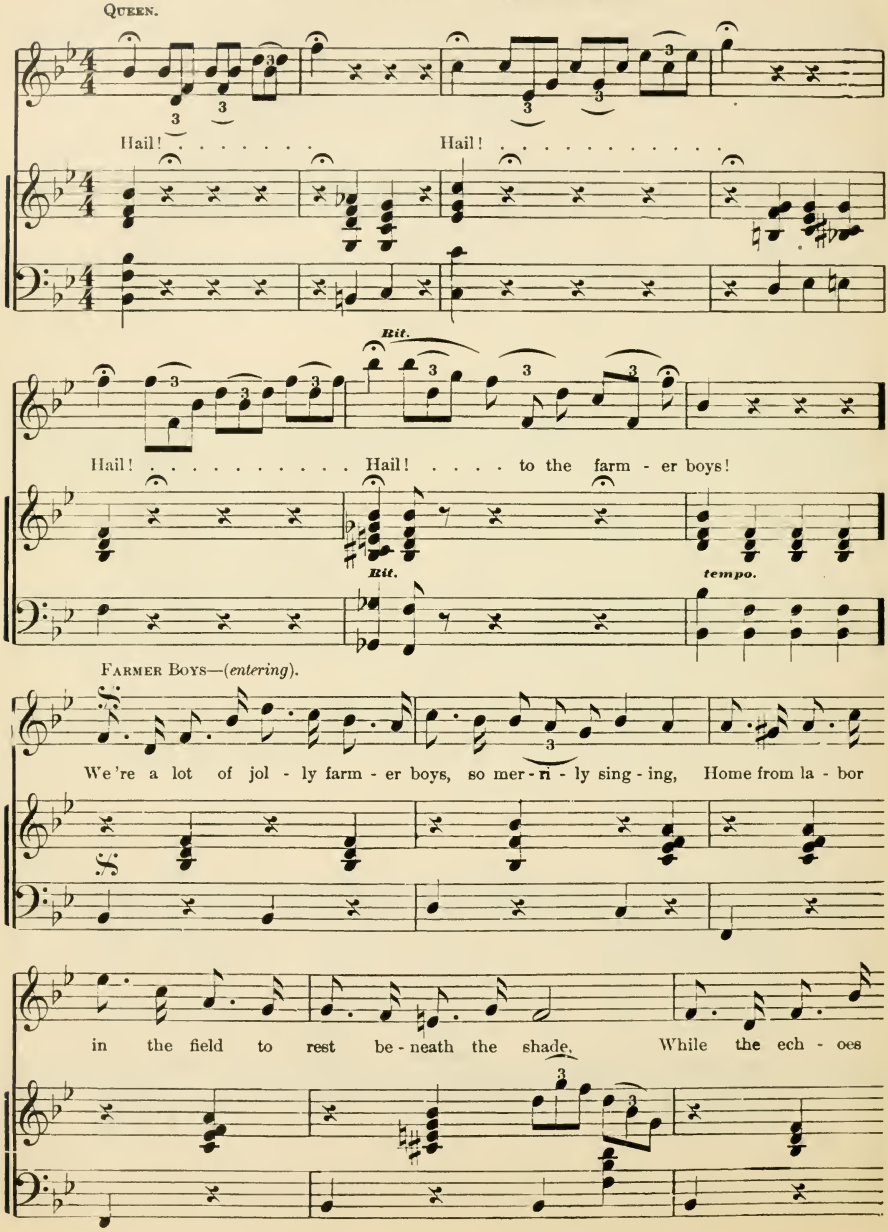
No. 18. THE FORTUNE.

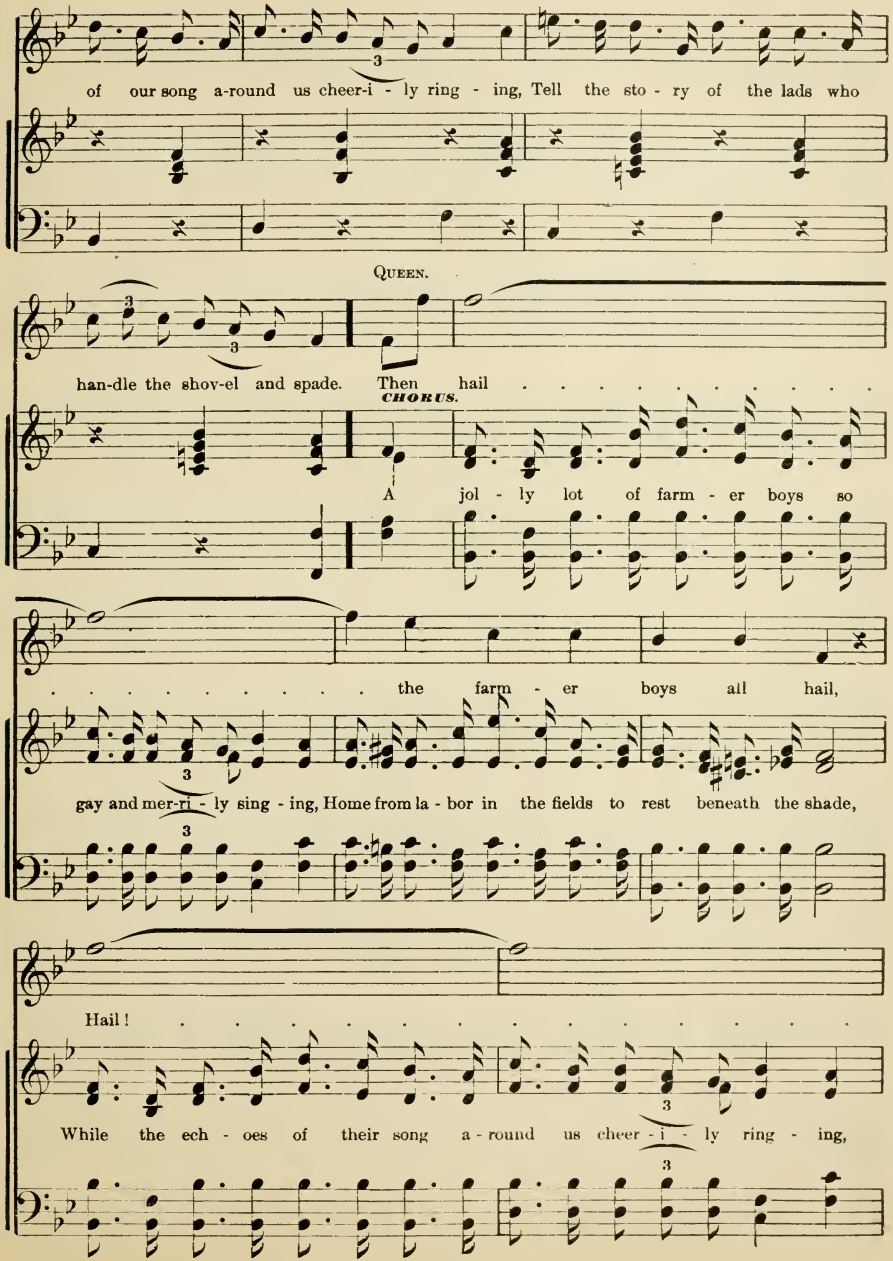
MONICA.

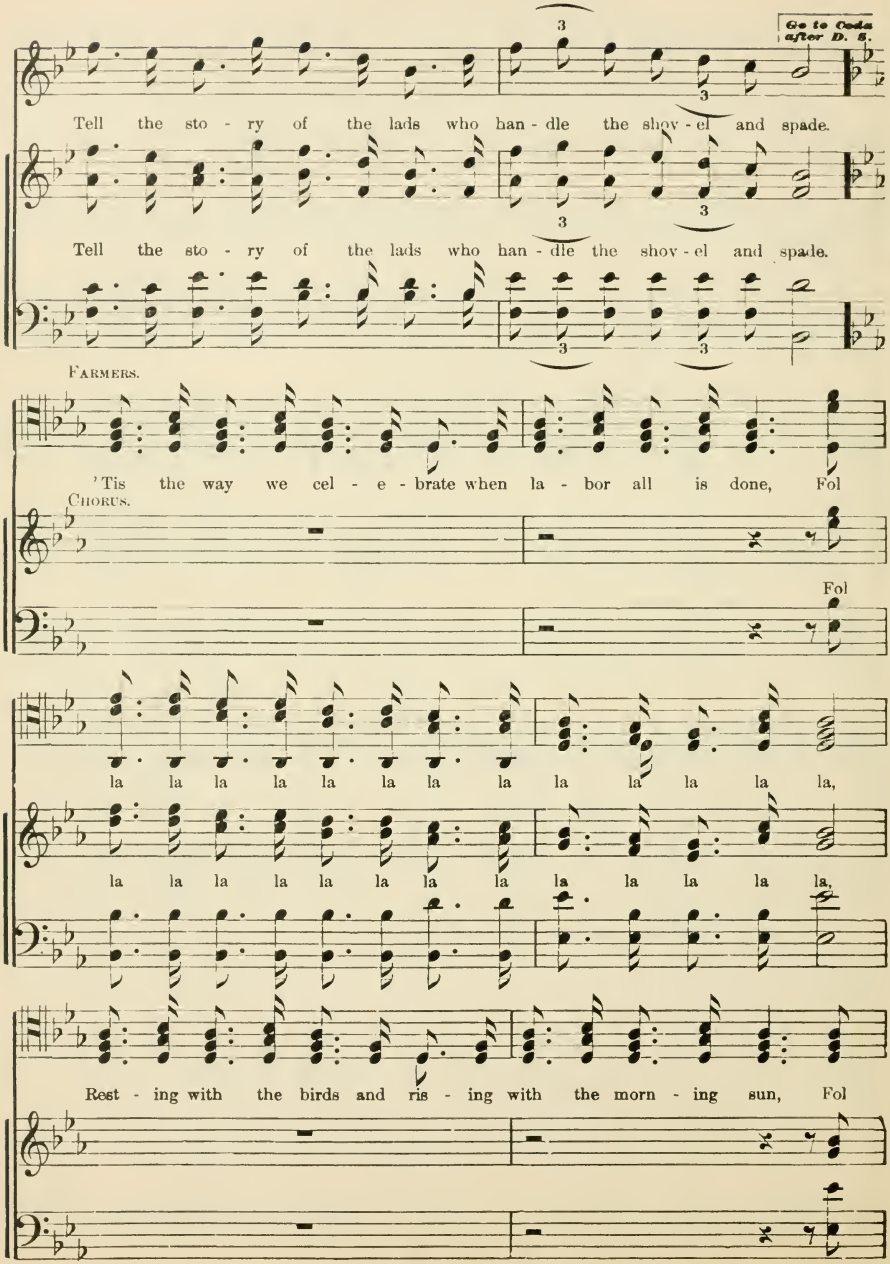


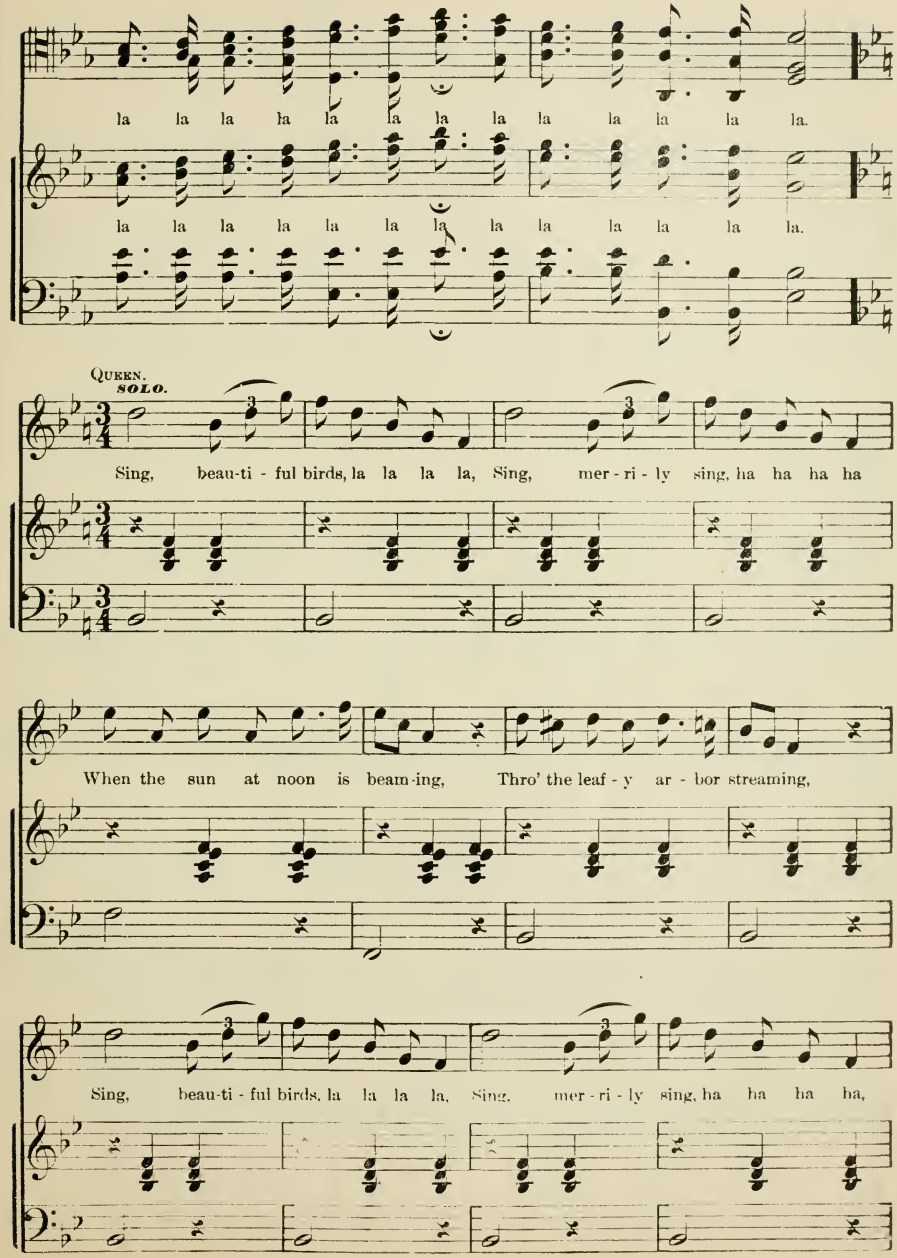

by, The lawns are ver - dant, cool and sha - dy, O'er
feet, And by his sa - cred word of can - dor, He
ploy, And on that theme with - out di - gres - sion, You
pair, With not a ray of glad - ness streaming, Close
CHORUS OF MAIDS.
which the zeph - yrs sigh. A might - y pal - ace,
owns his first de - feat. The Al - ex - an - der,
find the great - est joy. A strange con - fes - sion,
round you ev - 'ry - where. Rich gems and jew - els,—
*Close lips.
D. S.
grand and high; A cit - a - del with soldiers loit - 'ring by.
*M. . . . . Be - hold its great commander, *M. . . . . .
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Re - mark - a - ble progression! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
dark des - pair! She is in league with Satan! maid, be - ware!
D. S.

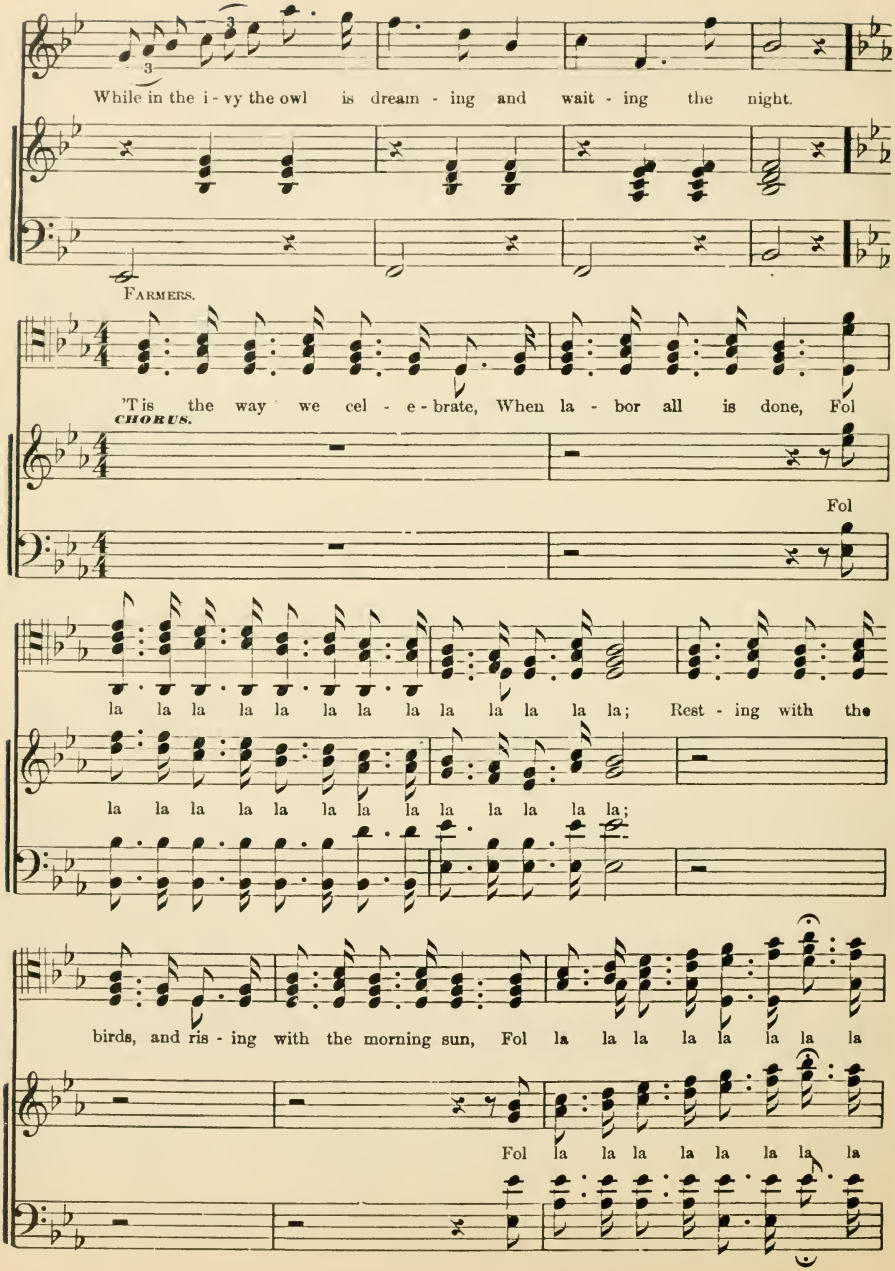
No. 19. THE FARMER BOYS.

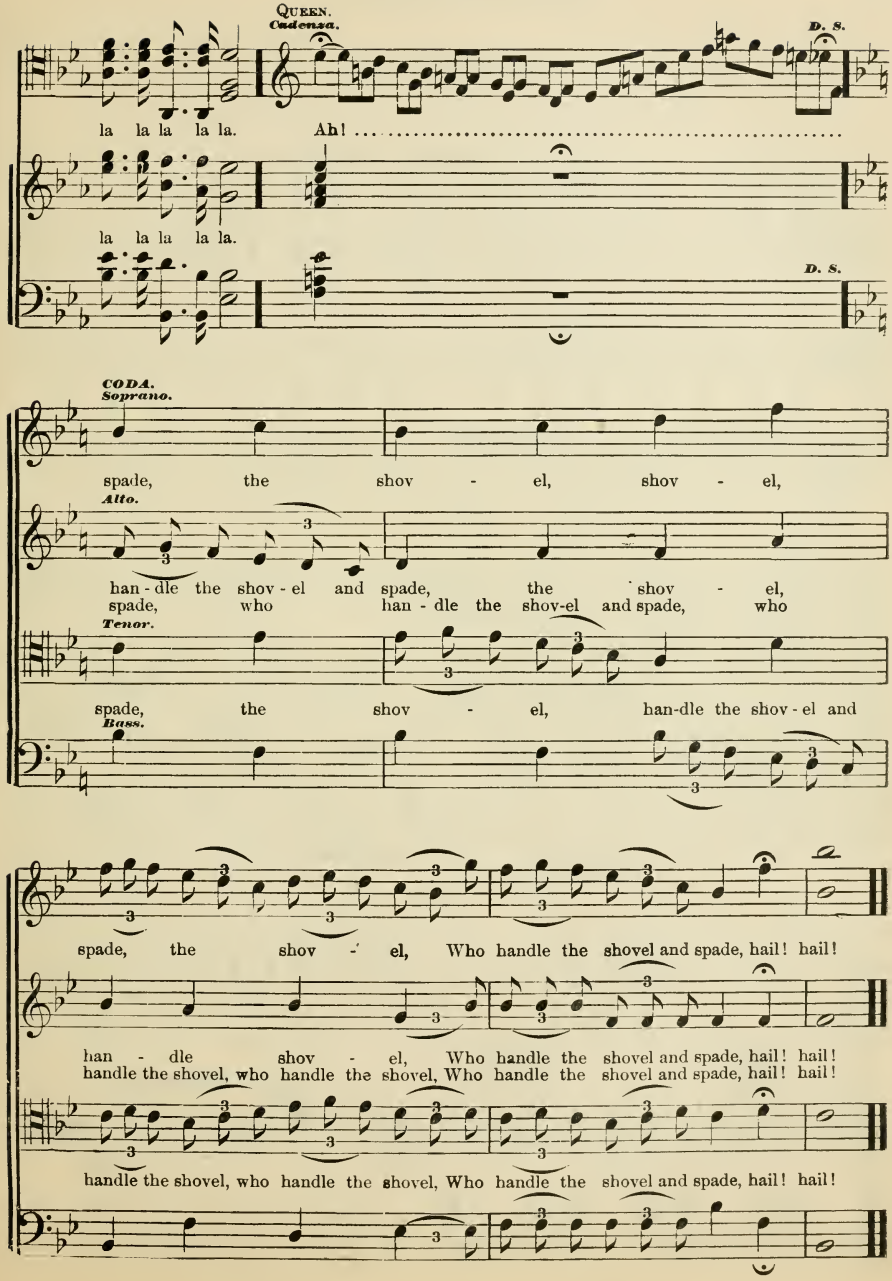



of our song a-round us cheer-i - ly ring - ing, Tell the sto - ry of the lads who
QUEEN.
han-dle the shov-el and spade. Then hail
CHORUS.
A jol - ly lot of farm - er boys so
the farm - er boys all hail,
gay and mer-ri - ly sing - ing, Home from la - bor in the fields to rest beneath the shade,
Hail!
While the ech - oes of their song a - round us cheer - i - ly ring - ing,


Go to Coda after D. S.
Tell the sto - ry of the lads who han - dle the shov - el and spade.
Tell the sto - ry of the lads who han - dle the shov - el and spade.
FARMERS.
'Tis the way we cel - e - brate when la - bor all is done, Fol
CHORUS.
Fol
la la la la la la la la la la la la la,
la la la la la la la la la la la la la,
Rest - ing with the birds and ris - ing with the morn - ing sun, Fol


la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
QUEEN.
SOLO.
Sing, beau-ti - ful birds, la la la la, Sing, mer - ri - ly sing, ha ha ha ha
When the sun at noon is beam-ing, Thro' the leaf - y ar - bor streaming,
Sing, beau-ti - ful birds, la la la la, Sing, mer - ri - ly sing, ha ha ha ha,

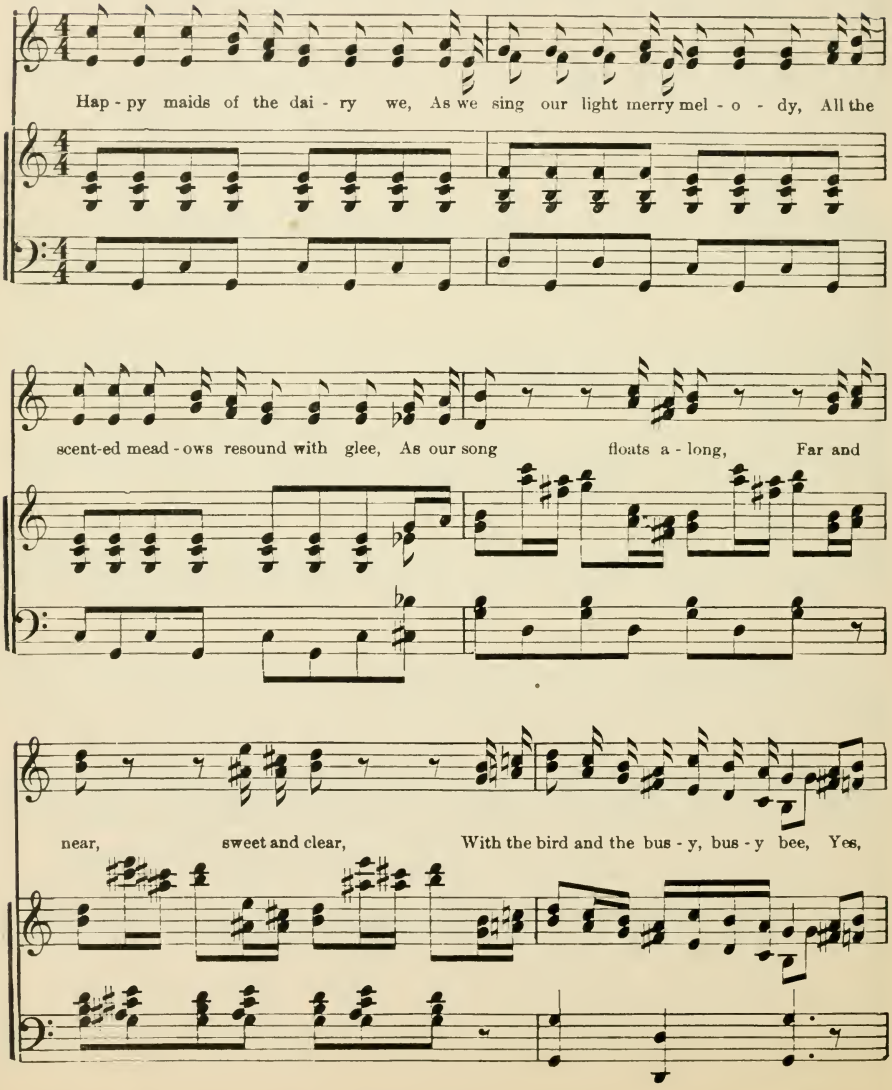

While in the i - vy the owl is dream - ing and wait - ing the night.
FARMERS.
'T is the way we cel - e - brate, When la - bor all is done, Fol
CHORUS.
Fol
la la la la la la la la la la la la la; Rest - ing with the
la la la la la la la la la la la la la;
birds, and ris - ing with the morning sun, Fol la la la la la la la
Fol la la la la la la la

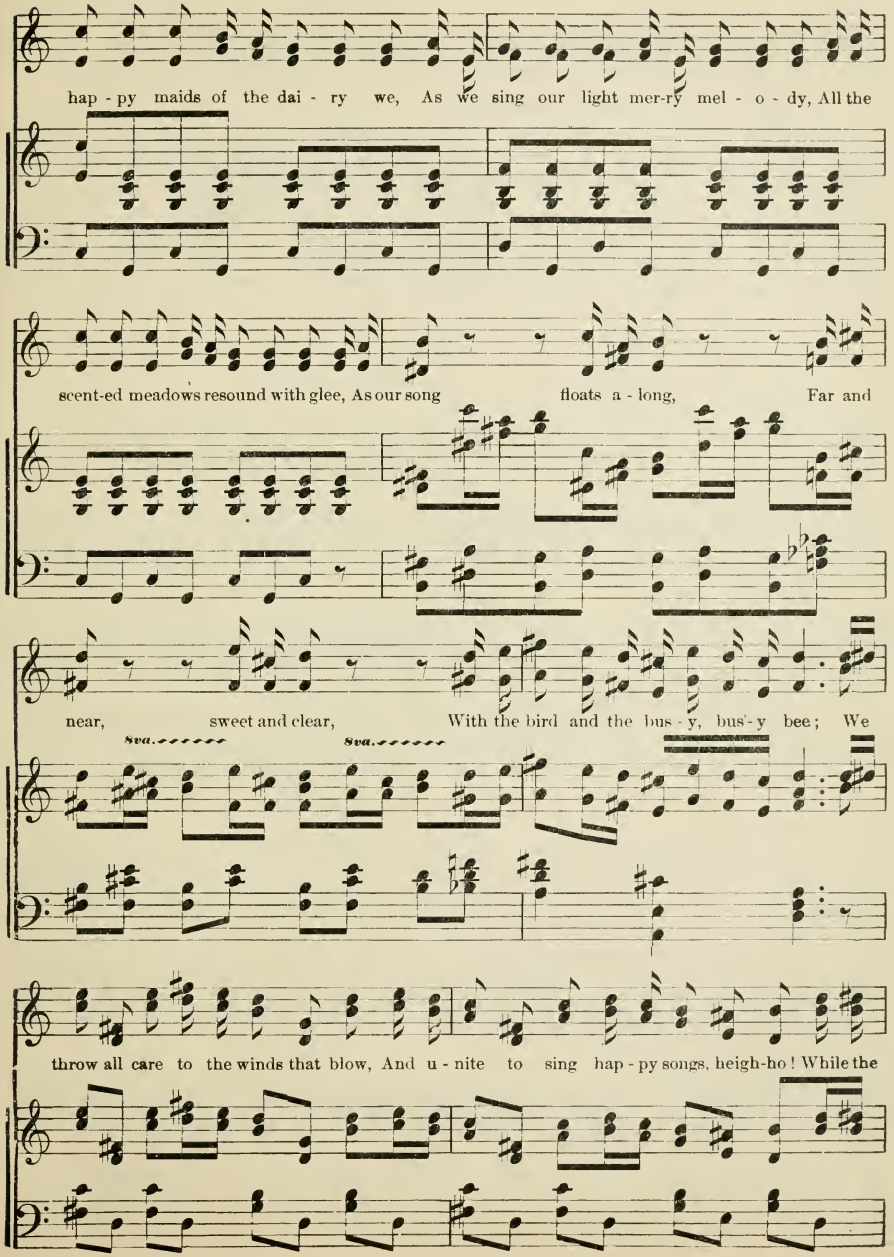

QUEEN.
Cadenza.
D. S.
la la la la la.
Ah!
la la la la la.
D. S.
CODA.
Soprano.
spade, the shov - el, shov - el,
Alto.
han - dle the shov - el and spade, the shov - el,
spade, who han - dle the shov-el and spade, who
Tenor.
spade, the shov - el, han-dle the shov - el and
Bass.
spade, the shov - el, Who handle the shovel and spade, hail! hail!
han - dle shov - el, Who handle the shovel and spade, hail! hail!
handle the shovel, who handle the shovel, Who handle the shovel and spade, hail! hail!
handle the shovel, who handle the shovel, Who handle the shovel and spade, hail! hail!

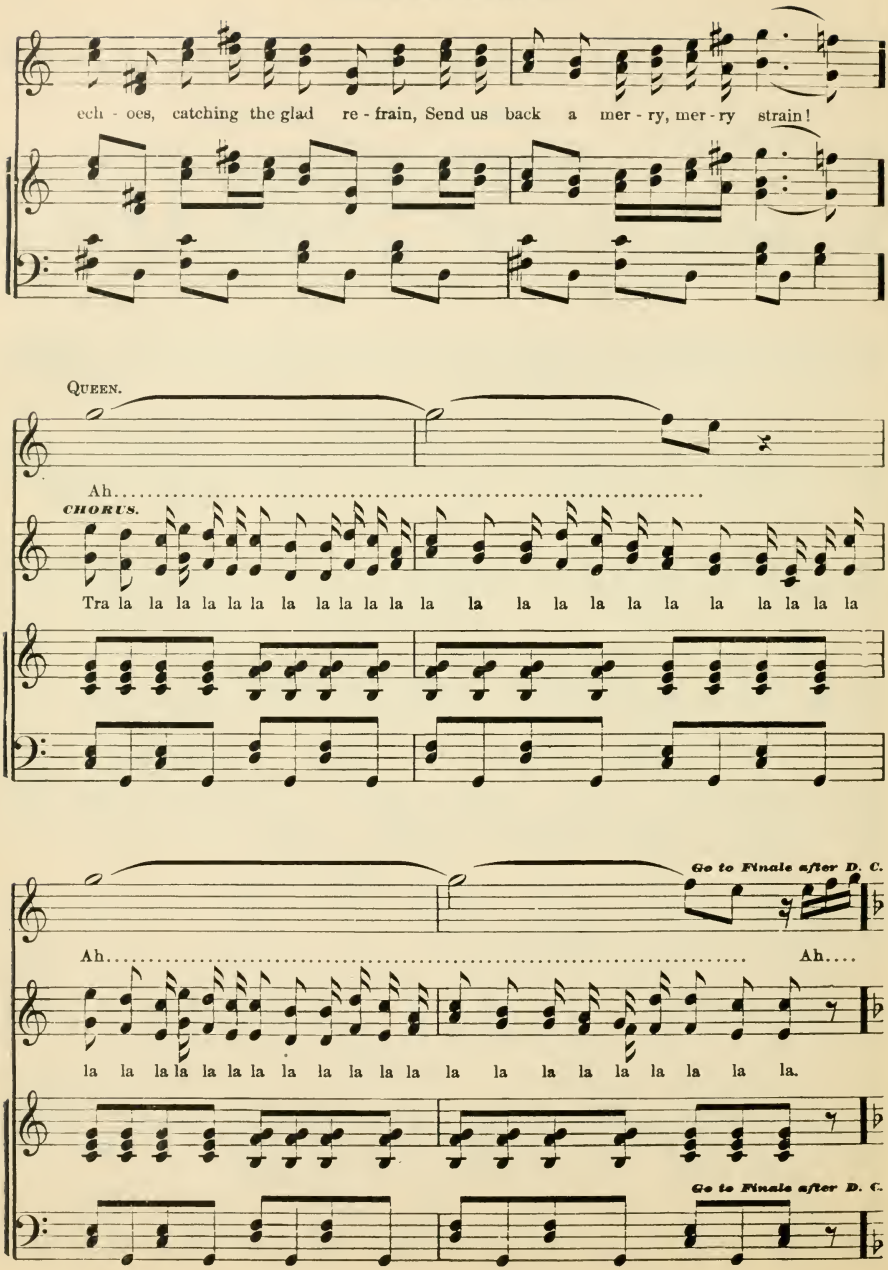
PART II.

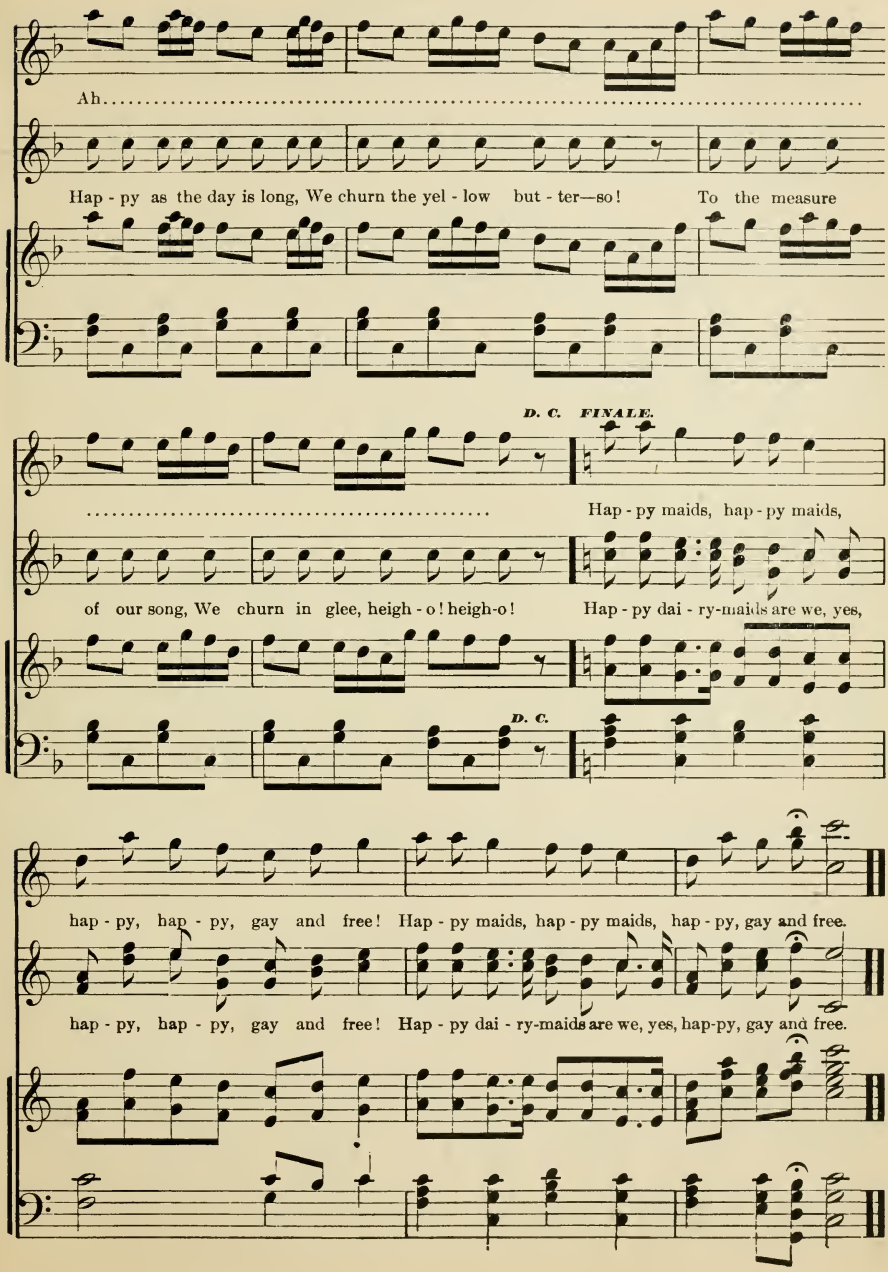
(Curtain rises upon a dairy scene. Maids churning, working butter, etc.)

NO. 20. HAPPY MAIDS.




hap - py maids of the dai - ry we, As we sing our light mer-ry mel - o - dy, All the
scent-ed meadows resound with glee, As our song floats a - long, Far and
near, sweet and clear, With the bird and the bus - y, bus - y bee; We
8va.
8va.
throw all care to the winds that blow, And u - nite to sing hap - py songs, heigh-ho! While the

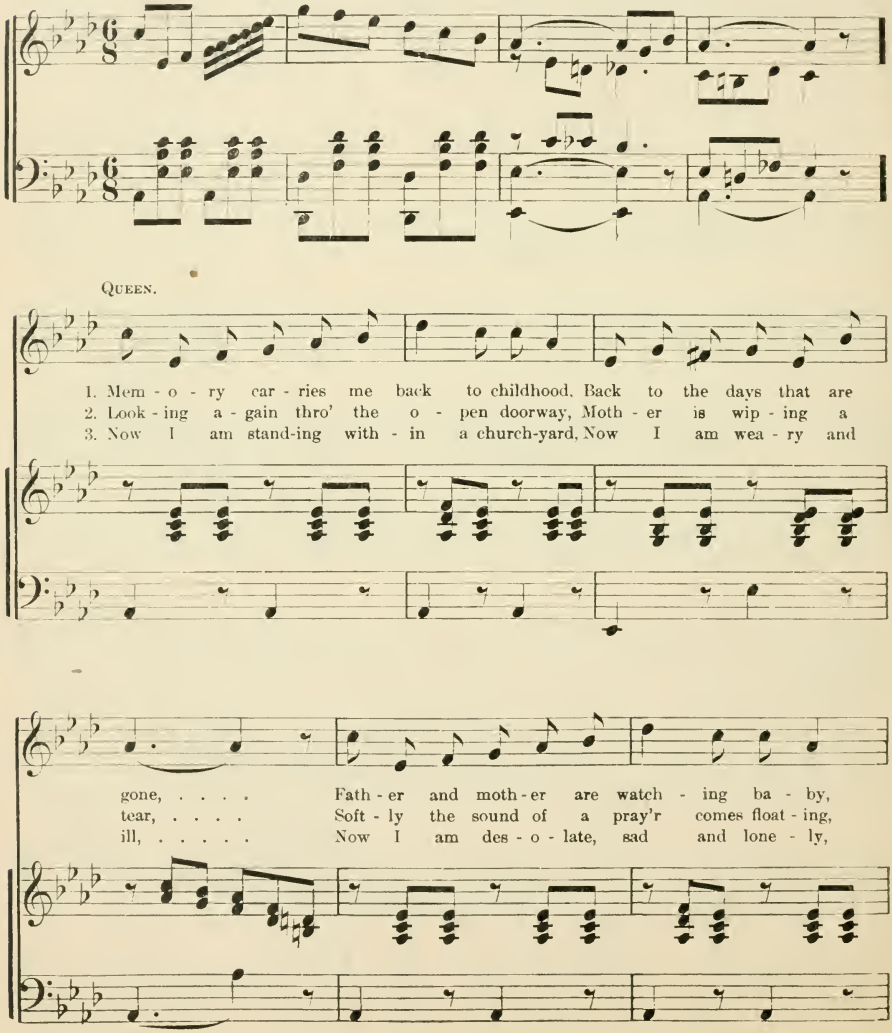

ech - oes, catching the glad re - frain, Send us back a mer - ry, mer - ry strain!
QUEEN.
Ah.....
CHORUS.
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
Go to Finale after D. C.
Ah..... Ah....
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
Go to Finale after D. C.

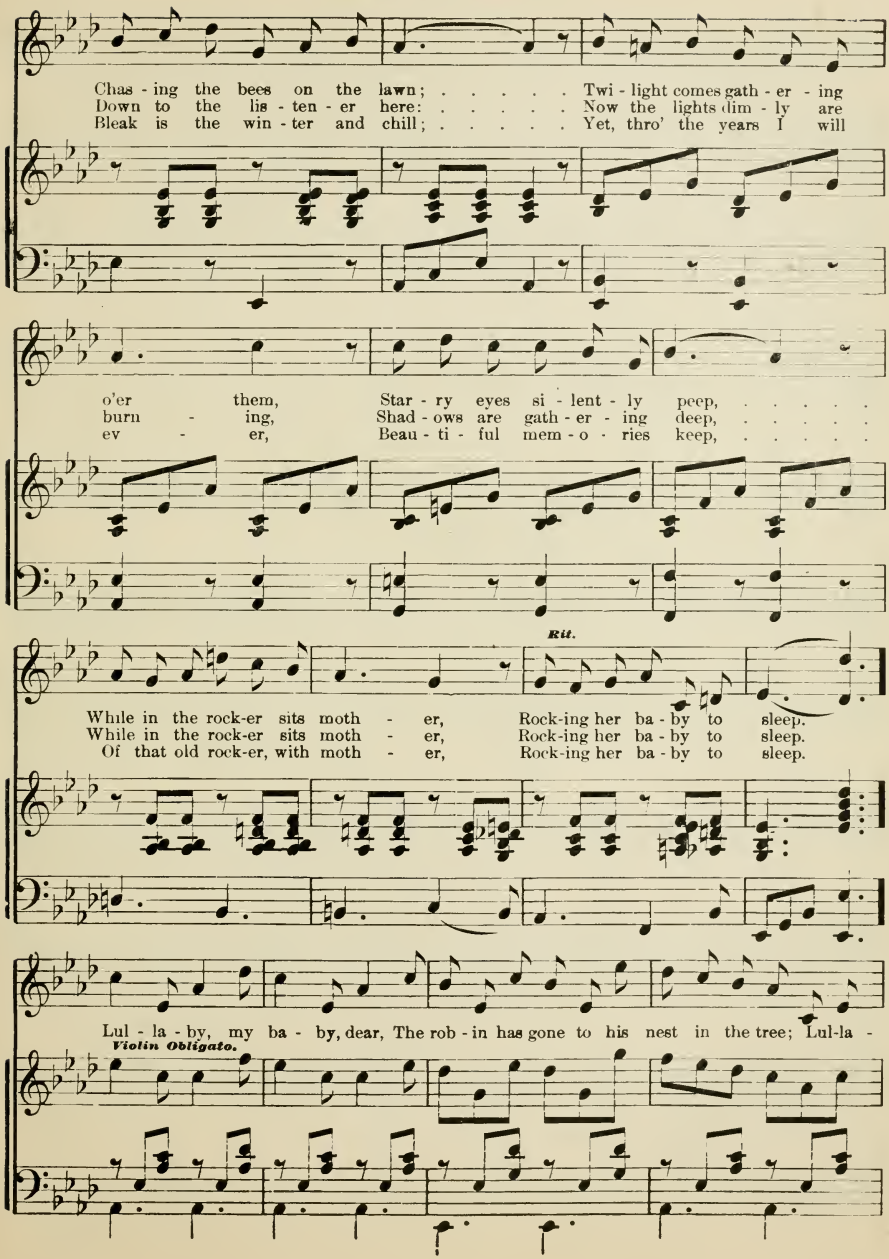

Ah.....
Hap - py as the day is long, We churn the yel - low but - ter—so! To the measure
D. C. FINALE.
.....
Hap - py maids, hap - py maids,
of our song, We churn in glee, heigh - o! heigh-o! Hap - py dai - ry-maids are we, yes,
D. C.
hap - py, hap - py, gay and free! Hap - py maids, hap - py maids, hap - py, gay and free.
hap - py, hap - py, gay and free! Hap - py dai - ry-maids are we, yes, hap-py, gay and free.

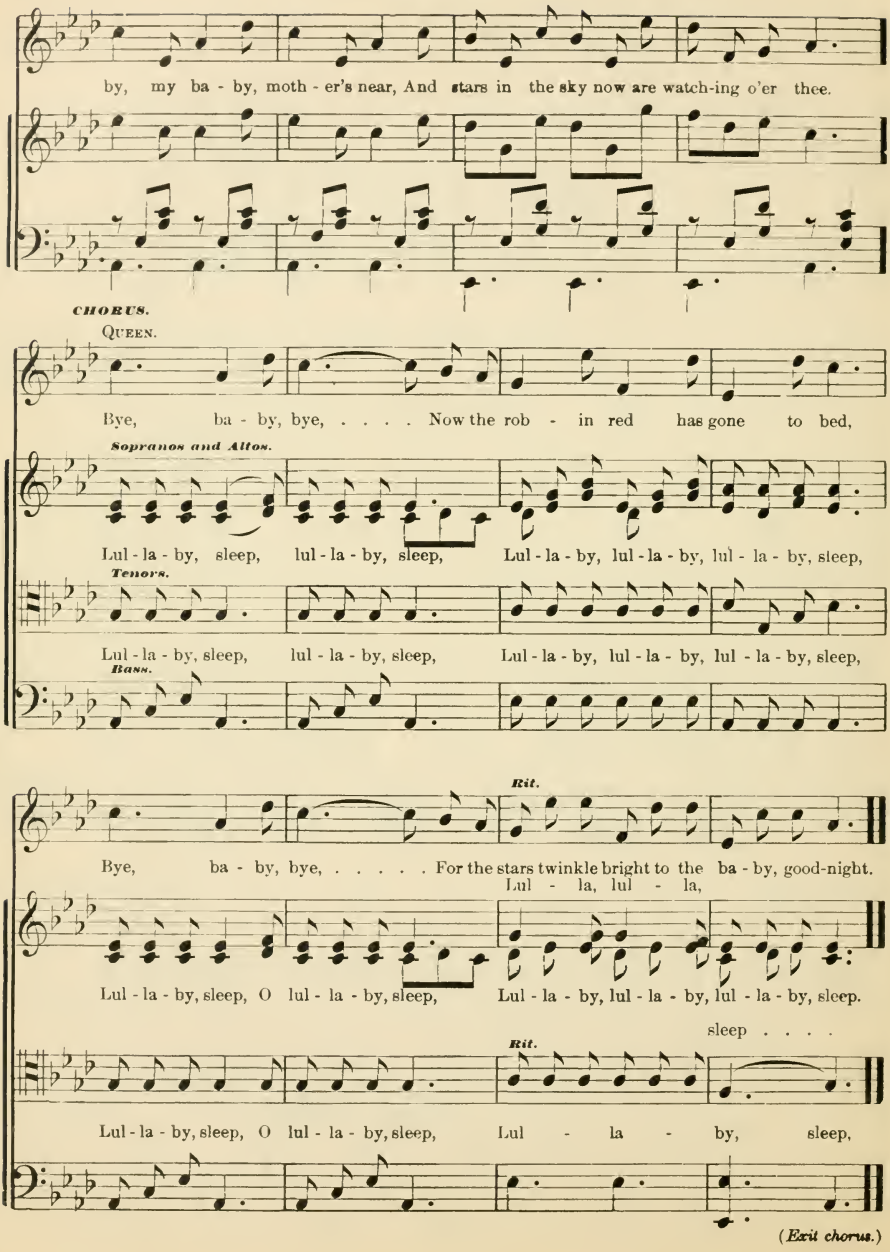
ALMA.—Oh, lovely Queen, we have heard the romantic rumors that are connected with your early life; such tales of privation, neglect, trouble and sorrow have come to us concerning you, that often, in our spare moments, we have talked of and wondered about you. You are always so kind to us, so thoughtful, so gentle and so forgiving that we all love you, and are eager to know the true story of your childhood. Will you please tell us?

QUEEN.—Yes, if the story will be of interest, I will willingly tell it you, but it is not a bright picture, for storm and sunshine are strangely mingled. "The darkest cloud has a silver lining,"—they say, and so I can trace through the rough blending of my early years the kind hand and smiling face of Him who loves and watches over even the little sparrow.

No. 21. LULLABY.




Chas - ing the bees on the lawn; . . . . . Twi - light comes gath - er - ing
Down to the lis - ten - er here: . . . . . Now the lights dim - ly are
Bleak is the win - ter and chill; . . . . . Yet, thro' the years I will
o'er them, Star - ry eyes si - lent - ly peep, ...
burn - ing, Shad - ows are gath - er - ing deep, ...
ev - er, Beau - ti - ful mem - o - ries keep, ...
Rit.
While in the rock-er sits moth - er, Rock-ing her ba - by to sleep.
While in the rock-er sits moth - er, Rock-ing her ba - by to sleep.
Of that old rock-er, with moth - er, Rock-ing her ba - by to sleep.
Lul - la - by, my ba - by, dear, The rob - in has gone to his nest in the tree; Lul-la -
Violin Obligato.


by, my ba - by, moth - er's near, And stars in the sky now are watch-ing o'er thee.
CHORUS.
QUEEN.
Bye, ba - by, bye, ... Now the rob - in red has gone to bed,
Sopranos and Altos.
Lul - la - by, sleep, lul - la - by, sleep, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, sleep,
Tenors.
Lul - la - by, sleep, lul - la - by, sleep, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, sleep,
Bass.
Rit.
Bye, ba - by, bye, ... For the stars twinkle bright to the ba - by, good-night.
Lul - la, lul - la,
Lul - la - by, sleep, O lul - la - by, sleep, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, sleep.
sleep . . . .
Rit.
Lul - la - by, sleep, O lul - la - by, sleep, Lul - la - by, sleep,
(Exit chorus.)

(*Farmer Jim and Joe stroll in.*)

FARMER JIM.—Ah! this is a hard, cruel world, Joe,—there 's nothing in it! Here I 've been making a slave of myself all these years trying to get me a home, and lay up a dollar for the rainy day that they say comes to us all sometime, and what have I got? Simply nothing but a little bit of a farm with a great big mortgage, a few farming implements, a spavined pony, and a yellow dog.

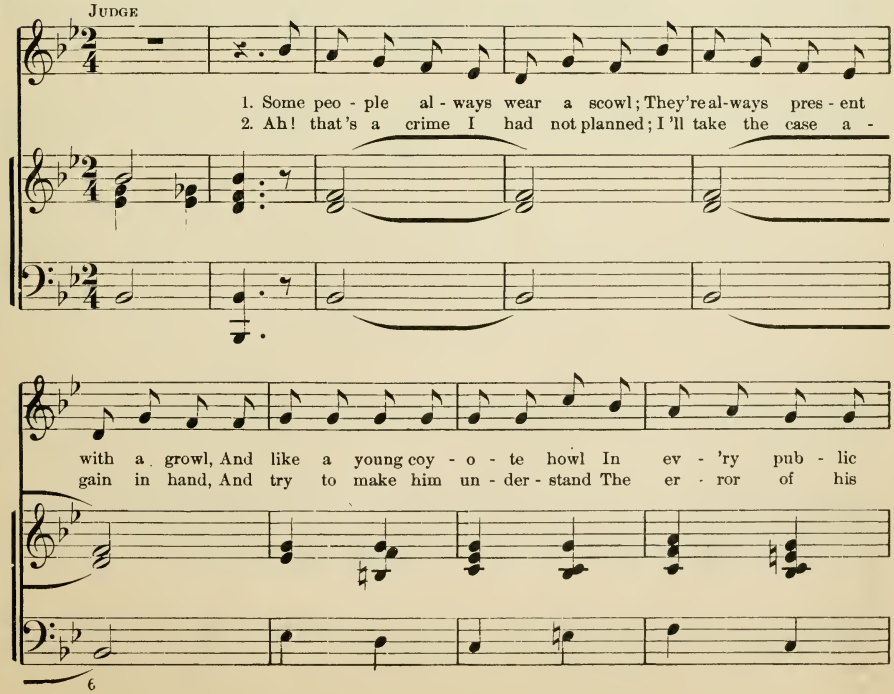
JOE.—What in the world has gone wrong with you now, Jim? Have you been disappointed in love? I'm surprised to hear you talk in such a down-hearted manner. Nothing in it?—Why Jim, this is the best world I ever saw, and "there 's millions in it"!

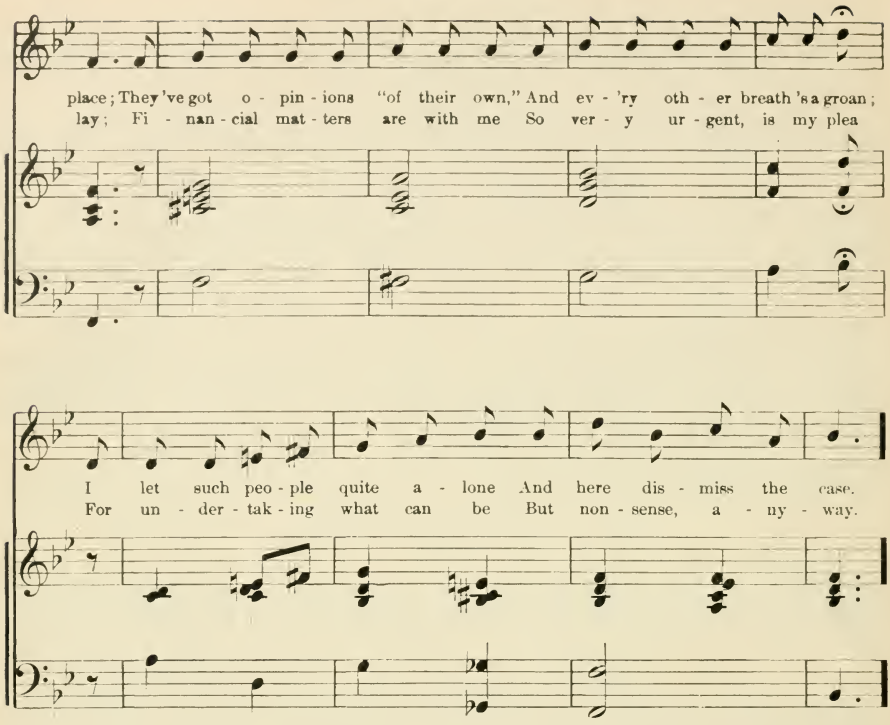
JIM.—Yes, millions—but millions of what? There 's work to do from early morning until late at night, and many are the times I am obliged to labor nearly all the night to be prepared for an emergency that might be upon me before morning. Yes, I repeat it— there 's nothing in it, and if I could find a man with some new invention that had sufficient power to blow me clear into the moon, I think I should transfer farm, mortgage, pony, spavin, dog and all to him for his service, and take a shot.

JOE.—What nonsense! Of course you 'd do no such thing, for I 'm quite sure the shock would be to severe to your nervous organization—beside, what would become of little coquettish Dorothy—eh? Come, cheer up! Here comes the village judge, and I 'm going to lay your case before him, and see what entertainment and consolation we can get out of him. He 's always got a plentiful supply of good advice in his head, (but a dearth of cash in his pocket), and I 'm sure he 'll help you. (*Judge enters*) Good evening, Judge! You came along just at the right moment, for here is an important case for you to sit upon. The whole story, in a nut-shell, is this: Farmer Jim, here, is disheartened and disgusted with the whole world, and the people in it, and wants to be blown into the moon. Now, what shall be done for him?

JUDGE.—(*sarcastically*) Hugh! Well, he aught to be accommodated.

NO. 22. SOME PEOPLE.

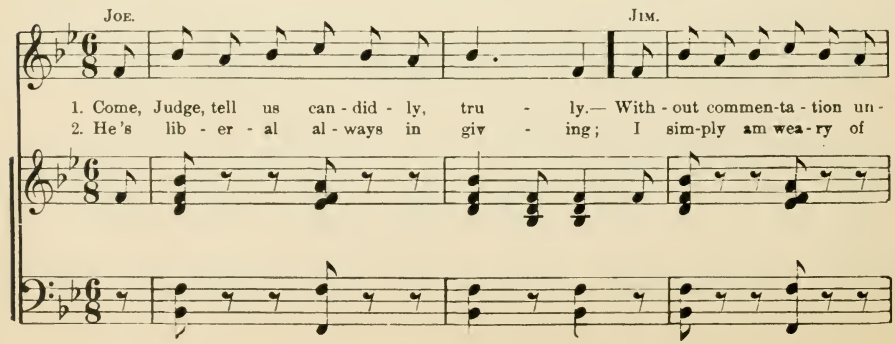


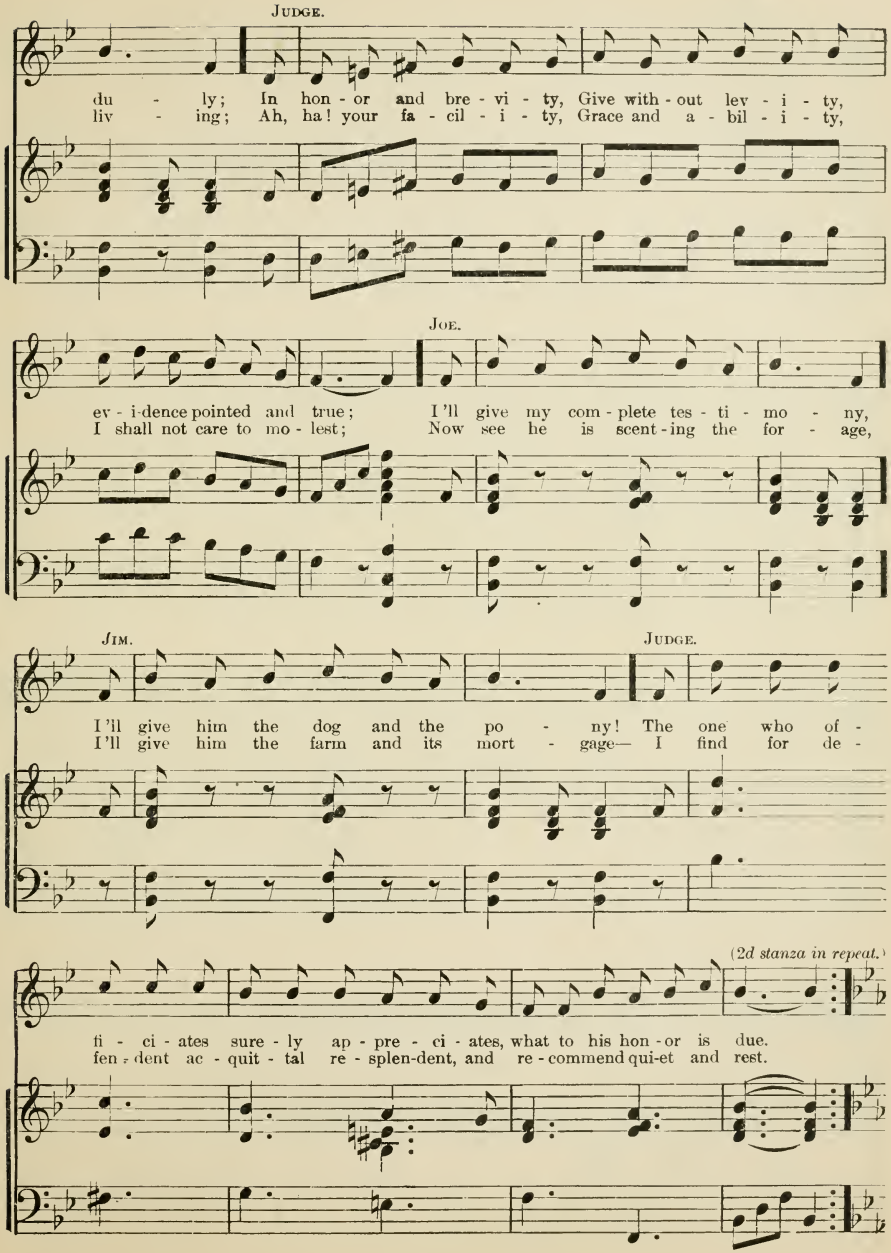


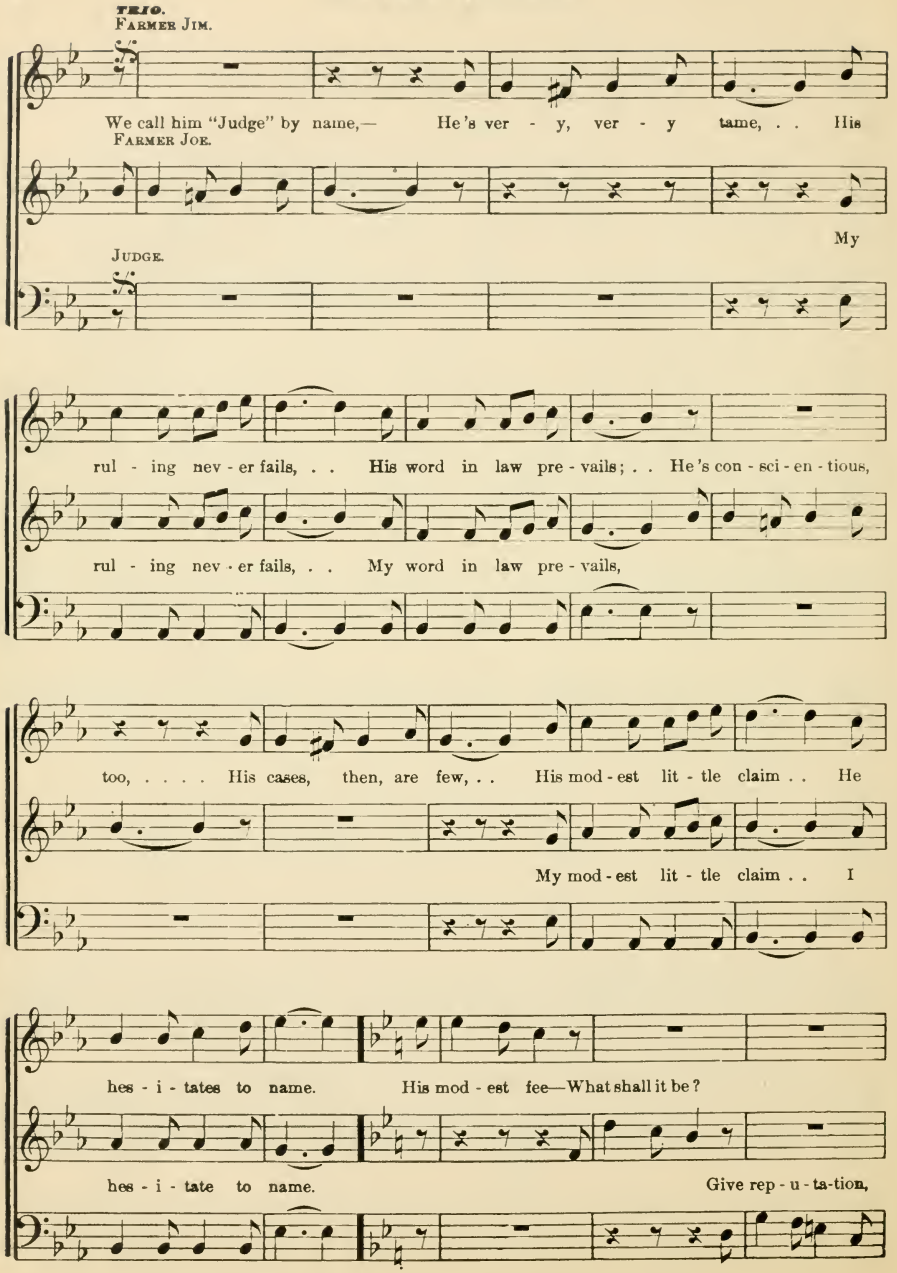
(*After 1st stanza of No. 22*).

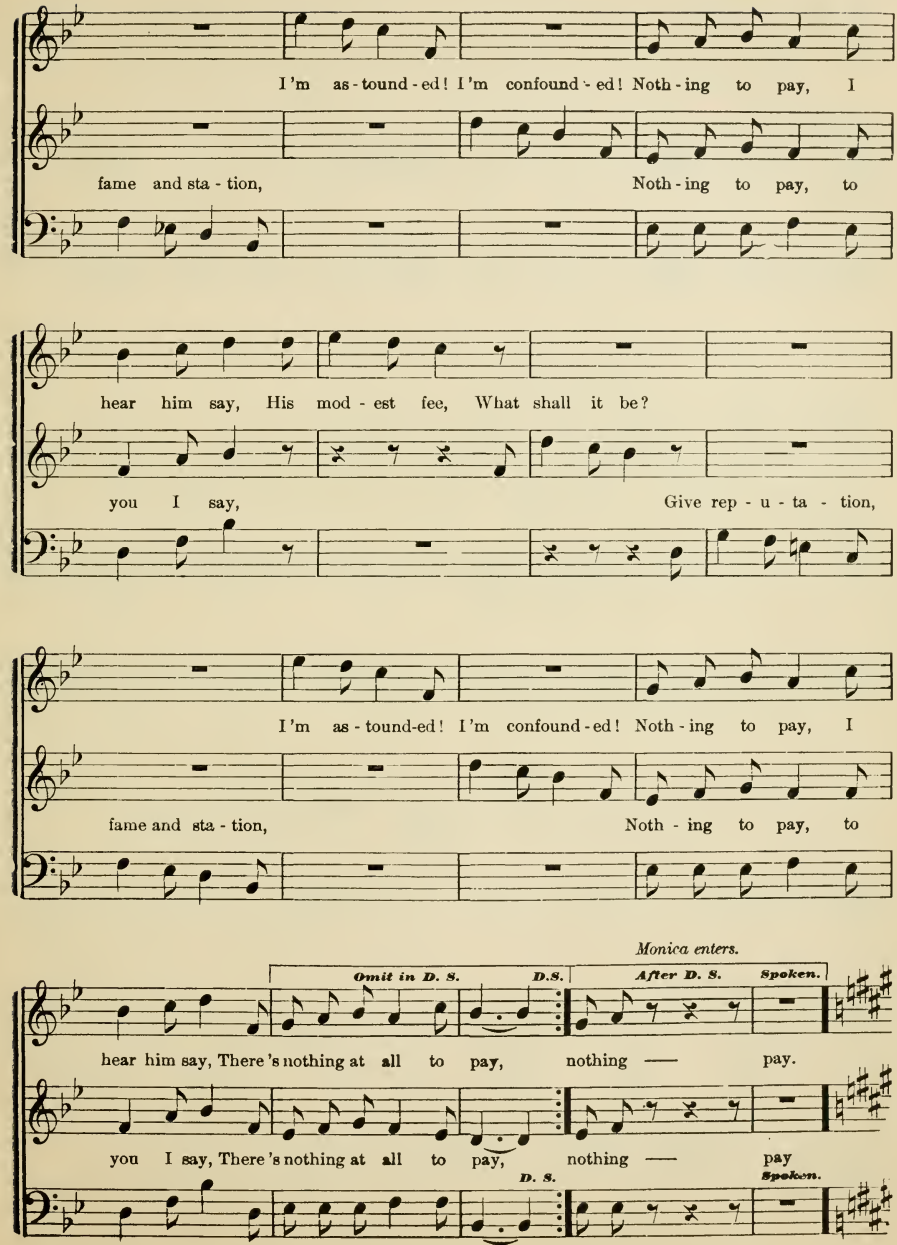
JOE.—But, Judge, you misunderstand me! He finds no fault with any one, save himself. He 's a good fellow, but he 's got a desperate fit of the blues, that 's all.

(*Judge sings 2d stanza of No. 22*).




JUDGE.
du - ly; In hon - or and bre - vi - ty, Give with - out lev - i - ty,
liv - ing; Ah, ha! your fa - cil - i - ty, Grace and a - bil - i - ty,
JOE.
ev - i-dence pointed and true; I'll give my com - plete tes - ti - mo - ny,
I shall not care to mo - lest; Now see he is scent - ing the for - age,
JIM.
JUDGE.
I'll give him the dog and the po - ny! The one who of -
I'll give him the farm and its mort - gage— I find for de -
(2d stanza in repeat.)
fi - ci - ates sure - ly ap - pre - ci - ates, what to his hon - or is due.
fen - dent ac - quit - tal re - splen-dent, and re - commend qui-et and rest.


TRIO.
FARMER JIM.
We call him "Judge" by name,— He's ver - y, ver - y tame, . . His
FARMER JOE.
My
JUDGE.
rul - ing nev - er fails, . . His word in law pre - vails; . . He's con - sci - en - tious,
rul - ing nev - er fails, . . My word in law pre - vails,
too, ... His cases, then, are few, . . His mod - est lit - tle claim . . He
My mod - est lit - tle claim . . I
hes - i - tates to name. His mod - est fee—What shall it be?
hes - i - tate to name. Give rep - u - ta-tion,


I'm as-tound-ed! I'm confound-ed! Noth-ing to pay, I
fame and sta-tion, Noth-ing to pay, to
hear him say, His mod-est fee, What shall it be?
you I say, Give rep-u-ta-tion,
I'm as-tound-ed! I'm confound-ed! Noth-ing to pay, I
fame and sta-tion, Noth-ing to pay, to
Monica enters.
Omit in D. S.
D.S.
After D. S.
Spoken.
hear him say, There's nothing at all to pay, nothing —— pay.
you I say, There's nothing at all to pay, nothing —— pay
D. S.
Spoken.

MONICA.

Gentlemen, your kind in - dulgence; Permit old Mon-i-ca an

JIM, JOE AND JUDGE.

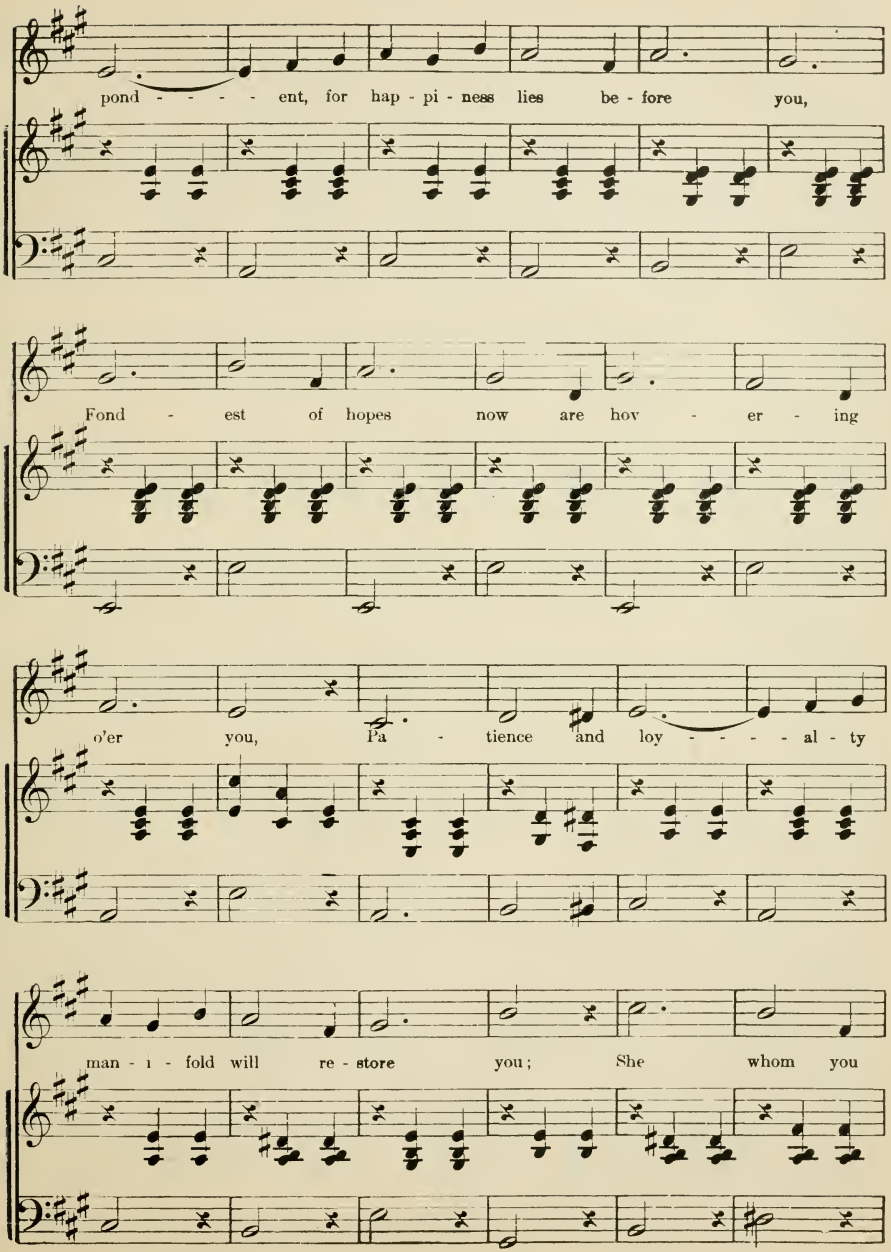
interview! The for - tune tell - er! And pray what can we do for thee?

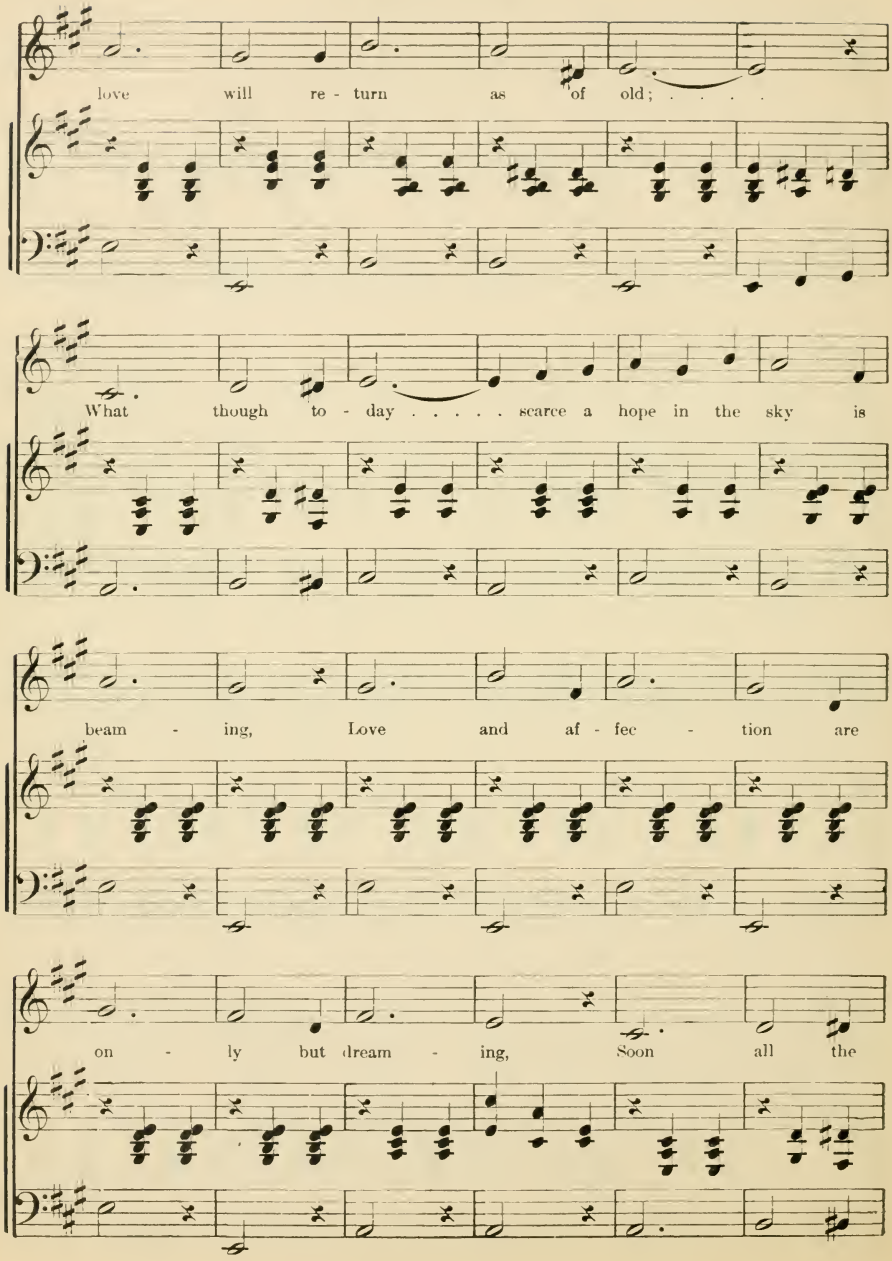
No. 23. JOY SHALL BE THINE.

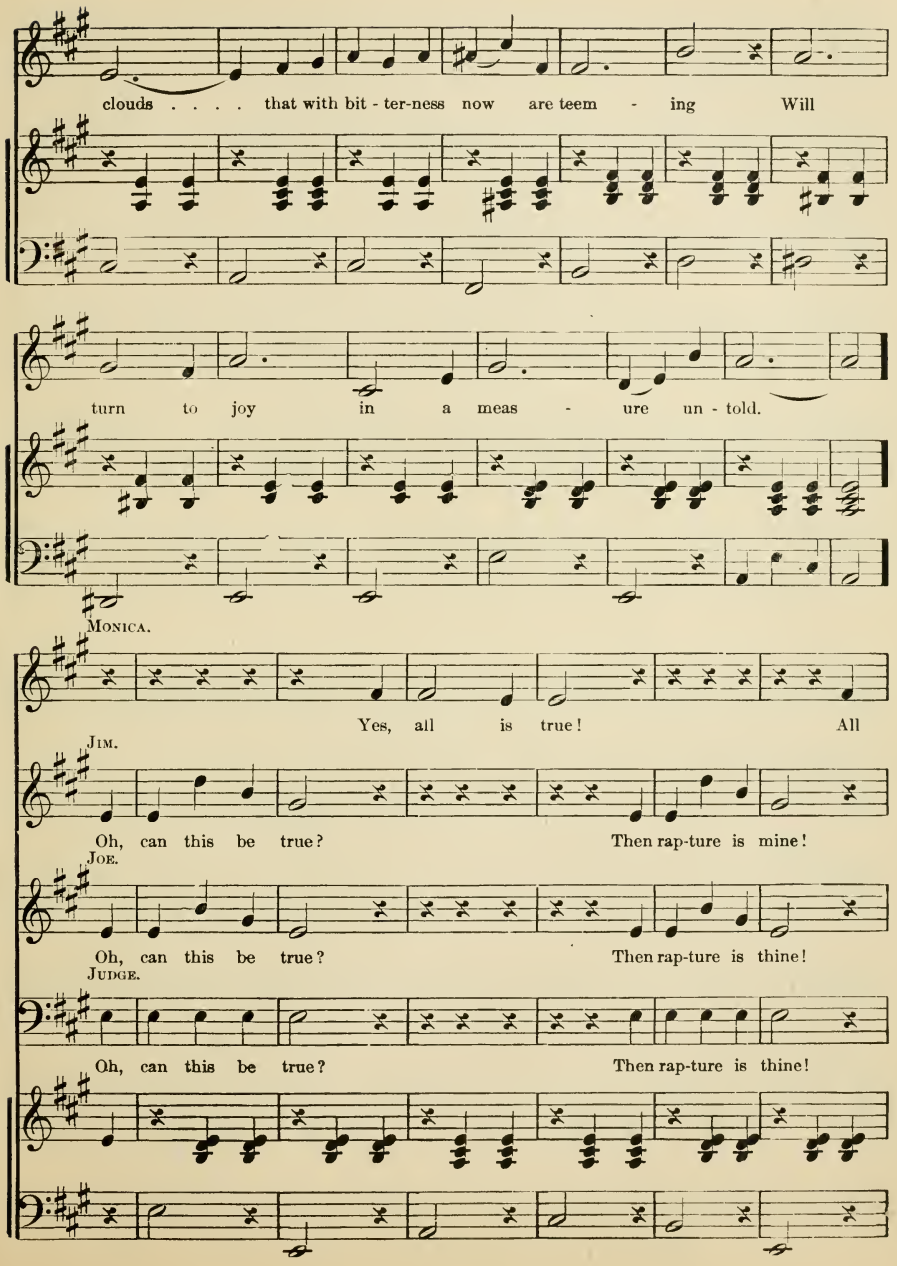
MONICA.

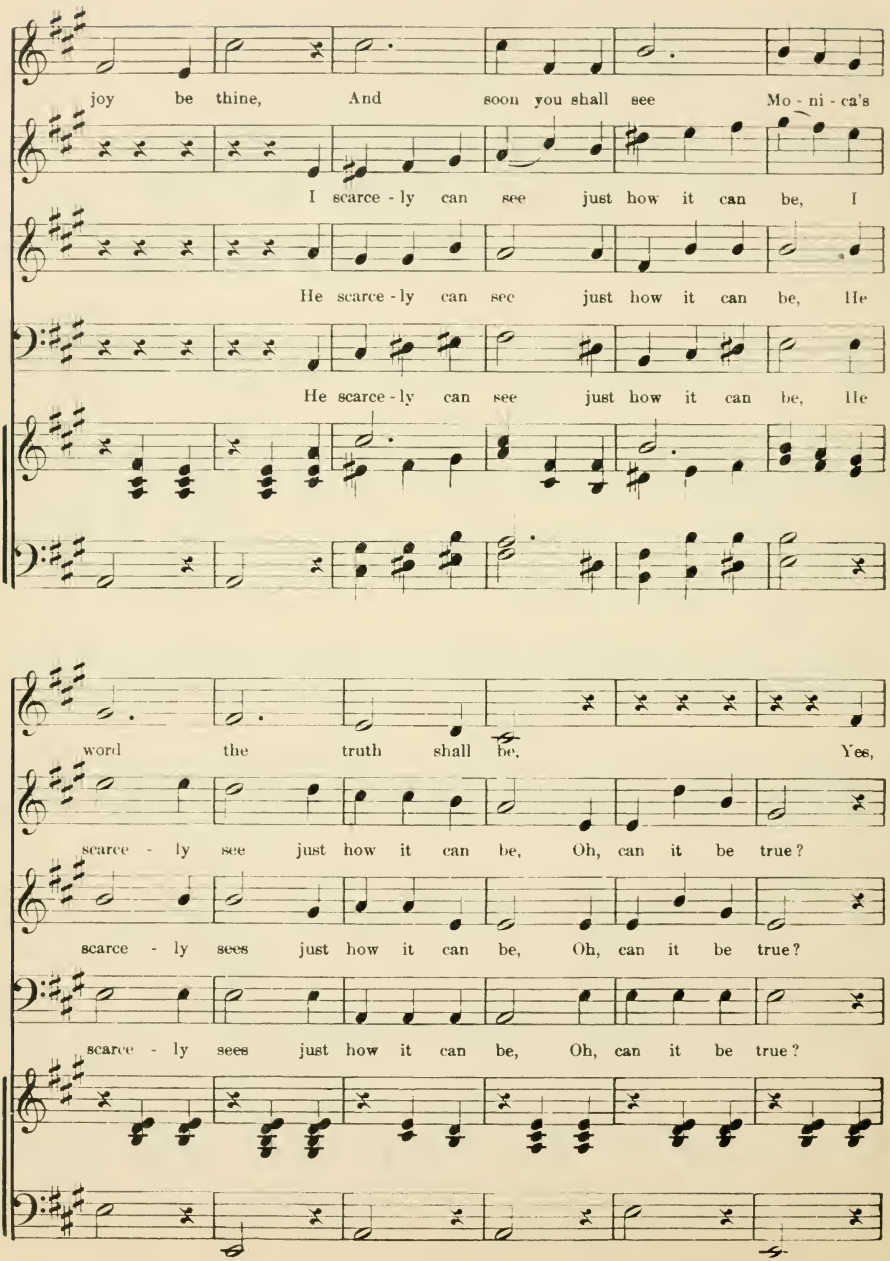
Waltz tempo.

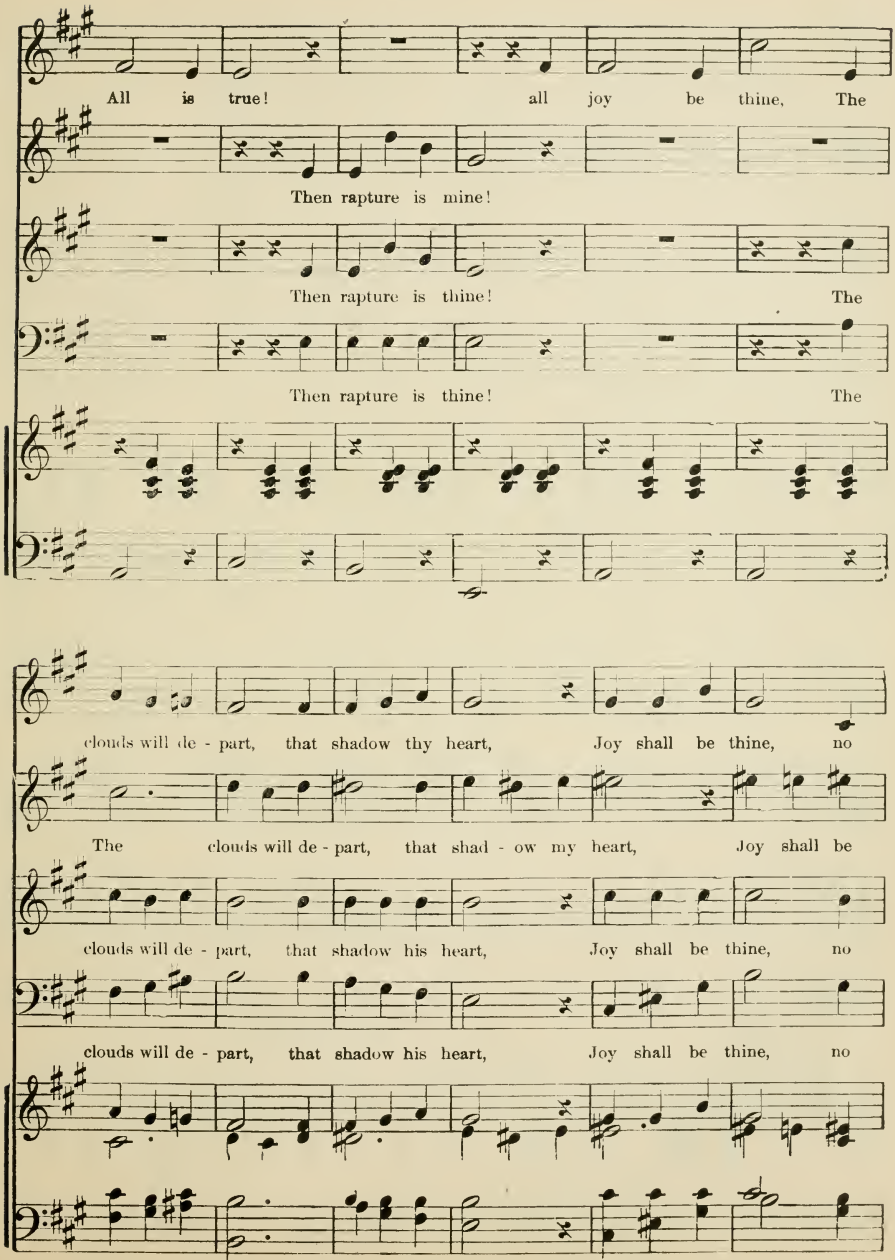
Be not des -

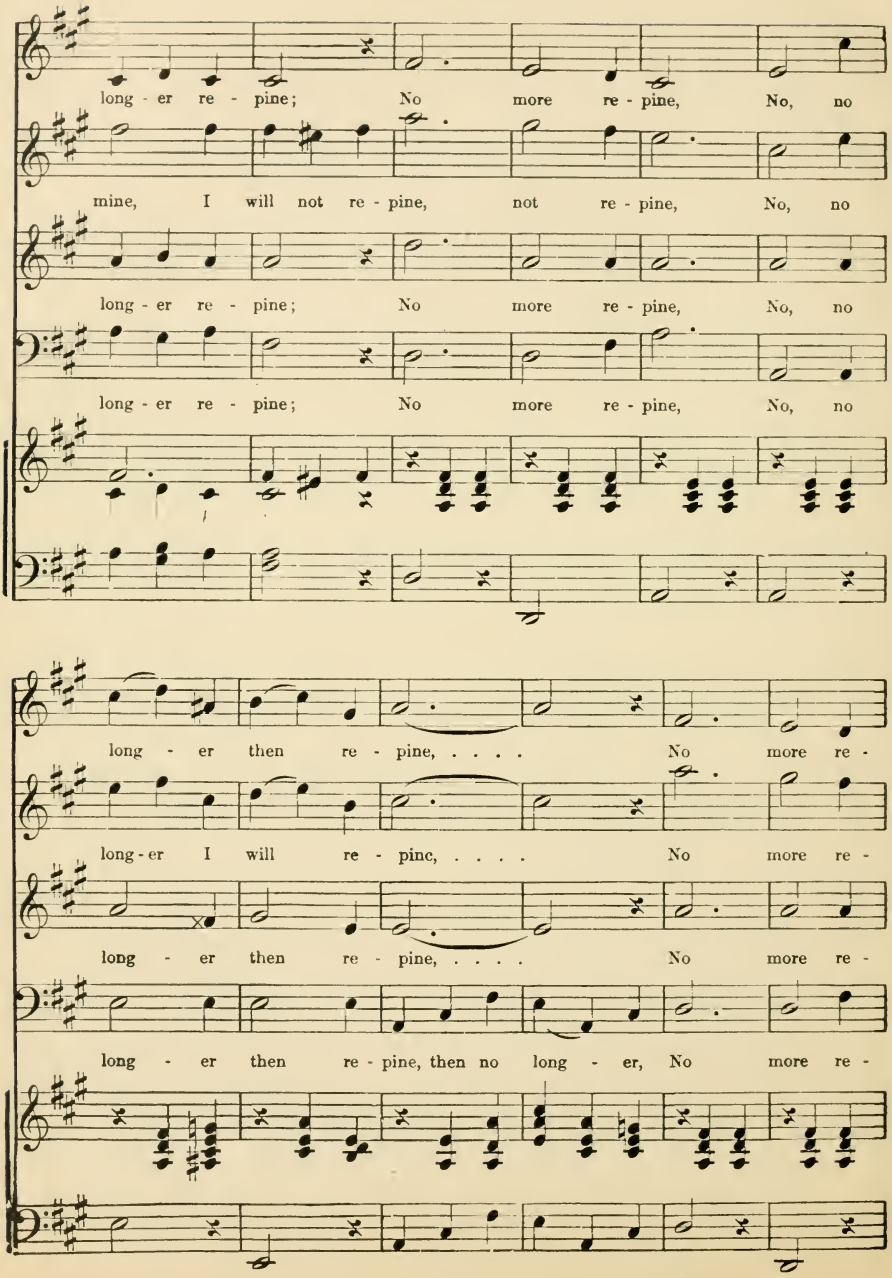

pond - - - - ent, for hap - pi - ness lies be - fore you,
Fond - est of hopes now are hov - er - ing
o'er you, Pa - tience and loy - - - - al - ty
man - i - fold will re - store you; She whom you

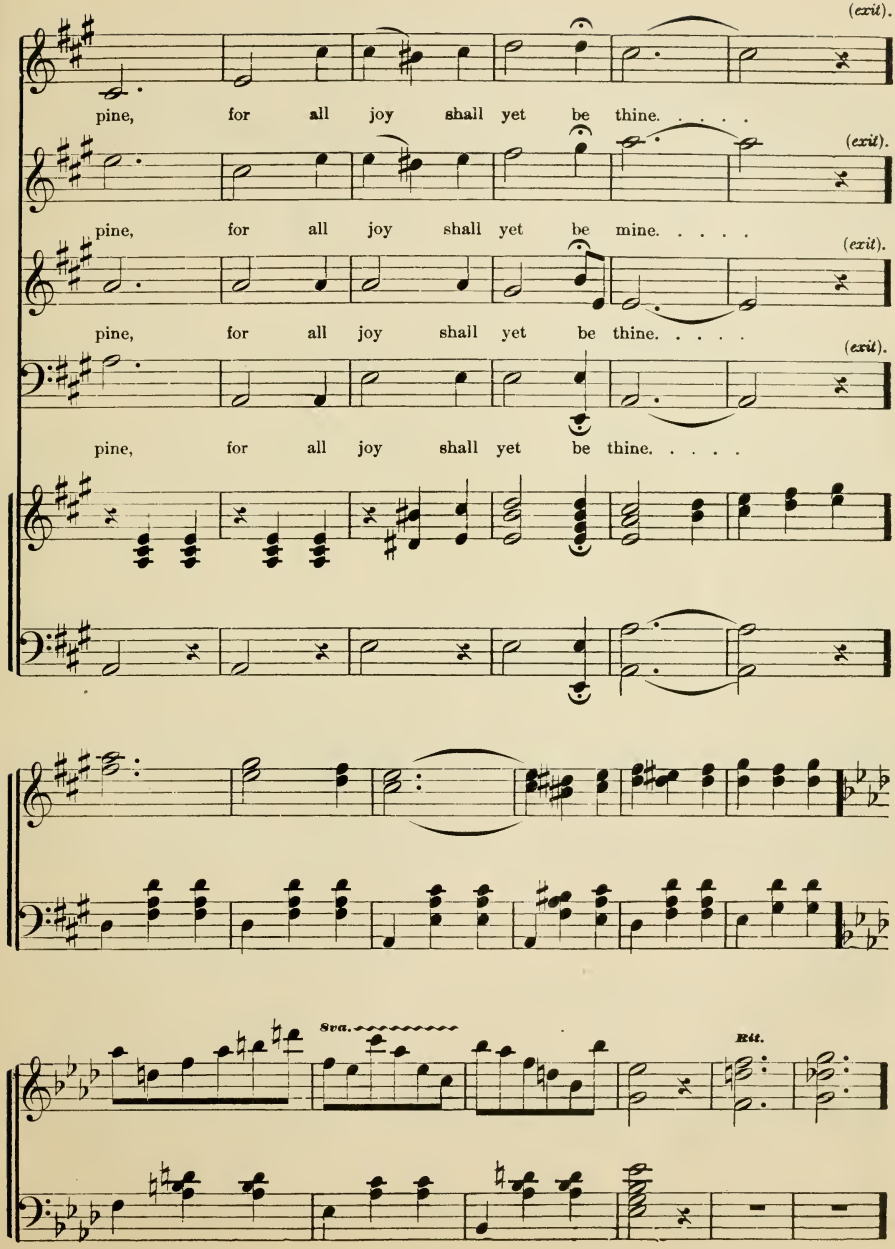

love will re - turn as of old; . . . .
What though to - day . . . . . scarce a hope in the sky is
beam - ing, Love and af - fec - tion are
on - ly but dream - ing, Soon all the


clouds . . . . that with bit - ter-ness now are teem - ing Will
turn to joy in a meas - ure un - told.
MONICA.
Yes, all is true! All
JIM.
Oh, can this be true? Then rap-ture is mine!
JOE.
Oh, can this be true? Then rap-ture is thine!
JUDGE.
Oh, can this be true? Then rap-ture is thine!


joy be thine, And soon you shall see Mo - ni - ca's
I scarce - ly can see just how it can be, I
He scarce - ly can see just how it can be, He
He scarce - ly can see just how it can be, He
word the truth shall be, Yes,
scarce - ly see just how it can be, Oh, can it be true?
scarce - ly sees just how it can be, Oh, can it be true?
scarce - ly sees just how it can be, Oh, can it be true?

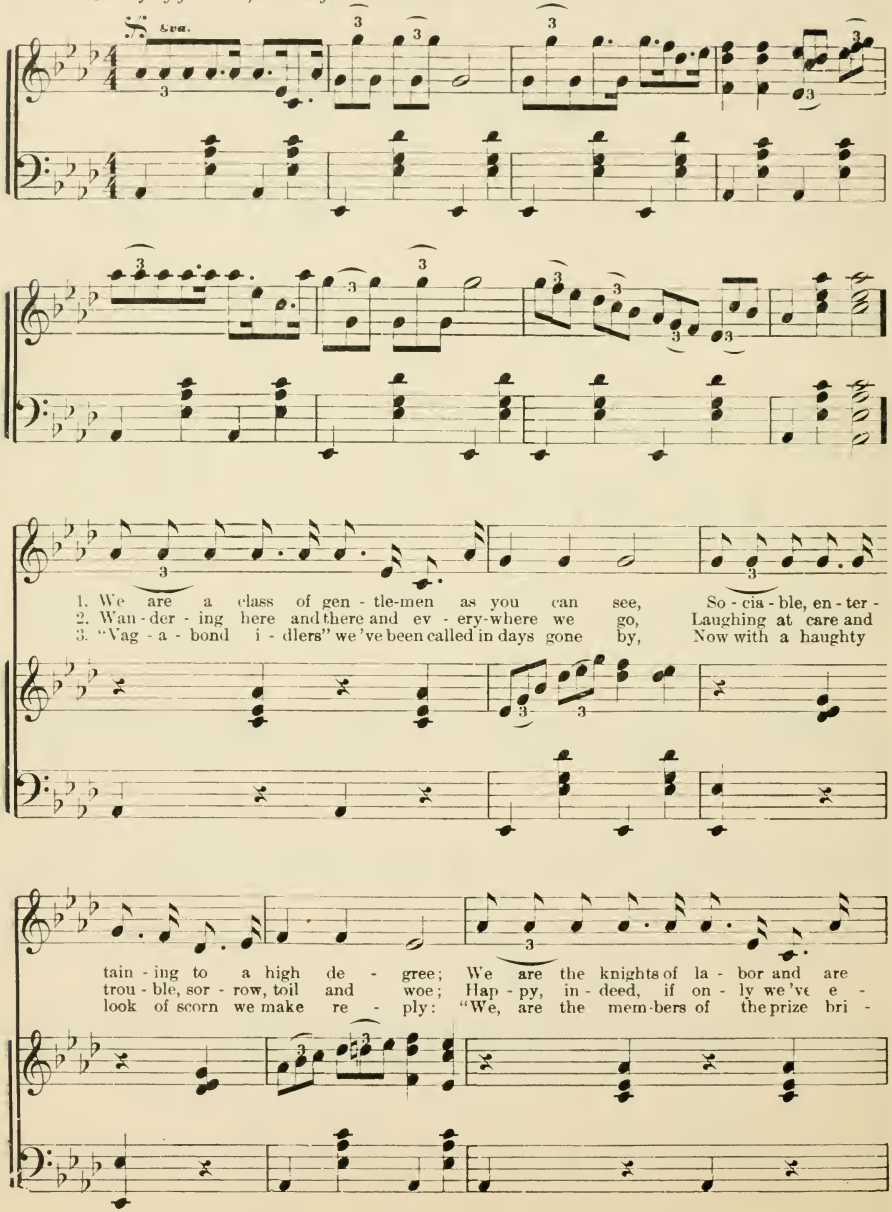

All is true! all joy be thine, The
Then rapture is mine!
Then rapture is thine! The
Then rapture is thine! The
clouds will de - part, that shadow thy heart, Joy shall be thine, no
The clouds will de - part, that shad - ow my heart, Joy shall be
clouds will de - part, that shadow his heart, Joy shall be thine, no
clouds will de - part, that shadow his heart, Joy shall be thine, no

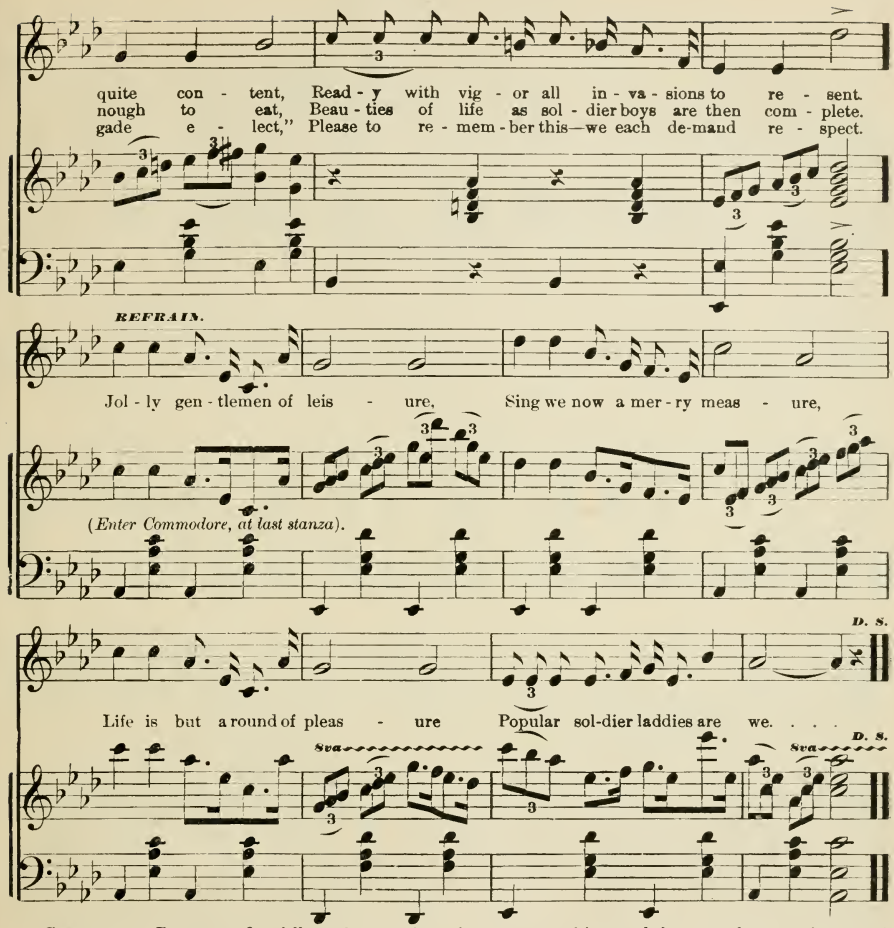

long - er re - pine; No more re - pine, No, no
mine, I will not re - pine, not re - pine, No, no
long - er re - pine; No more re - pine, No, no
long - er re - pine; No more re - pine, No, no
long - er then re - pine, ... No more re -
long - er I will re - pine, ... No more re -
long - er then re - pine, ... No more re -
long - er then re - pine, then no long - er, No more re -


(exit).
pine, for all joy shall yet be thine. . . . .
(exit).
pine, for all joy shall yet be mine. . . . .
(exit).
pine, for all joy shall yet be thine. . . . .
(exit).
pine, for all joy shall yet be thine. . . . .
8va.
Rit.

NO. 24. JOLLY GENTLEMEN.

(*Enter jolly gentlemen, marching*).





COMMODORE.—Bravo, my fine fellows, but you have forgotten one thing, and that, too, the most important of all military accomplishments.

CAPTAIN.—And pray what may that be?

COMMODORE.—Your manners!

CAPTAIN.—Our manners, sir?

COMMODORE.—Your manners; the arrival of nobility always demands a royal salute. I have failed to receive it.

CAPTAIN.—And who are you?

COMMODORE.—I, sir, am a royal peer!

ALL.—A royal peer!

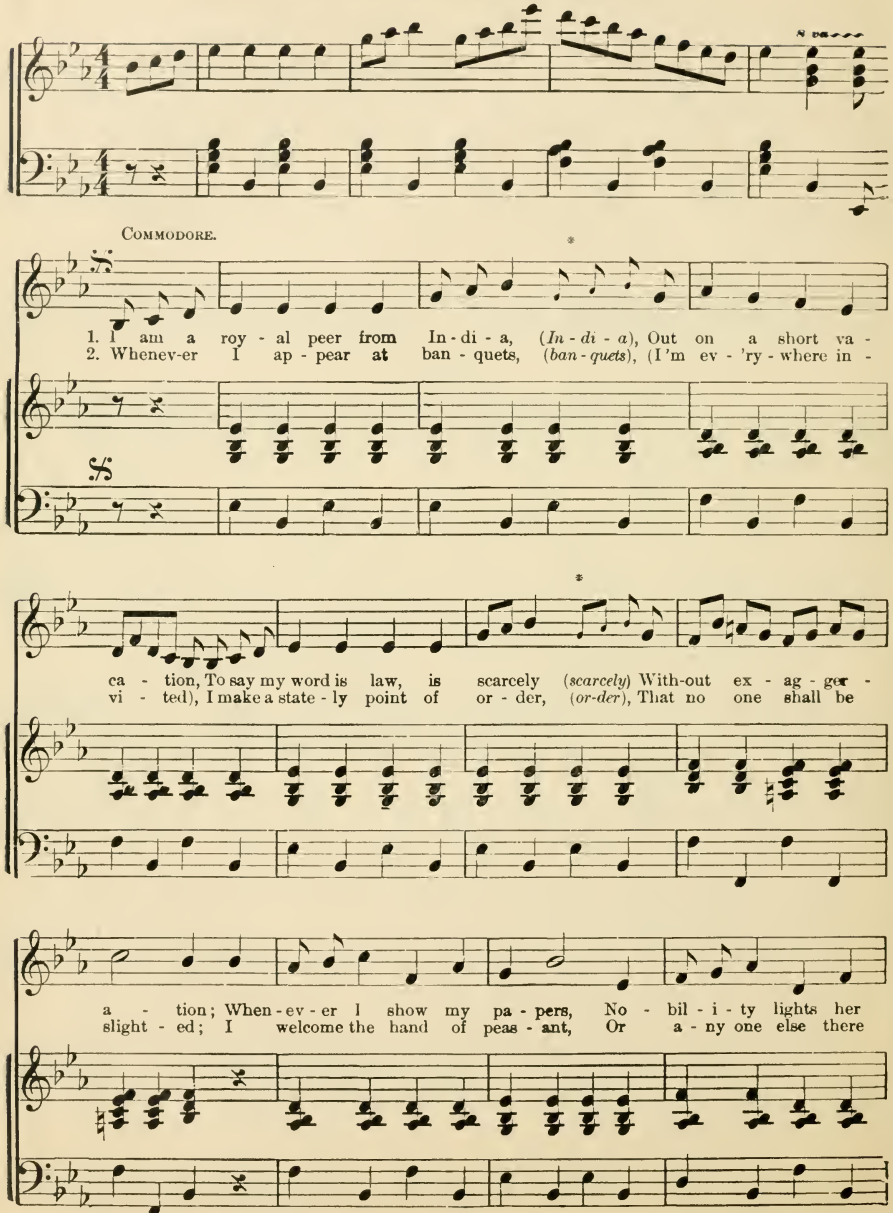
COMMODORE.—(*aside*) I don't feel exactly comfortable among these fellows, but there is no getting out of it now, so I must brave it through. Yes, a royal peer from India. Everywhere I go I am received with honor by the populace, and courted by the gentility. Yet, great as a very few of us are in this world, we never become so independent of common mankind that we do not honor them, occasionally, by allowing them to do us a favor. (*aside*) I wonder how this is being digested.

CAPTAIN.—(*to his men*) This fellow wants a loan.

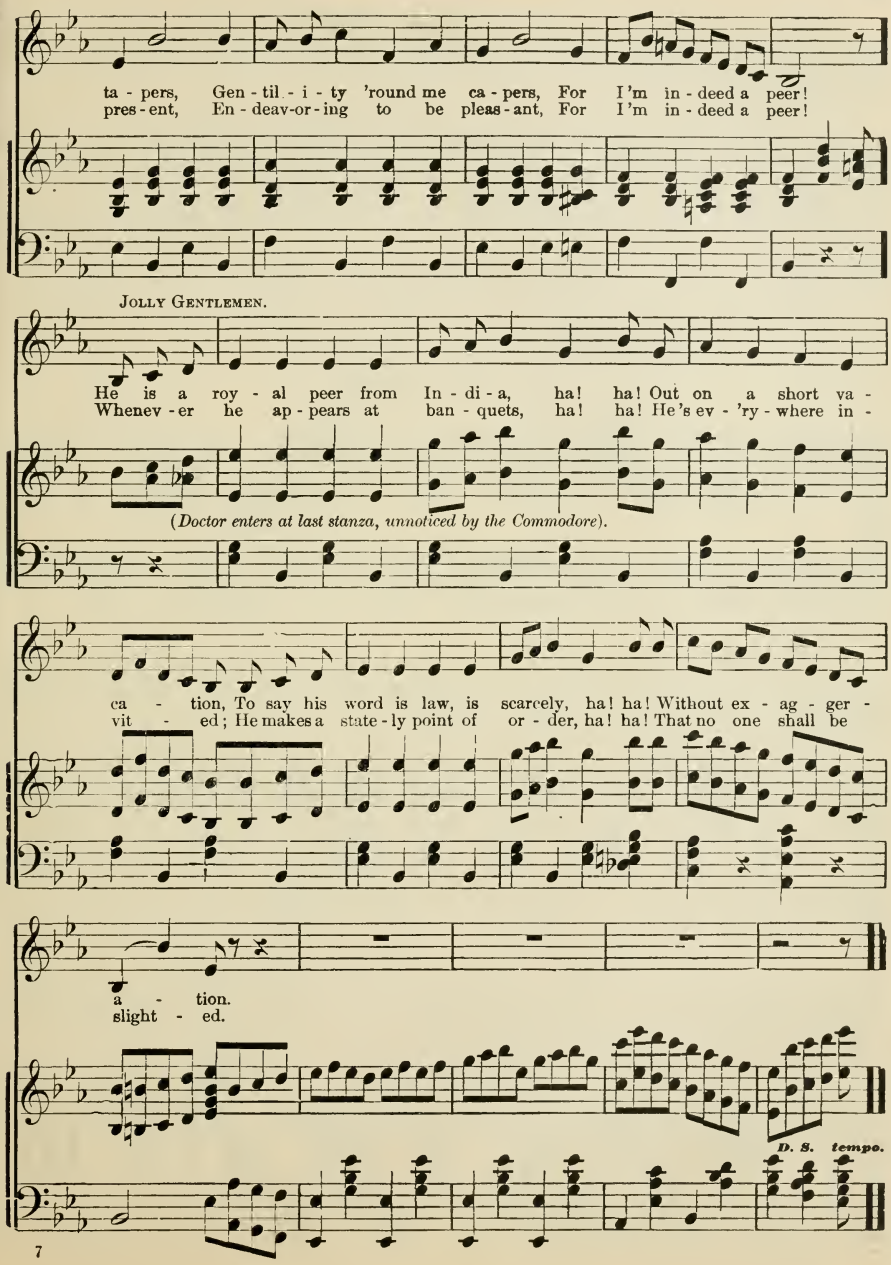
MEN.—He's an imposter.

COMMODORE.—Yes, gallant captain, and talented men, I am now about to bestow upon you a courtesy of this kind. But first, as I am comparatively a stranger to those in your strata, allow me, for the first time, in humility of dignity, to define my position and station, that you may the more easily arrive at a superlative degree of confidence and respect.

No. 25. A ROYAL PEER.



*At the stars the Jolly Gentlemen sing the words in italics.


ta - pers, Gen - til - i - ty 'round me ca - pers, For I'm in - deed a peer!
pres - ent, En - deav-or - ing to be pleas - ant, For I'm in - deed a peer!
JOLLY GENTLEMEN.
He is a roy - al peer from In - di - a, ha! ha! Out on a short va -
Whenev - er he ap - pears at ban - quets, ha! ha! He's ev - 'ry - where in -
(Doctor enters at last stanza, unnoticed by the Commodore).
ca - tion, To say his word is law, is scarcely, ha! ha! Without ex - ag - ger -
vit - ed; He makes a state - ly point of or - der, ha! ha! That no one shall be
a - tion.
slight - ed.
D. S. tempo.

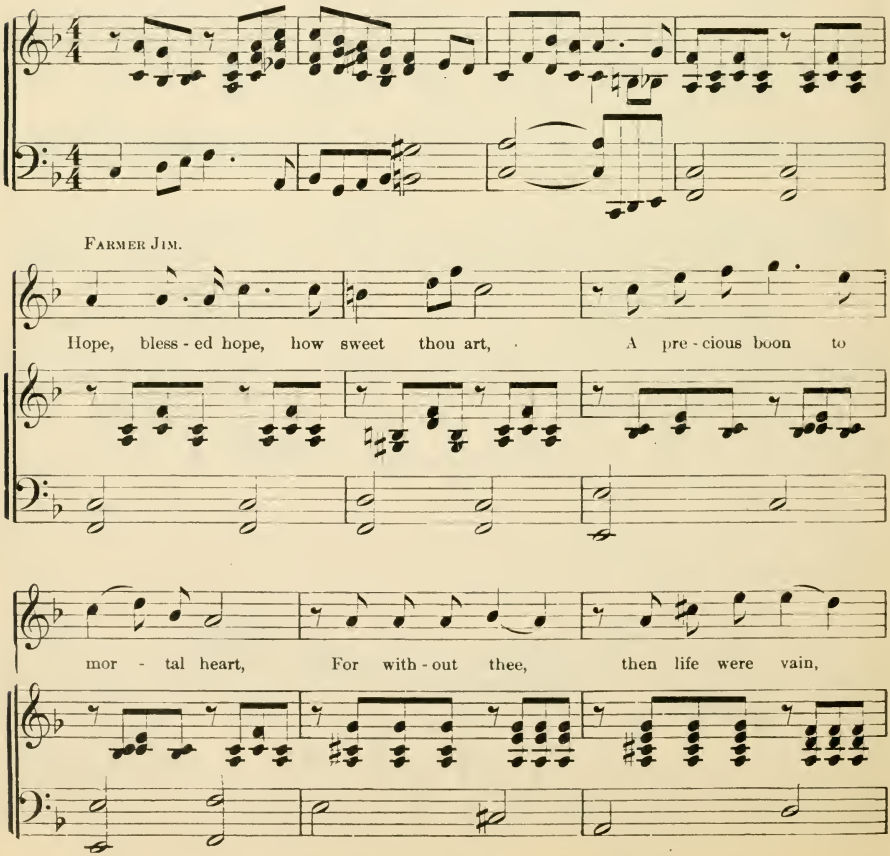
DOCTOR.—Aha, my royal beer, you blay a beautiful figure in dis audiences, I dunno; I have been looking for you everyvere, and here you vas already. (*Commodore attempts to exit*). Don't let dot rascally beer get avay sometime—he vas an impostor! Keep a finger on him vile I tole you sometings—keep a finger on him! He vas making love already to the little milkmaids. (*Commodore is taken in charge*). (*Aside*). Dot settles him—dot settles him!

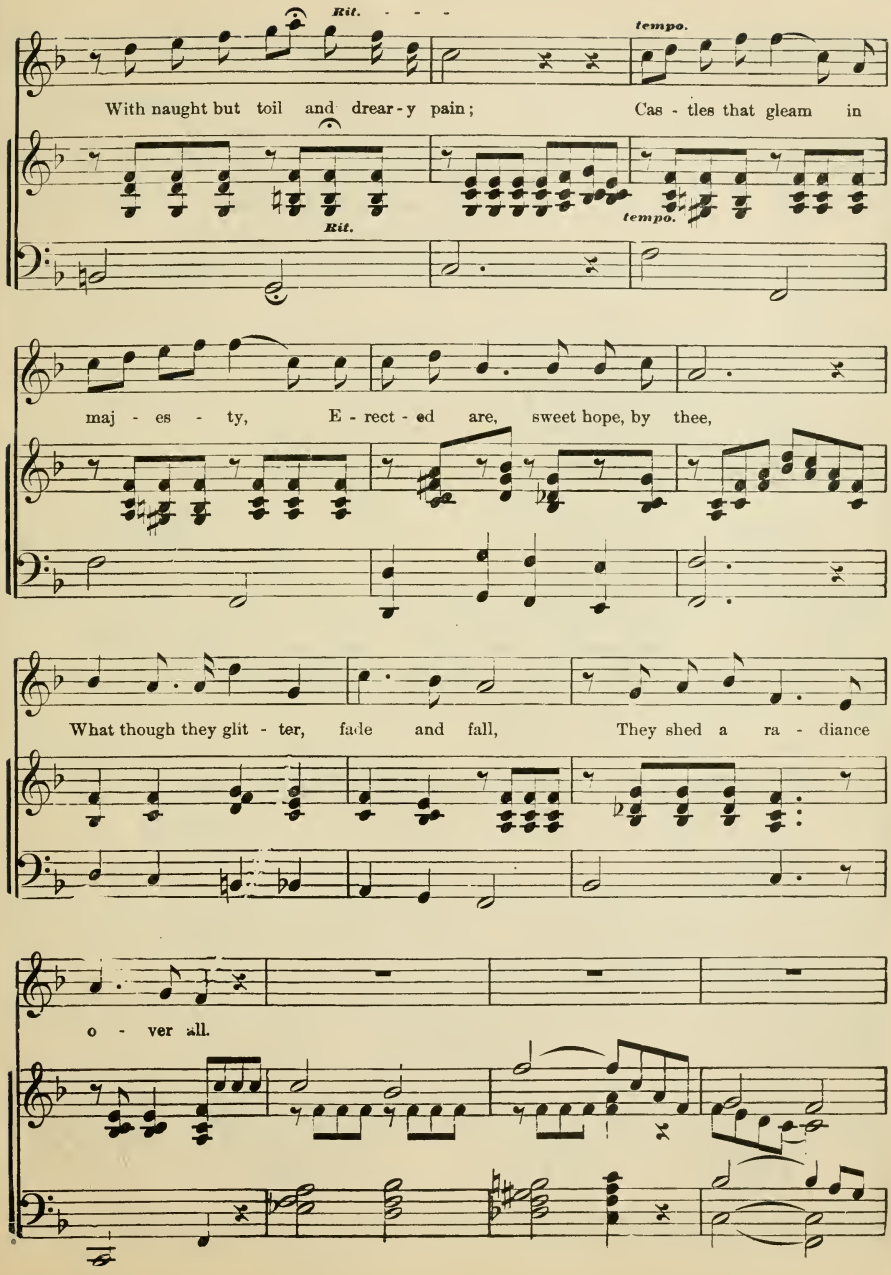
COMMODORE.—Mercy, Doctor, mercy!

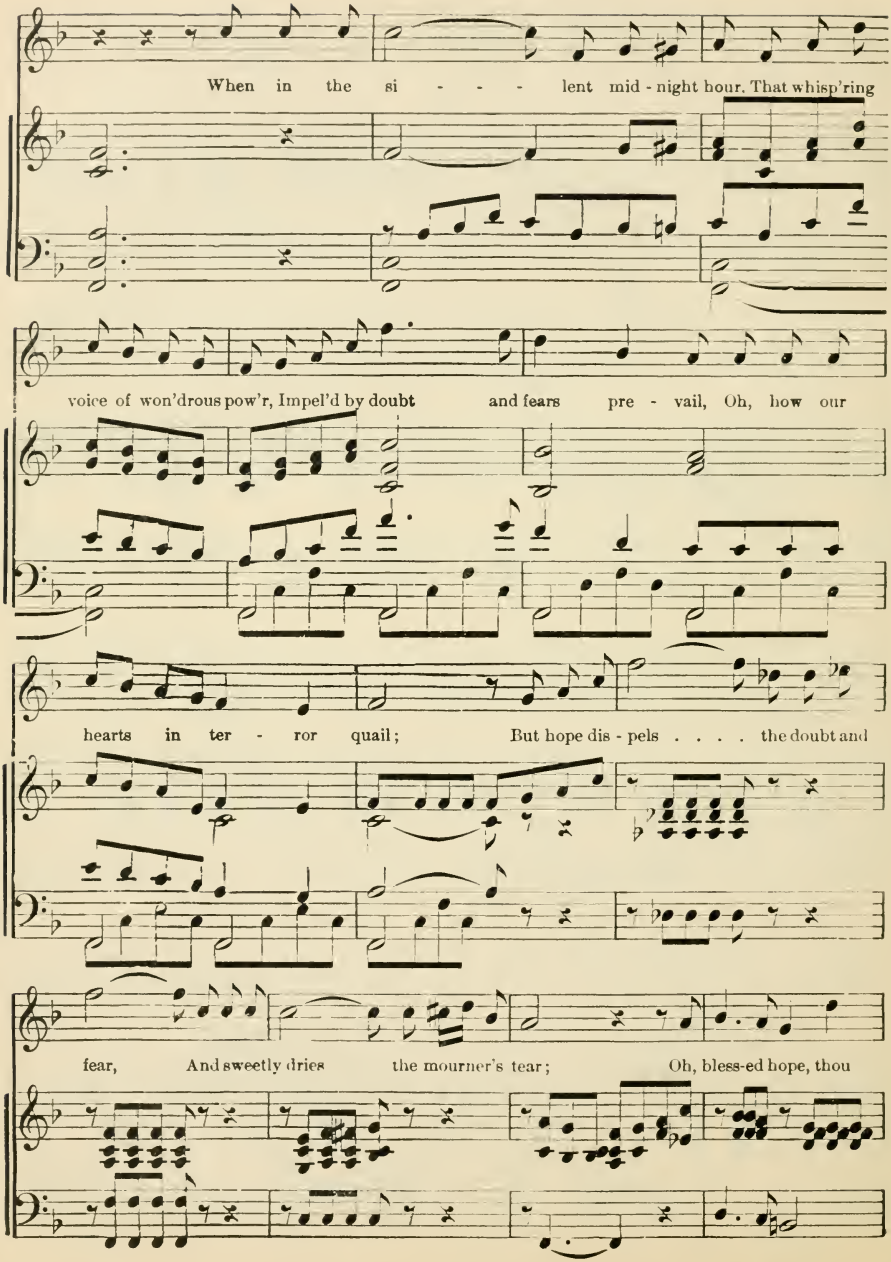
DOCTOR.—Vot for you cry mercy? Gag him and took him to de city limits and leave him two seconds in de State. (*Exit guards with Commodore, followed by Jolly Gentlemen*). Ah! how shall I broke de news to de little maid? I have watched over and cared for she ever since he vas a little bit of a wee baby, and have held he in my arms ven she cry—cry—cry—(he vants dose little pills vat I give my patients). But now her heart will be broke—I know dot—und vot shall I do? Und dere vas Farmer Jim a grieving and a groving after she, but she not grieve after he—hugh—he vas a dunce! Oh, dot royal beer vas a villain, a rascal, a cheat and a vagabond,—he vas making a fool out o' me—I 'll go and broke de news to dot leetle maid as gently as I could—aha! here comes dot boy Jim already, dunder vedder, I vonder vot 's up? He looks as happy as a leetle billy goat—someting 's about to happen—Doctor, it vas better you find out! (*Hides himself*). (*Enter Farmer Jim*).

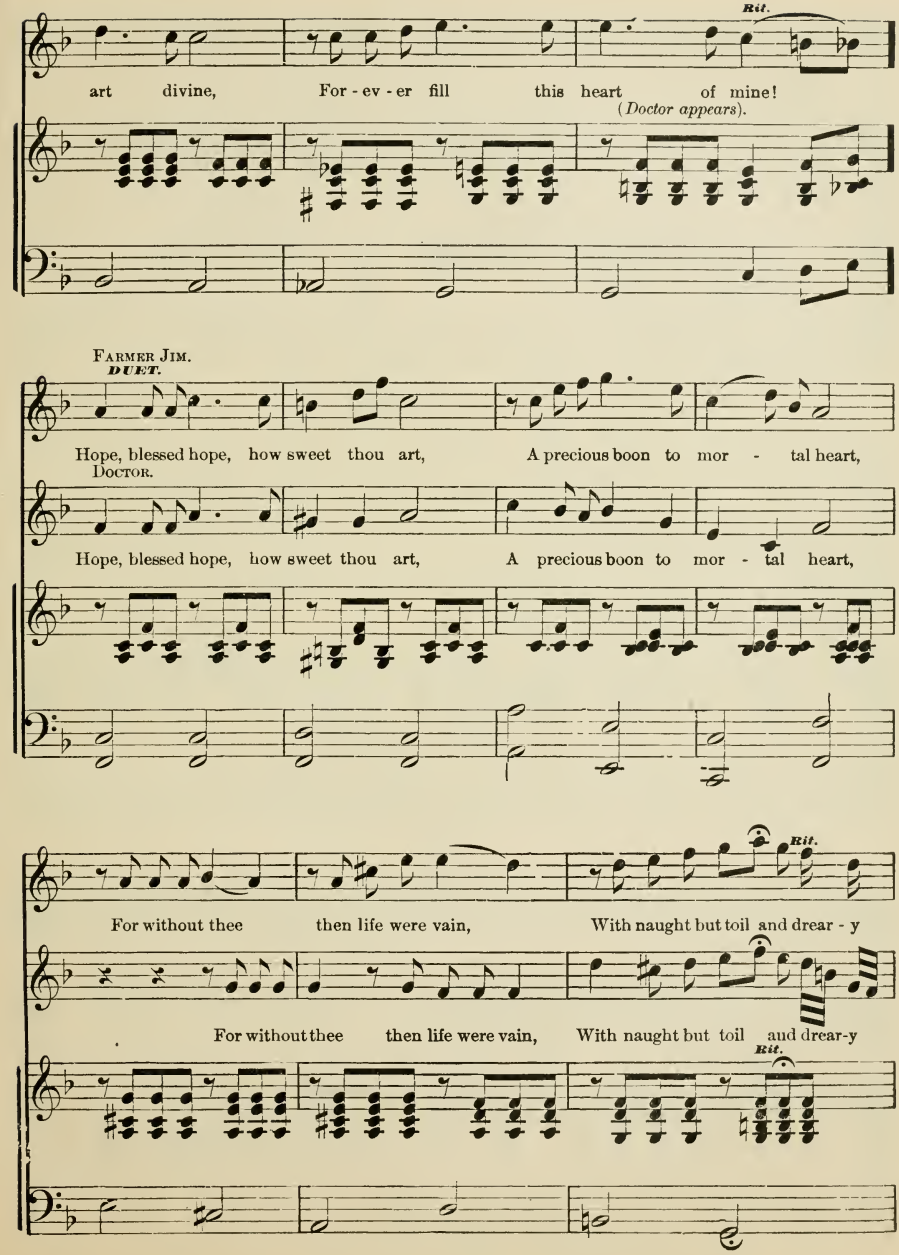
FARMER JIM.—Oh! I have n't been happier for years than I am this evening—thanks to old Mother Monica. The fires of despondency that have so long been raging wildly within my heart have now abated, and hope springs up with a blessedness beyond all telling. Oh, hope, blessed hope!

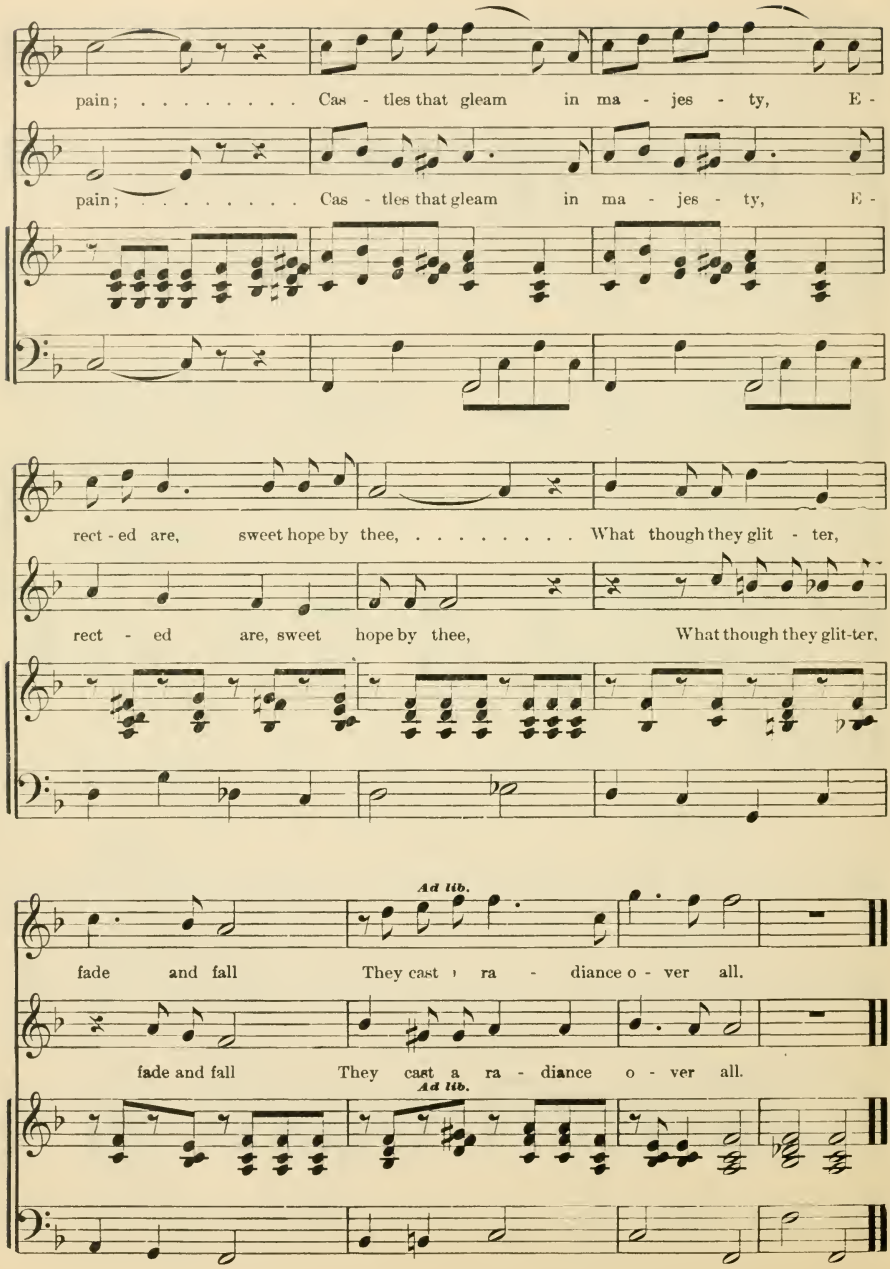
No. 26. HOPE.




Rit.
tempo.
With naught but toil and drear-y pain;
Cas - tles that gleam in
Rit.
tempo.
maj - es - ty, E - rect - ed are, sweet hope, by thee,
What though they glit - ter, fade and fall, They shed a ra - diance
o - ver all.


When in the si - - - - lent mid - night hour. That whisp'ring
voice of won'drous pow'r, Impel'd by doubt and fears pre - vail, Oh, how our
hearts in ter - ror quail; But hope dis - pels . . . . the doubt and
fear, And sweetly dries the mourner's tear; Oh, bless-ed hope, thou


Rit.
art divine, For - ev - er fill this heart of mine!
(Doctor appears).
FARMER JIM.
DUET.
Hope, blessed hope, how sweet thou art, A precious boon to mor - tal heart,
DOCTOR.
Hope, blessed hope, how sweet thou art, A precious boon to mor - tal heart,
Rit.
For without thee then life were vain, With naught but toil and drear - y
For without thee then life were vain, With naught but toil and drear-y
Rit.


pain; . . . . . Cas - tles that gleam in ma - jes - ty, E -
pain; . . . . . Cas - tles that gleam in ma - jes - ty, E -
rect - ed are, sweet hope by thee, ... What though they glit - ter,
rect - ed are, sweet hope by thee, What though they glit-ter,
Ad lib.
fade and fall They cast a ra - diance o - ver all.
fade and fall They cast a ra - diance o - ver all.
Ad lib.

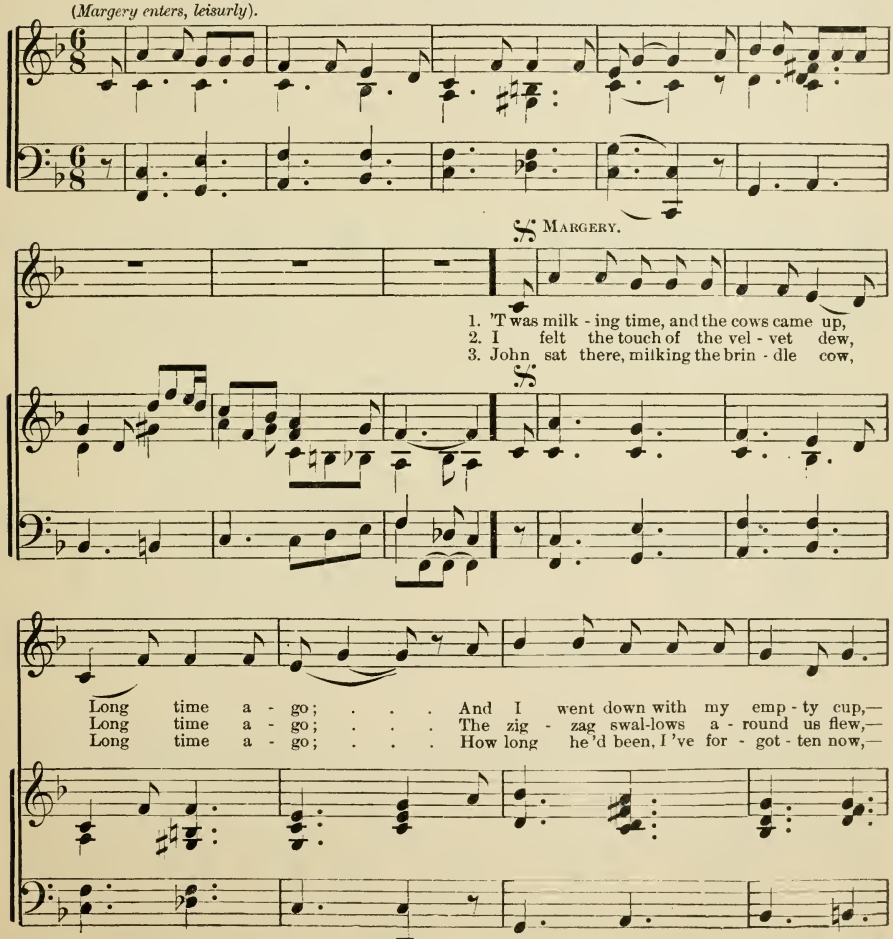
DOCTOR.—Beautiful, my boy, beautiful! It makes me cry mit joy to see you vonce more yourself again. You see the doctor understands de symptoms aind it—eh? But, my boy Jim, who vas dot lady vot tole you so much hope already—she vas a good vomans, and, and—ahem—I gits blue alover myself somedimes.

JIM.—It was old mother Monica, the Indian for—

DOCTOR.—Dot settles it—dot settles it! now come along, my boy, for valuable time vas wasting demselves, vile dere vas such important business to attend to already. Come right along now vile I show you sometings vat you like to seen. Don't be bashful my boy for de faint lady never von de fair heart. You must schrape und bow—like dis,—and schmile, like dot,—and make yourself as dignity as an Emperor—shust so,—und all de tings vot I tole you. You see de doctor vas been dere already himself—he! he! he! Now come right along mit me, my boy, come right along mit me. (*Exit*).

NO. 27. 'TWAS MILKING TIME.

(*Margery enters, leisurly*).



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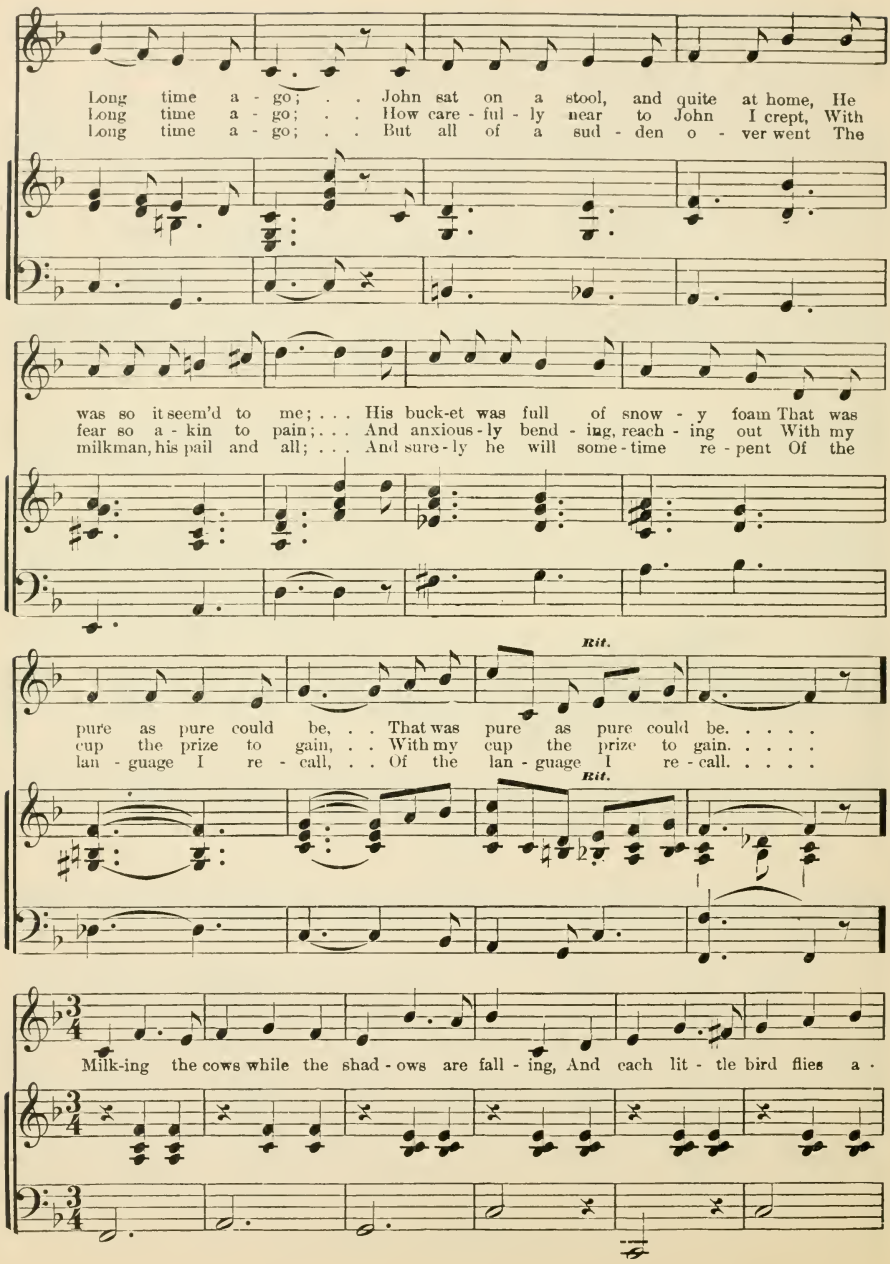
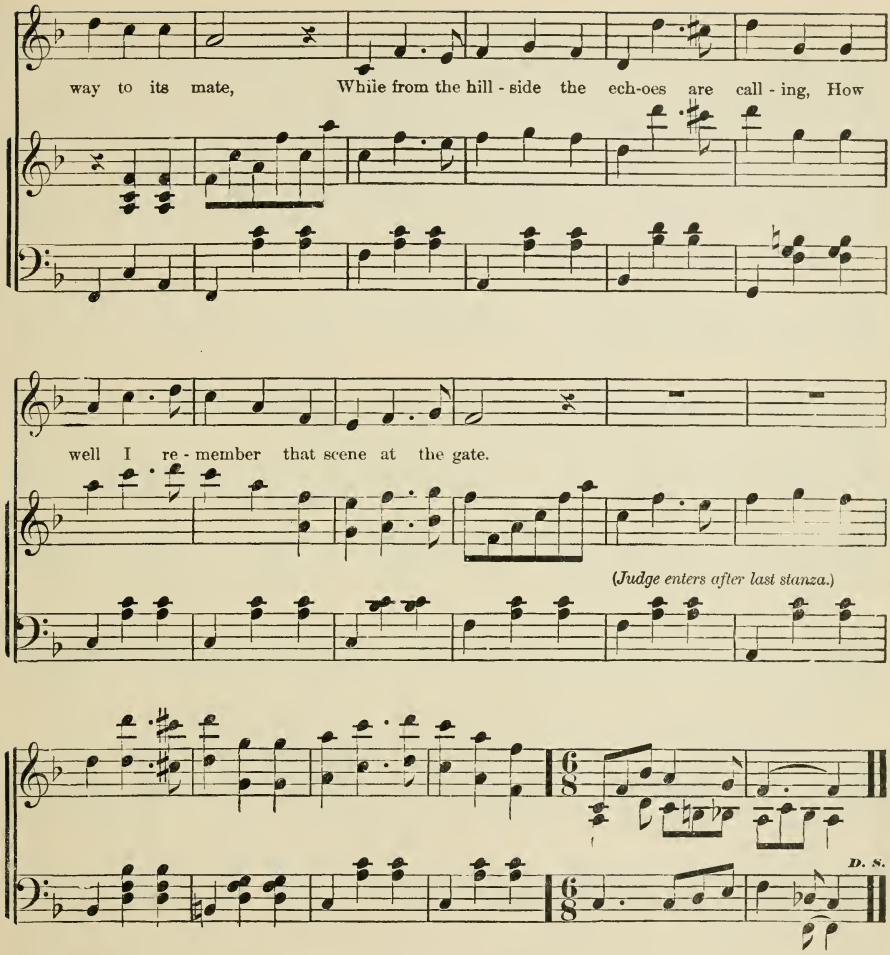

Long time a - go; . . John sat on a stool, and quite at home, He
Long time a - go; . . How care - ful - ly near to John I crept, With
Long time a - go; . . But all of a sud - den o - ver went The
was so it seem'd to me; . . . His buck-et was full of snow - y foam That was
fear so a - kin to pain; . . . And anxious - ly bend - ing, reach - ing out With my
milkman, his pail and all; . . . And sure - ly he will some - time re - pent Of the
Rit.
pure as pure could be, . . That was pure as pure could be. . . . .
cup the prize to gain, . . With my cup the prize to gain. . . . .
lan - guage I re - call, . . Of the lan - guage I re - call. . . . .
Rit.
Milk-ing the cows while the shad - ows are fall - ing, And each lit - tle bird flies a -



JUDGE.—Good evening, my pretty maid! But why are you here—and idle—is it not milking time?

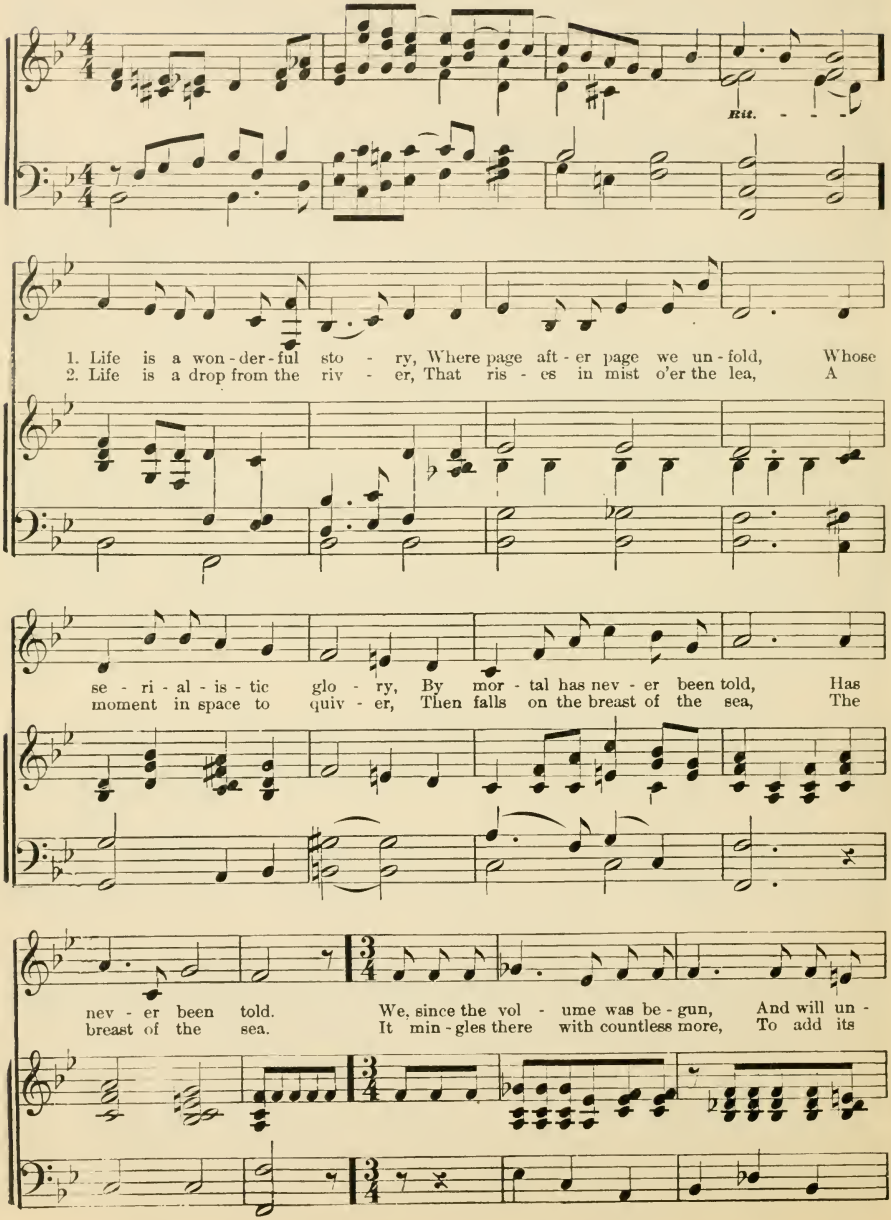
MARGERY.—Yes, Judge, 't is milking time long ago, but as there is just a certain amount of work to be done in just such a time, and just so many maids to do that work, each maid has just so much work to do. Well, three of my family have strayed away, two have been stolen, old Brindle has gone dry, while the seventh got mired in the marsh this afternoon, and is still down there waiting for help; therefore, I got through early to-night, and was strolling carelessly along thinking of the time when I was a wee bit of a child. Were you ever a child, Judge?

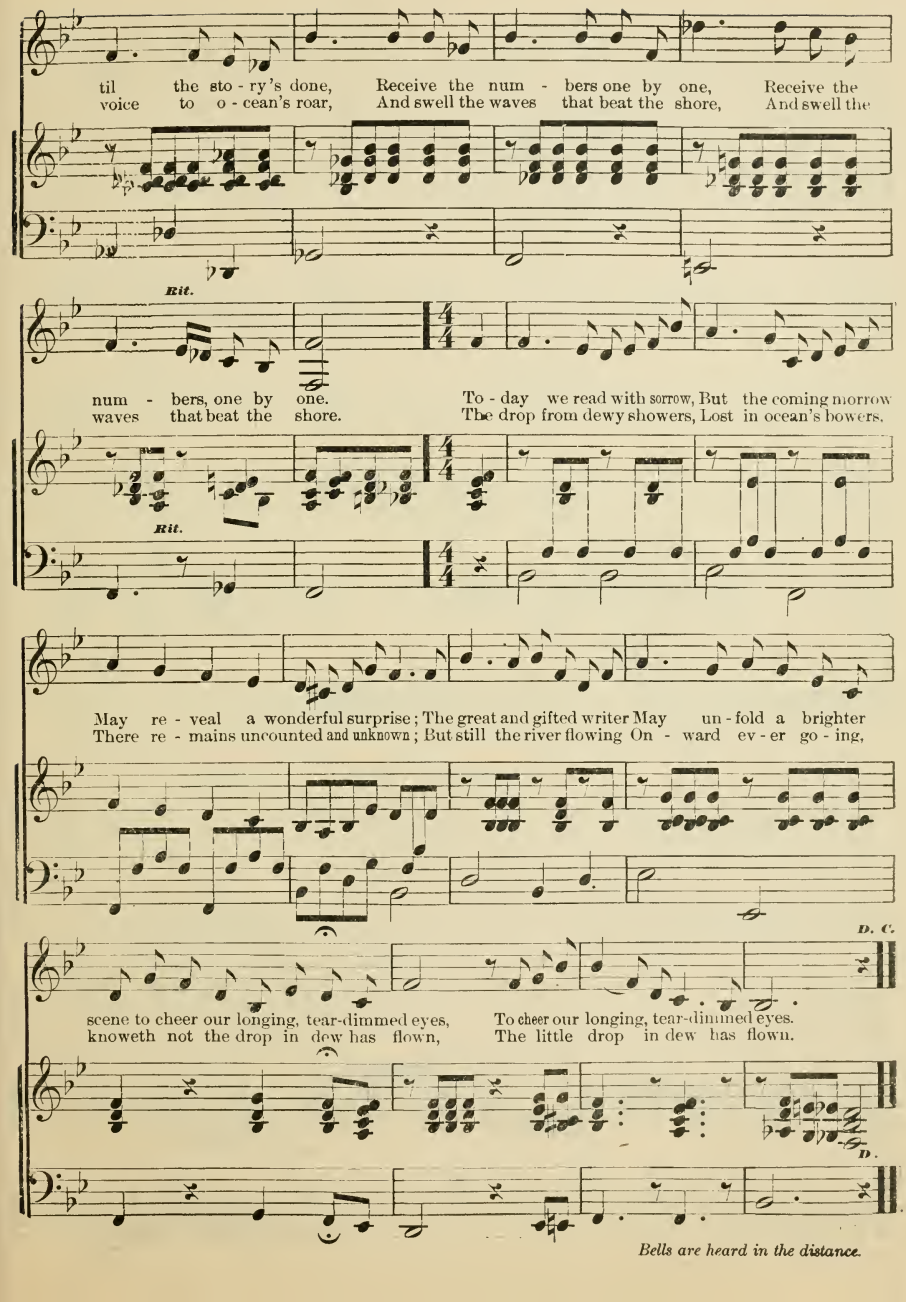
JUDGE.—Was I ever a child? Well, yes, I think so, but it was such a long time ago that, indeed, I can scarcely remember the circumstances. Life is a queer problem, and the most perplexing case I have found upon record—the evidence is such that——

MARGERY.—But, Judge, hear me! You are a man of great learning, I am told, and your court rulings have been quoted near and far as *the* authority; now listen to me a moment: Our Queen, who, by the way, is just now coming over the hill yonder, has described some of the dark pictures that hang upon the walls of time, while I, just before your arrival, was recalling some of the bright ones. Tell me—what is your opinion of life?

JUDGE.—Listen, my child, while I give you the result of my observations upon that subject.

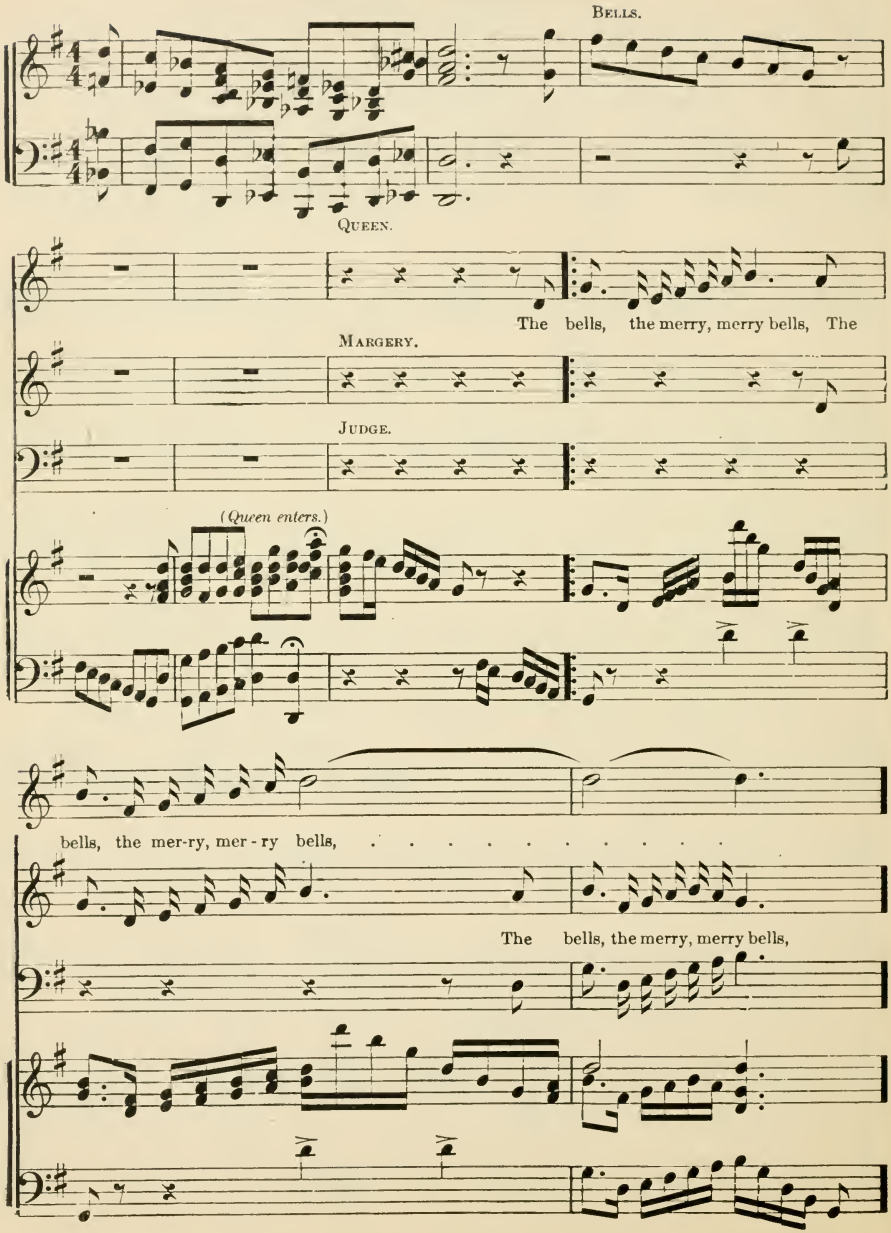
No. 28. LIFE.

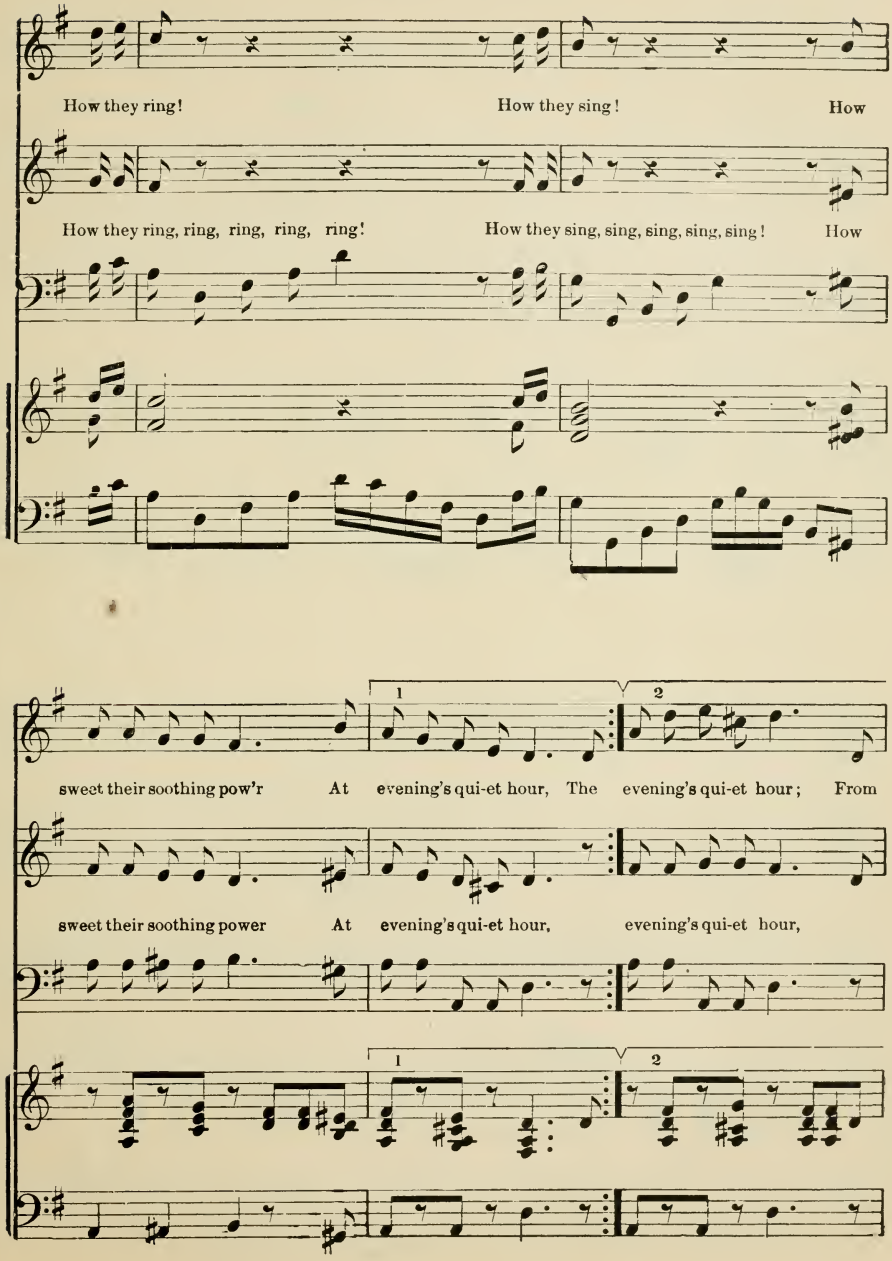

Rit.
1. Life is a won - der - ful sto - ry, Where page aft - er page we un - fold, Whose
2. Life is a drop from the riv - er, That ris - es in mist o'er the lea, A
se - ri - al - is - tic glo - ry, By mor - tal has nev - er been told, Has
moment in space to quiv - er, Then falls on the breast of the sea, The
nev - er been told. We, since the vol - ume was be - gun, And will un -
breast of the sea. It min - gles there with countless more, To add its

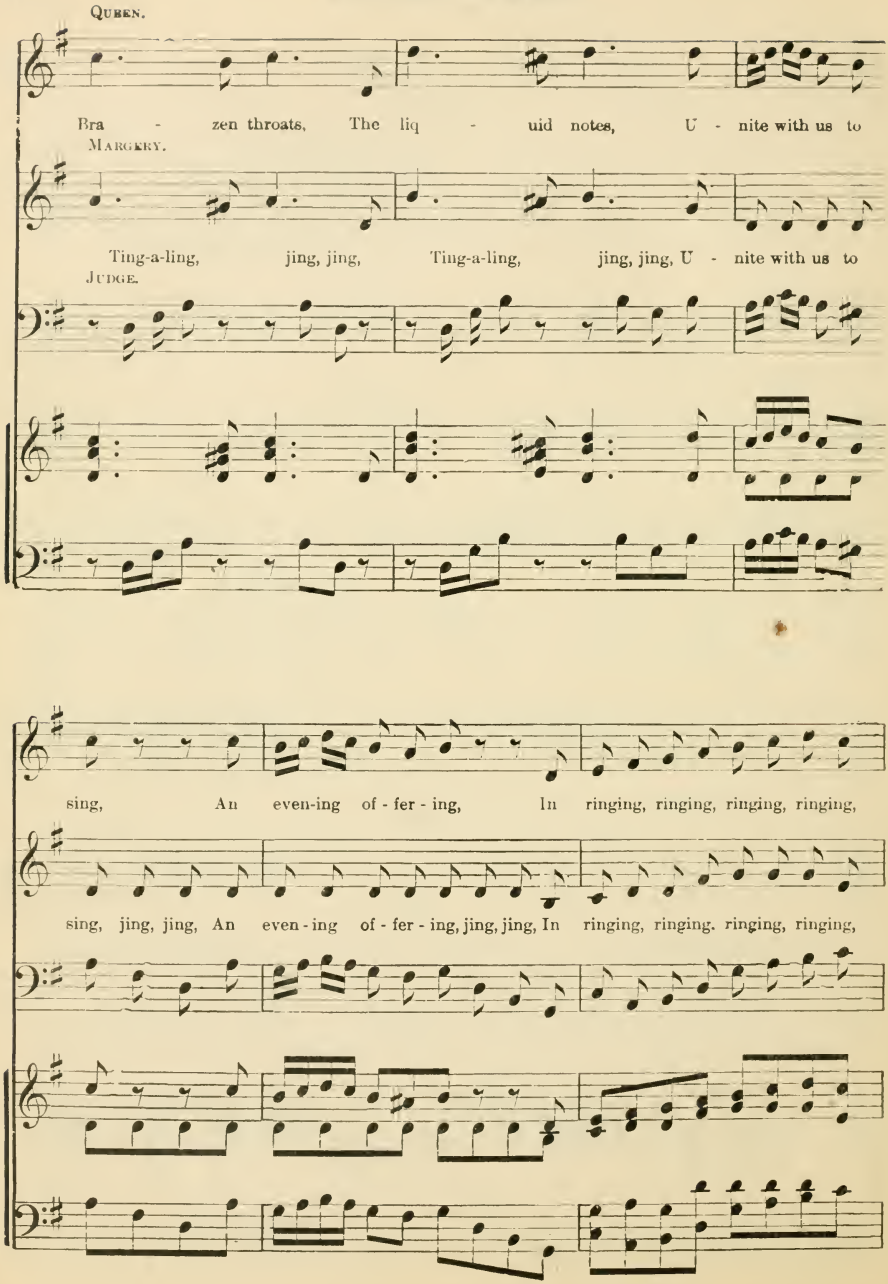


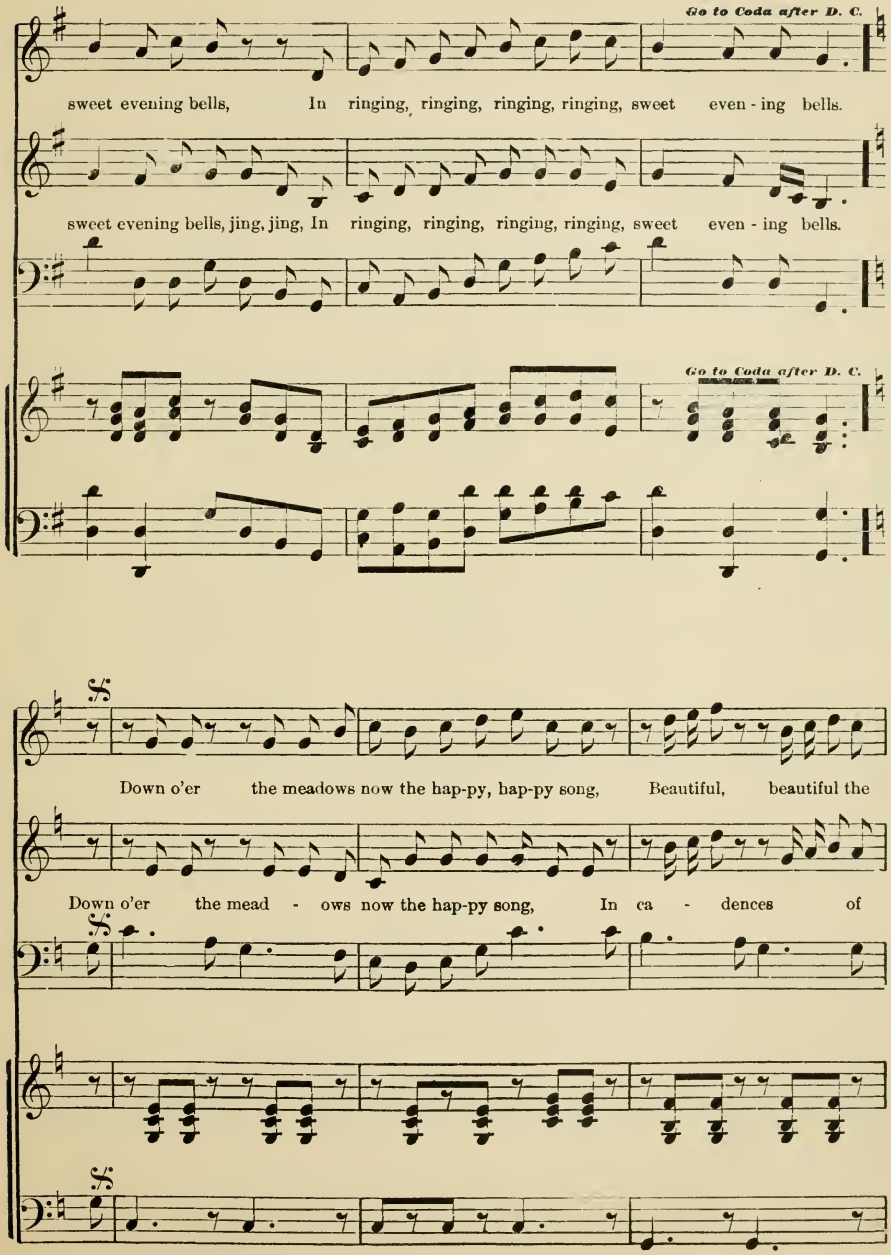
Bells are heard in the distance.

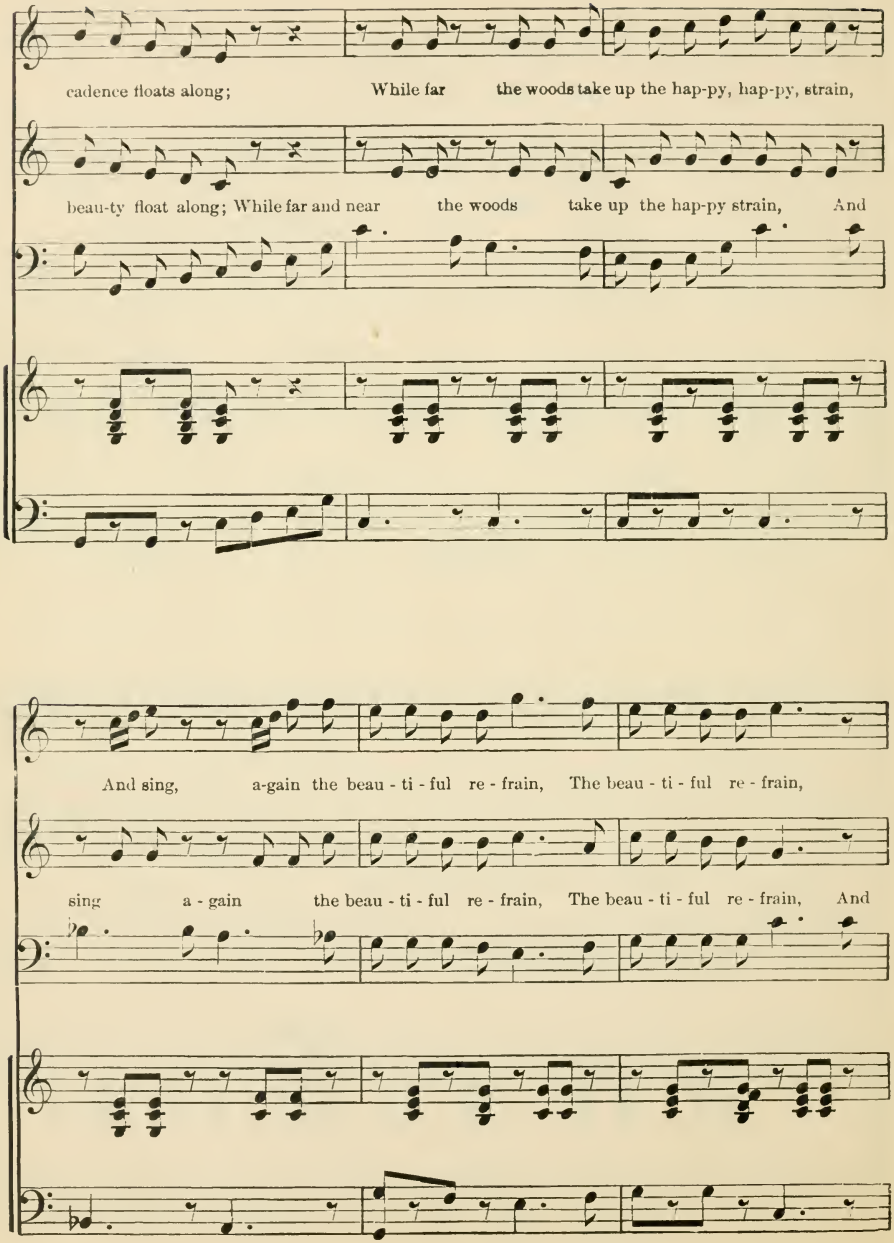
NO. 29. THE BELLS.

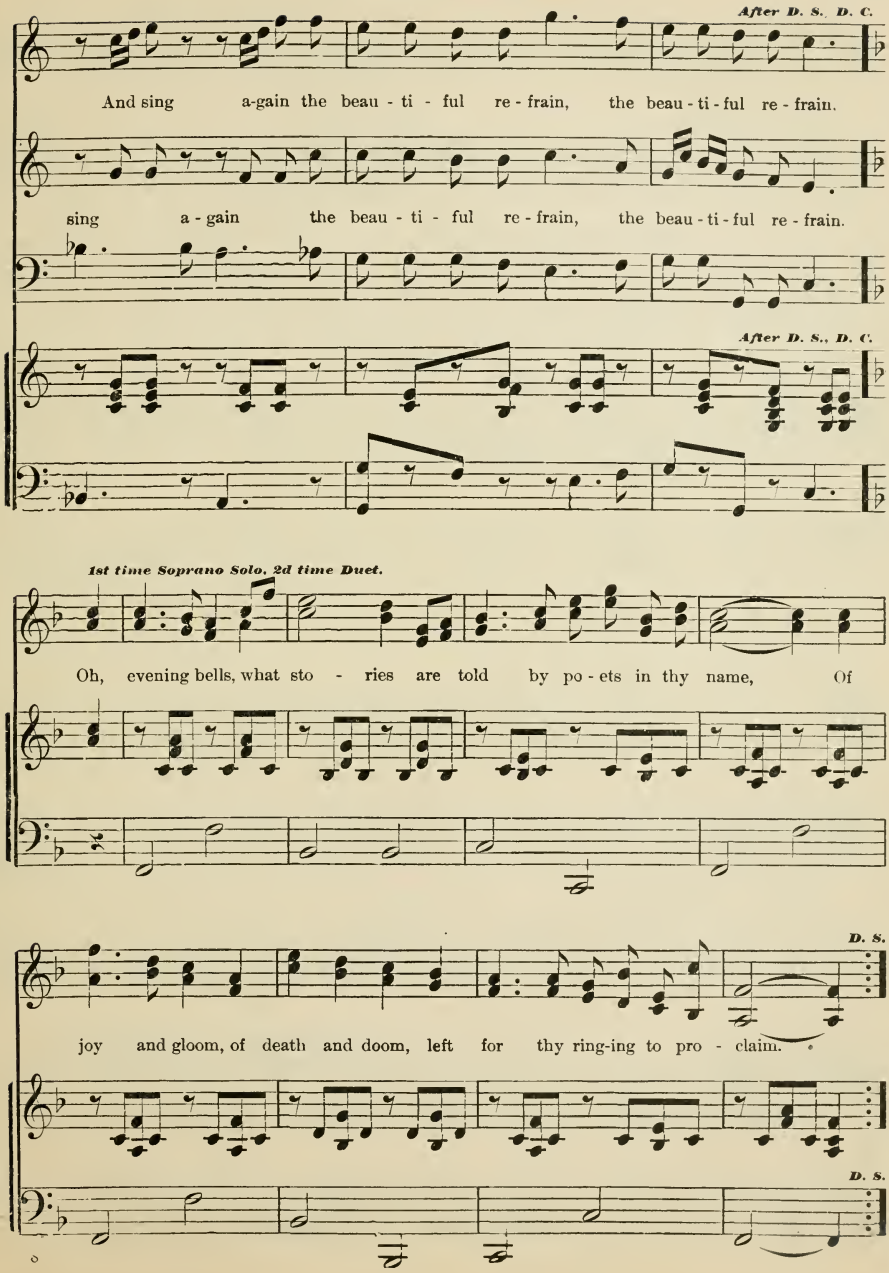


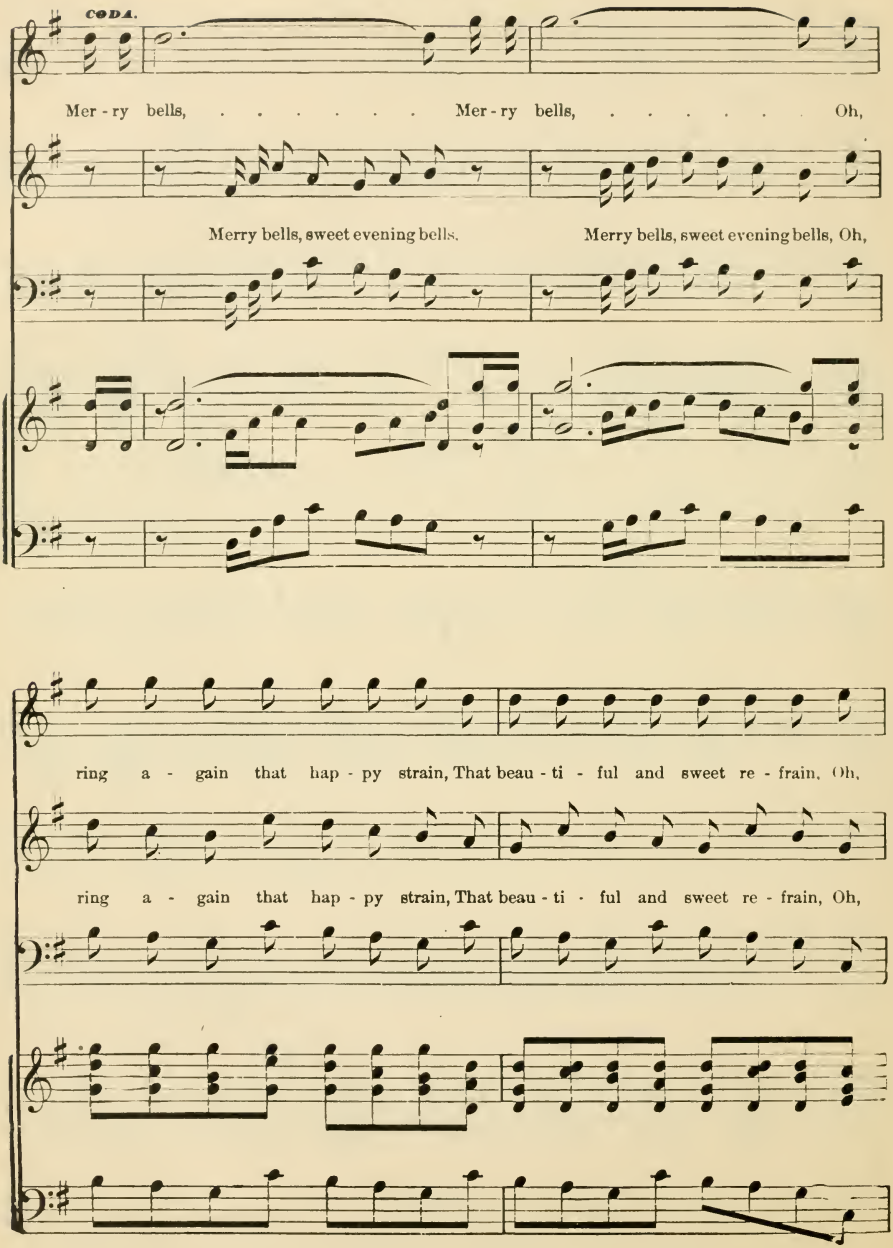

How they ring! How they sing! How
How they ring, ring, ring, ring, ring! How they sing, sing, sing, sing, sing! How
1
2
sweet their soothing pow'r At evening's qui-et hour, The evening's qui-et hour; From
sweet their soothing power At evening's qui-et hour, evening's qui-et hour,
1
2

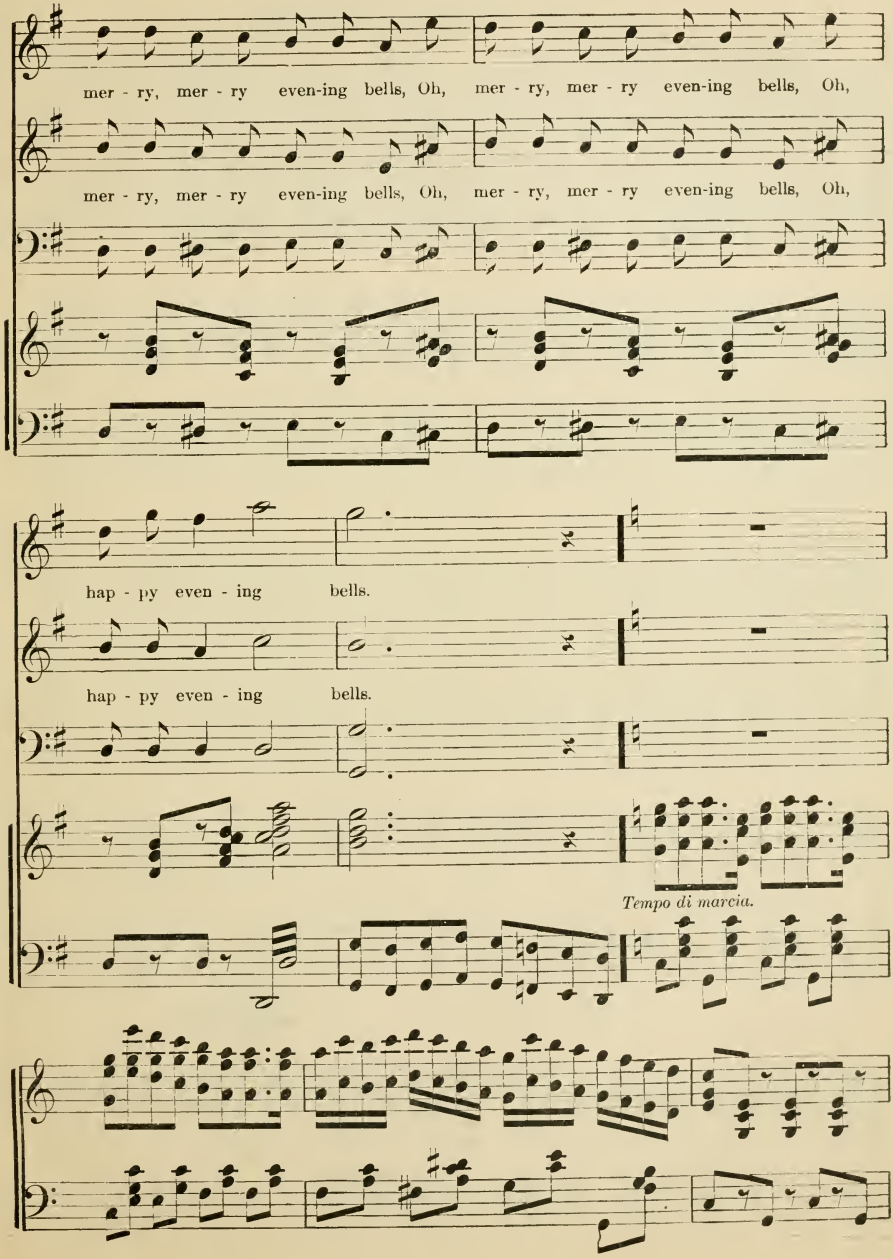

QUEEN.
Bra - zen throats, The liq - uid notes, U - nite with us to
MARGERY.
Ting-a-ling, jing, jing, Ting-a-ling, jing, jing, U - nite with us to
JUDGE.
sing, An even-ing of - fer - ing, In ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing,
sing, jing, jing, An even - ing of - fer - ing, jing, jing, In ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing,


Go to Coda after D. C.
sweet evening bells, In ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing, sweet even - ing bells.
sweet evening bells, jing, jing, In ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing, sweet even - ing bells.
Go to Coda after D. C.
Down o'er the meadows now the hap-py, hap-py song, Beautiful, beautiful the
Down o'er the mead - ows now the hap-py song, In ca - dences of


cadence floats along; While far the woods take up the hap-py, hap-py, strain,
beau-ty float along; While far and near the woods take up the hap-py strain, And
And sing, a-gain the beau - ti - ful re - frain, The beau - ti - ful re - frain,
sing a - gain the beau - ti - ful re - frain, The beau - ti - ful re - frain, And

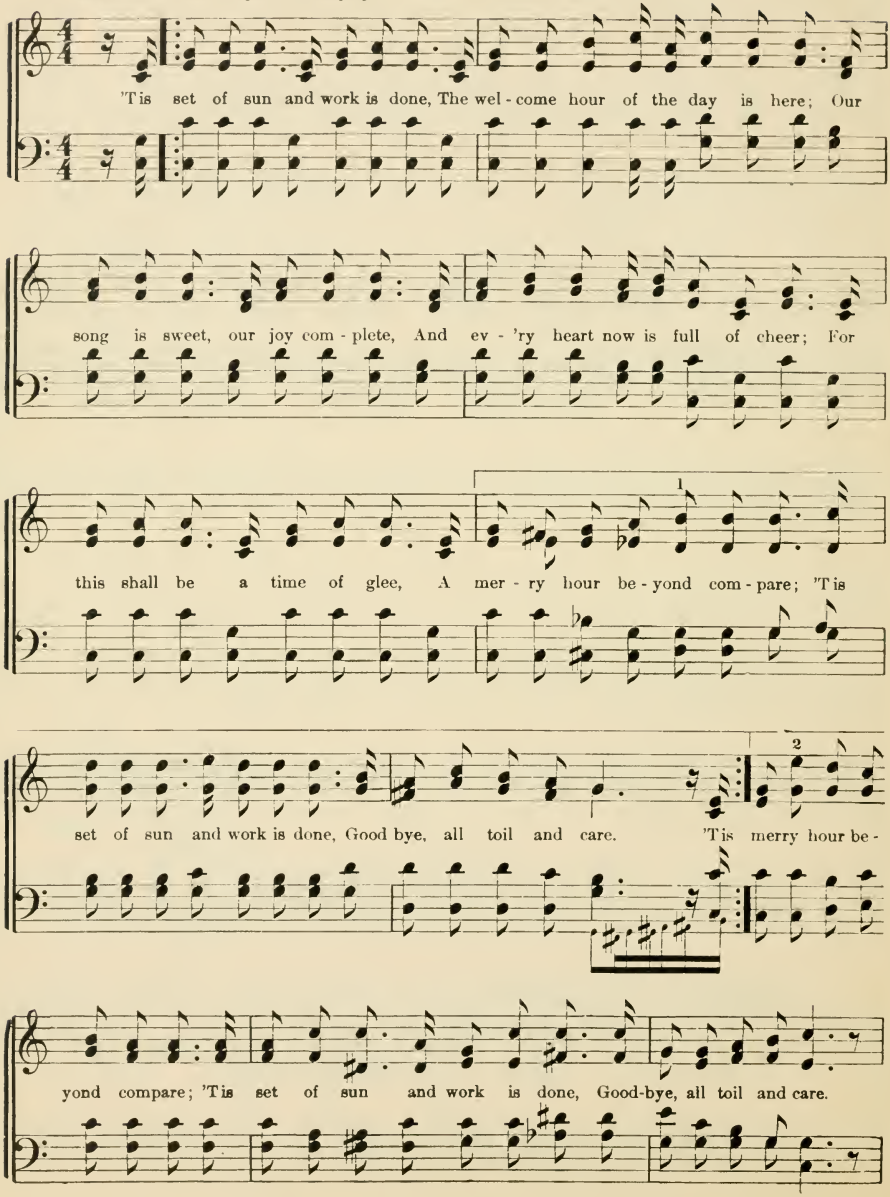

After D. S. D. C.
And sing a-gain the beau - ti - ful re - frain, the beau - ti - ful re - frain.
sing a - gain the beau - ti - ful re - frain, the beau - ti - ful re - frain.
After D. S., D. C.
1st time Soprano Solo. 2d time Duet.
Oh, evening bells, what sto - ries are told by po - ets in thy name, Of
D. S.
joy and gloom, of death and doom, left for thy ring-ing to pro - claim.
D. S.

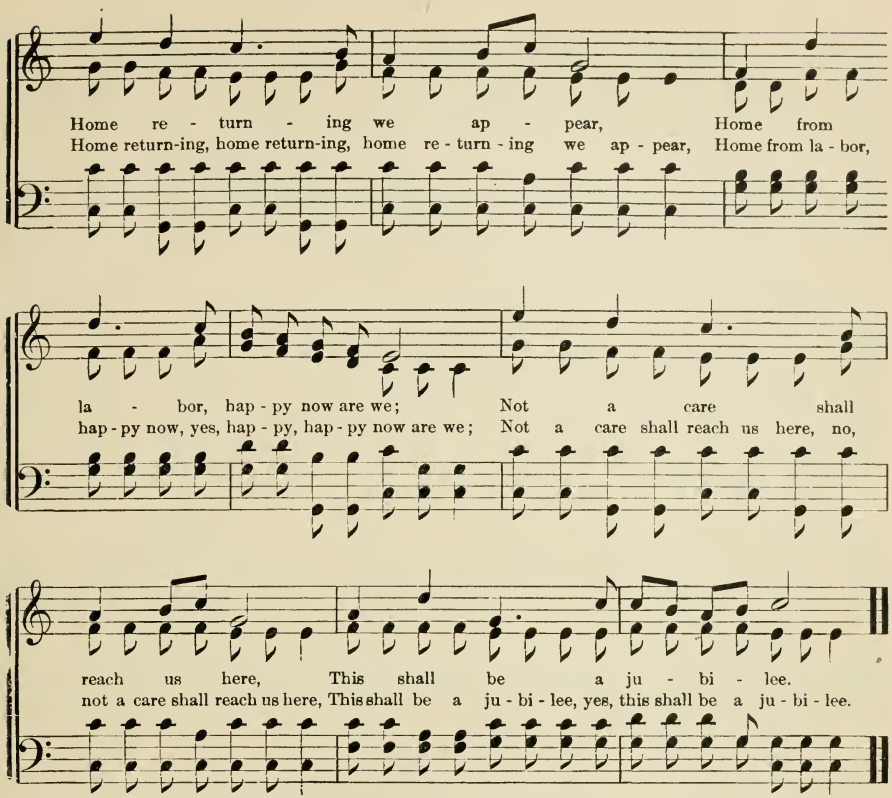

CODA.
Mer - ry bells, ... Mer - ry bells, ... Oh,
Merry bells, sweet evening bells.
Merry bells, sweet evening bells, Oh,
ring a - gain that hap - py strain, That beau - ti - ful and sweet re - frain, Oh,
ring a - gain that hap - py strain, That beau - ti - ful and sweet re - frain, Oh,


mer - ry, mer - ry even-ing bells, Oh, mer - ry, mer - ry even-ing bells, Oh,
mer - ry, mer - ry even-ing bells, Oh, mer - ry, mer - ry even-ing bells, Oh,
hap - py even - ing bells.
hap - py even - ing bells.
Tempo di marcia.

No. 30. HOME RETURNING.

(Maids and Farmer Boys Enter Singing.)

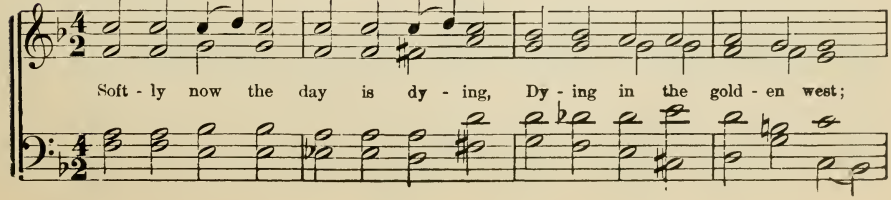


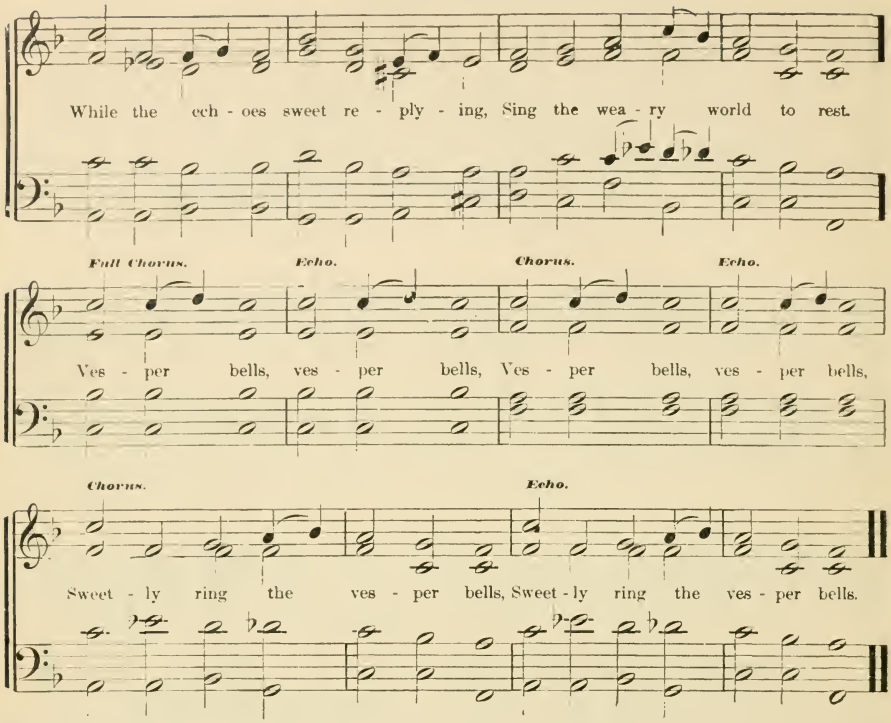


RUTH.—Oh, maids, did you know that we are to lose our love-lorn sister maid?
MAIDS.—What—lose her?
MAUDE.—Is she going to die?
RUTH.—Oh, no, no, no! but she is to be married this very evening, at vesper time, to Farmer Jim!
MAIDS.—What—married to Farmer Jim—to-night—at vesper time?
RUTH.—Yes, and such a happy pair you never dreamed of!—but hark—the vesper hymn.

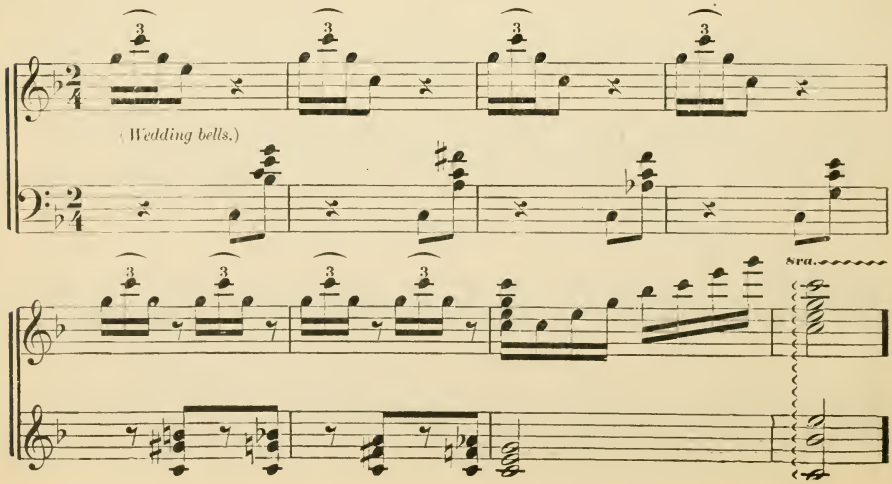
No. 31. VESPER HYMN.

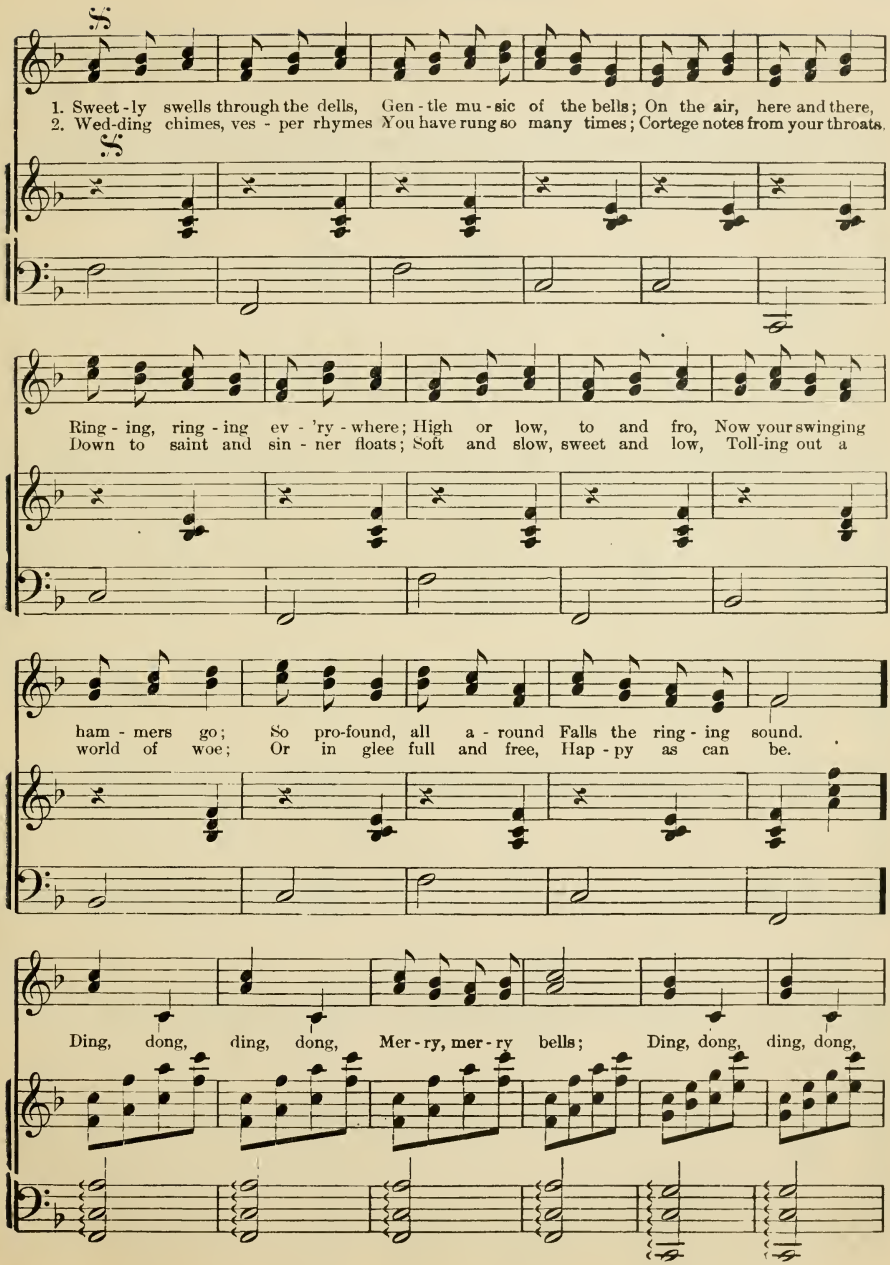
(*Behind the scenes*).

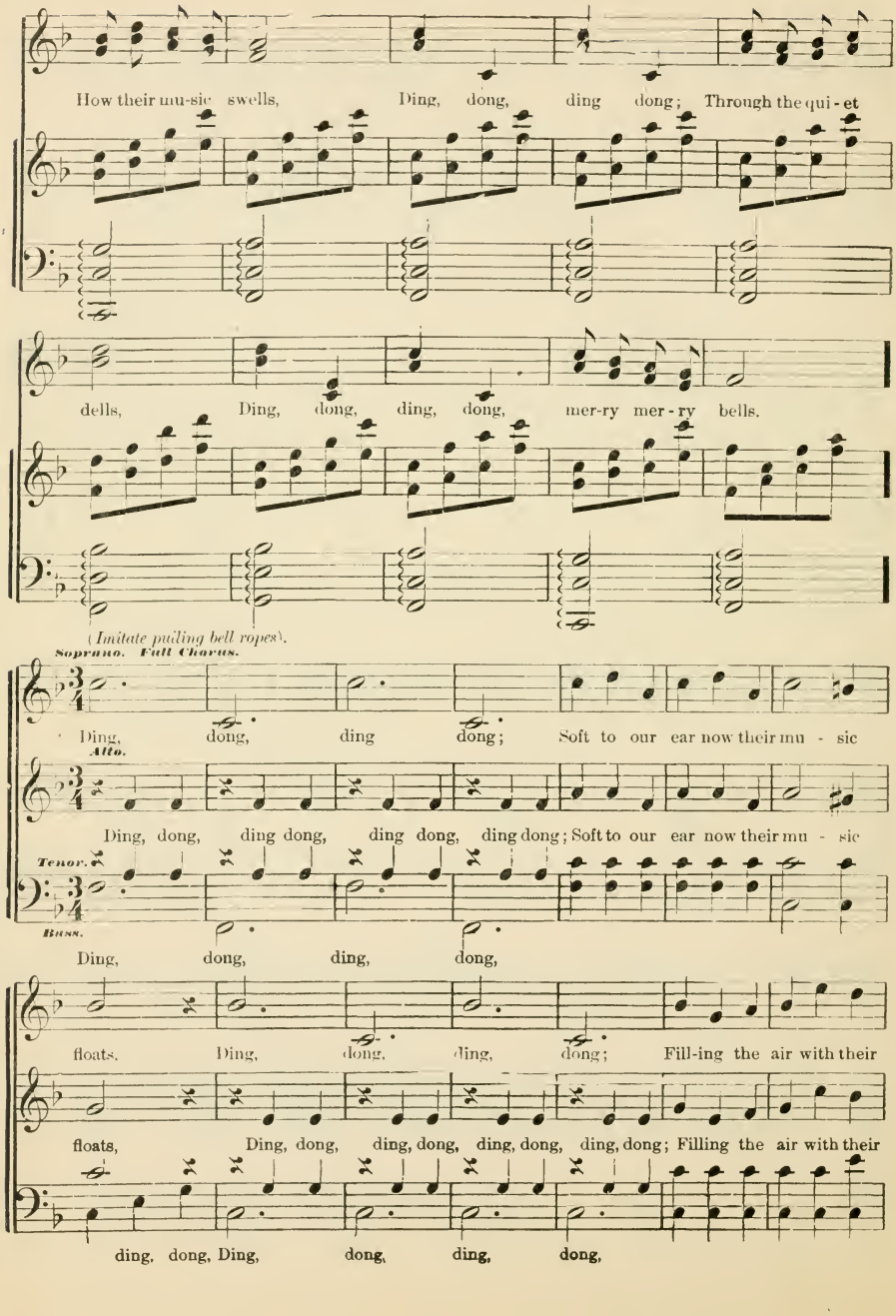


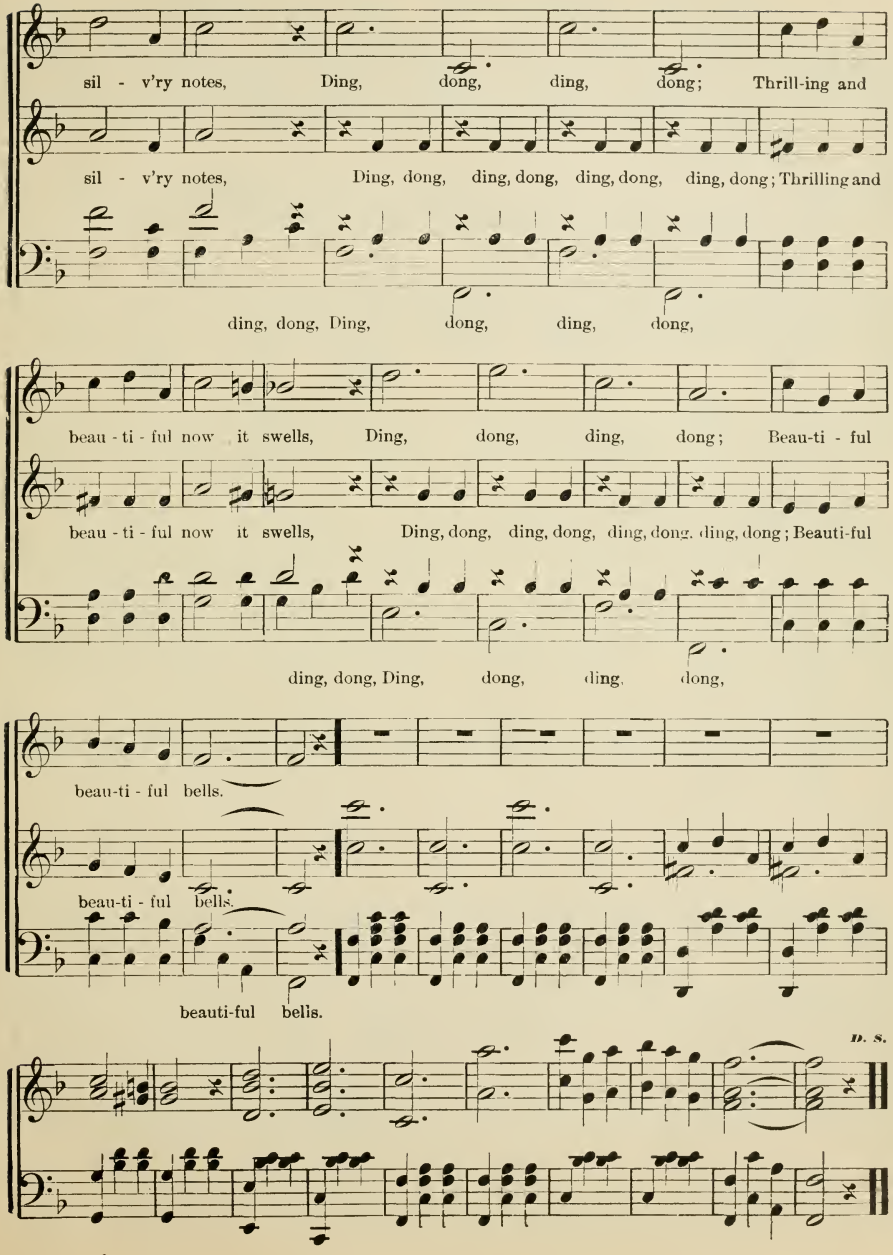


NO. 32. DING DONG.

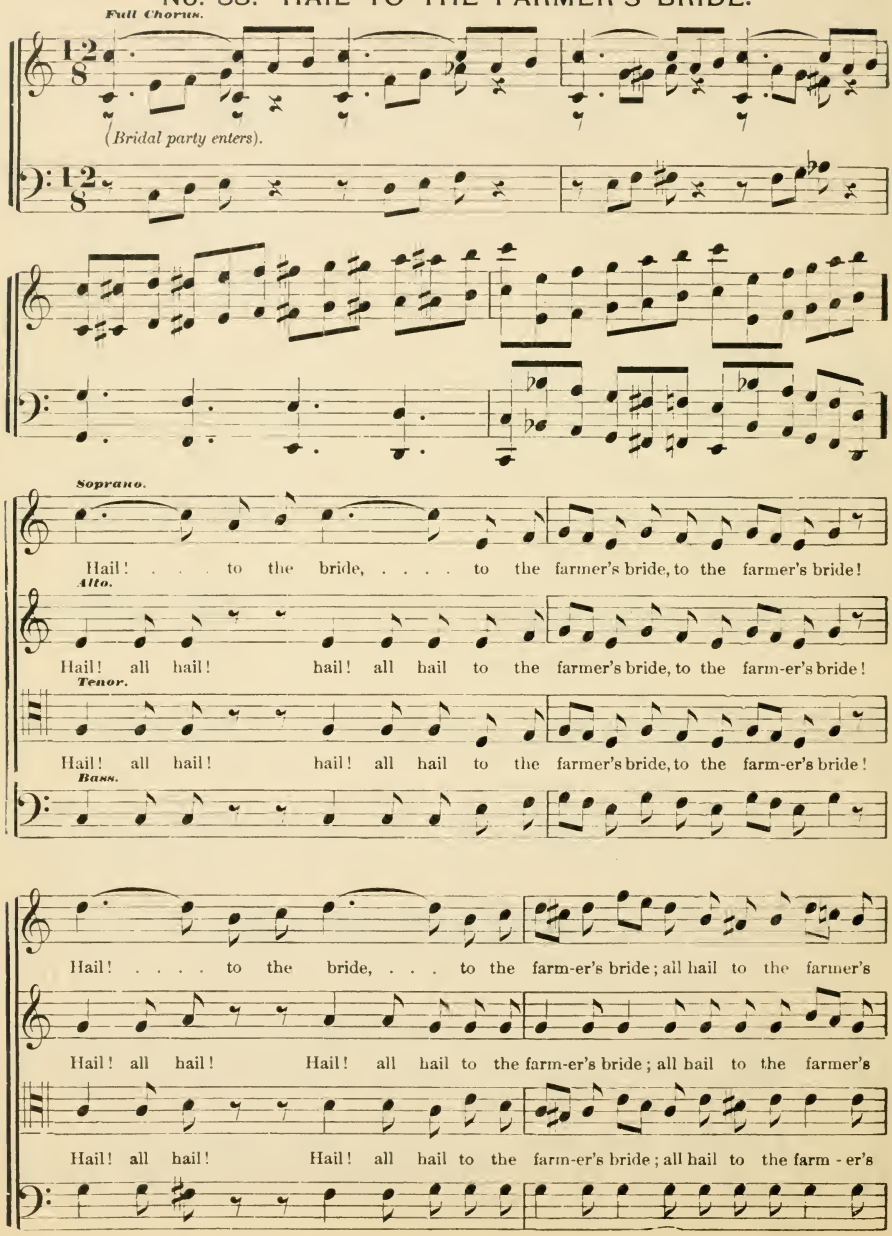


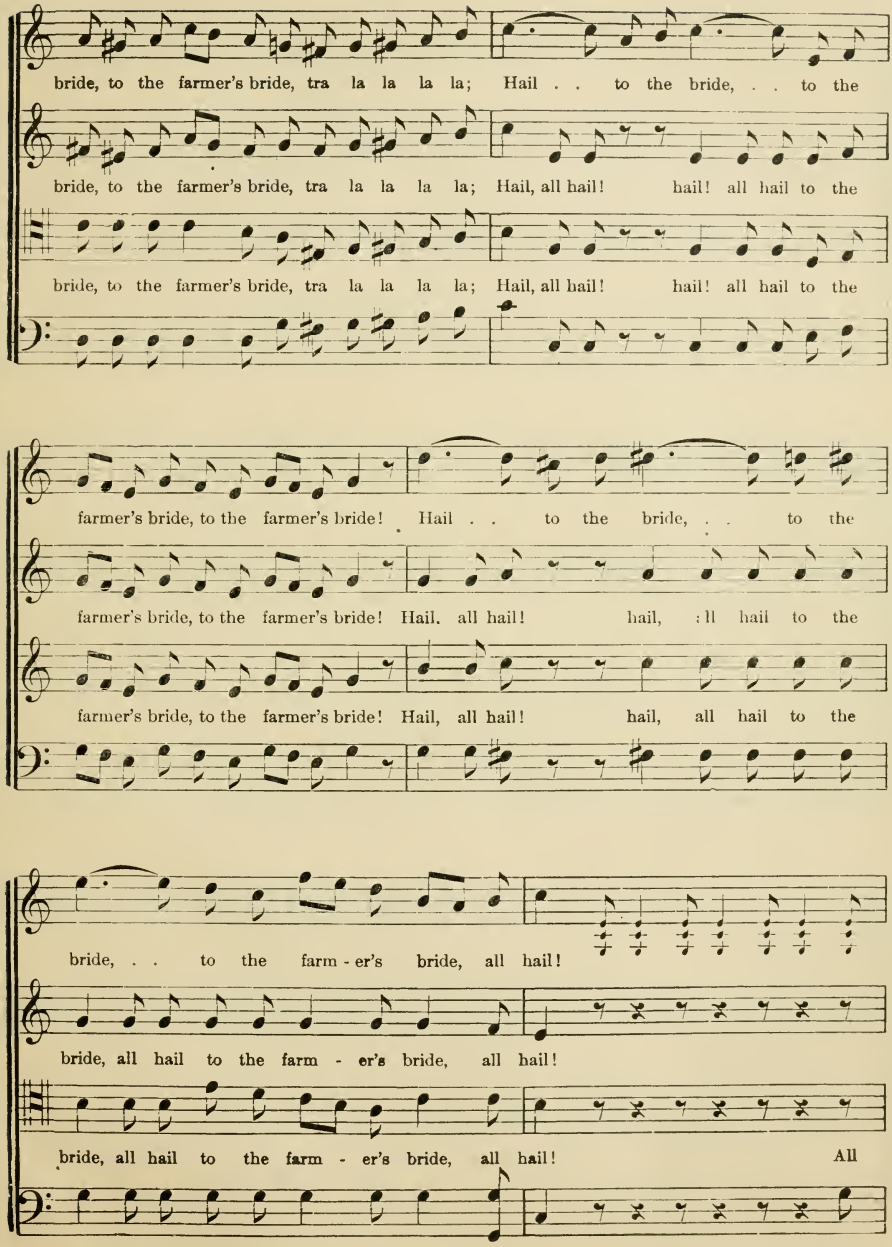

1. Sweet-ly swells through the dells, Gen-tle mu-sic of the bells; On the air, here and there,
2. Wed-ding chimes, ves-per rhymes You have rung so many times; Cortege notes from your throats.
Ring-ing, ring-ing ev-'ry-where; High or low, to and fro, Now your swinging
Down to saint and sin-ner floats; Soft and slow, sweet and low, Toll-ing out a
ham-mers go; So pro-found, all a-round Falls the ring-ing sound.
world of woe; Or in glee full and free, Hap-py as can be.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, Mer-ry, mer-ry bells; Ding, dong, ding, dong,

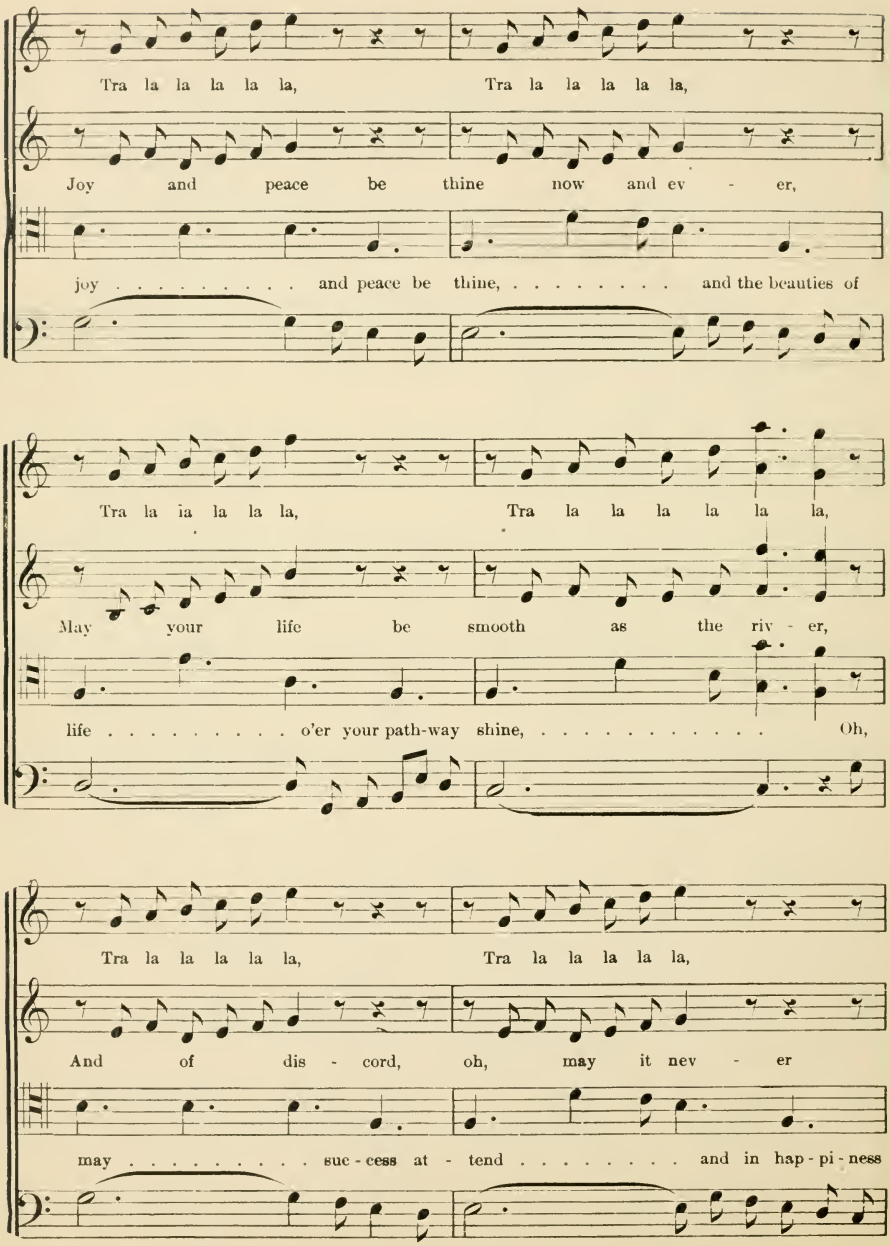

How their mu-sic swells, Ding, dong, ding dong; Through the qui-et
dells, Ding, dong, ding, dong, mer-ry mer-ry bells.
(Imitate pulling bell ropes).
Soprano. Full Chorus.
Ding, dong, ding dong; Soft to our ear now their mu-sic
Alto.
Ding, dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong; Soft to our ear now their mu-sic
Tenor.
Bass.
Ding, dong, ding, dong,
floats, Ding, dong, ding, dong; Fill-ing the air with their
floats, Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong; Filling the air with their
ding, dong, Ding, dong, ding, dong,

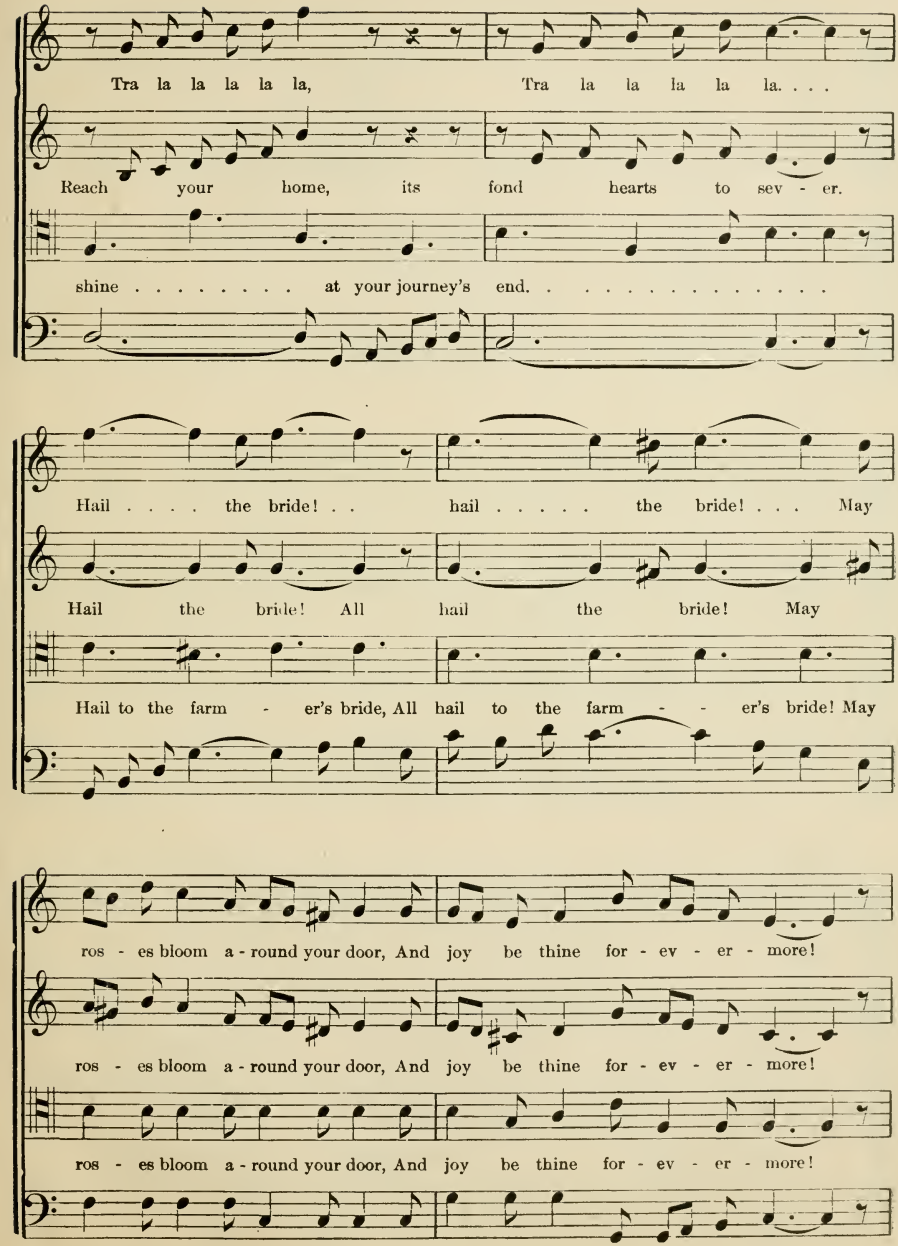

sil - v'ry notes, Ding, dong, ding, dong; Thrill-ing and
sil - v'ry notes, Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong; Thrilling and
ding, dong, Ding, dong, ding, dong,
beau - ti - ful now it swells, Ding, dong, ding, dong; Beau-ti - ful
beau - ti - ful now it swells, Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong; Beauti-ful
ding, dong, Ding, dong, ding. dong,
beau-ti - ful bells.
beau-ti - ful bells.
beauti-ful bells.
D. S.

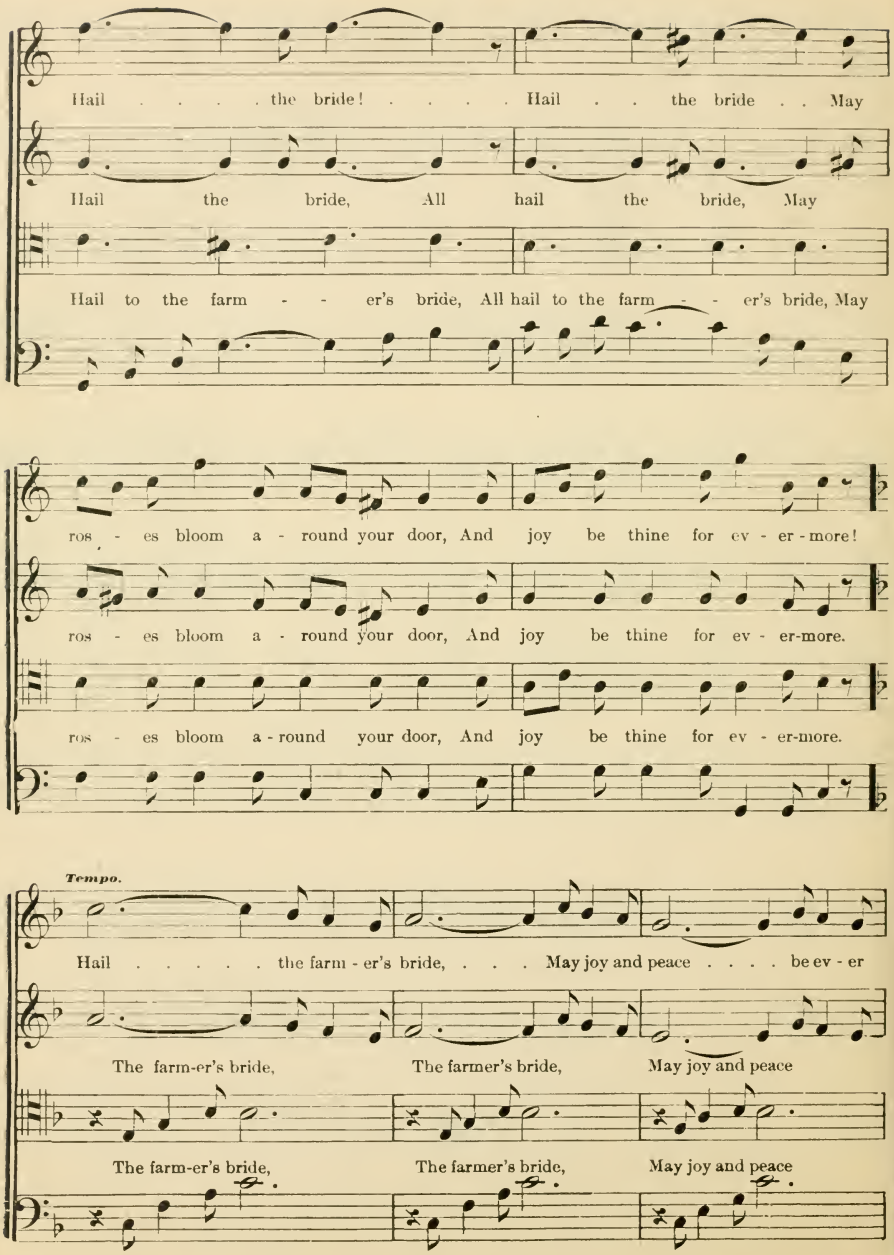
No. 33. HAIL TO THE FARMER'S BRIDE.

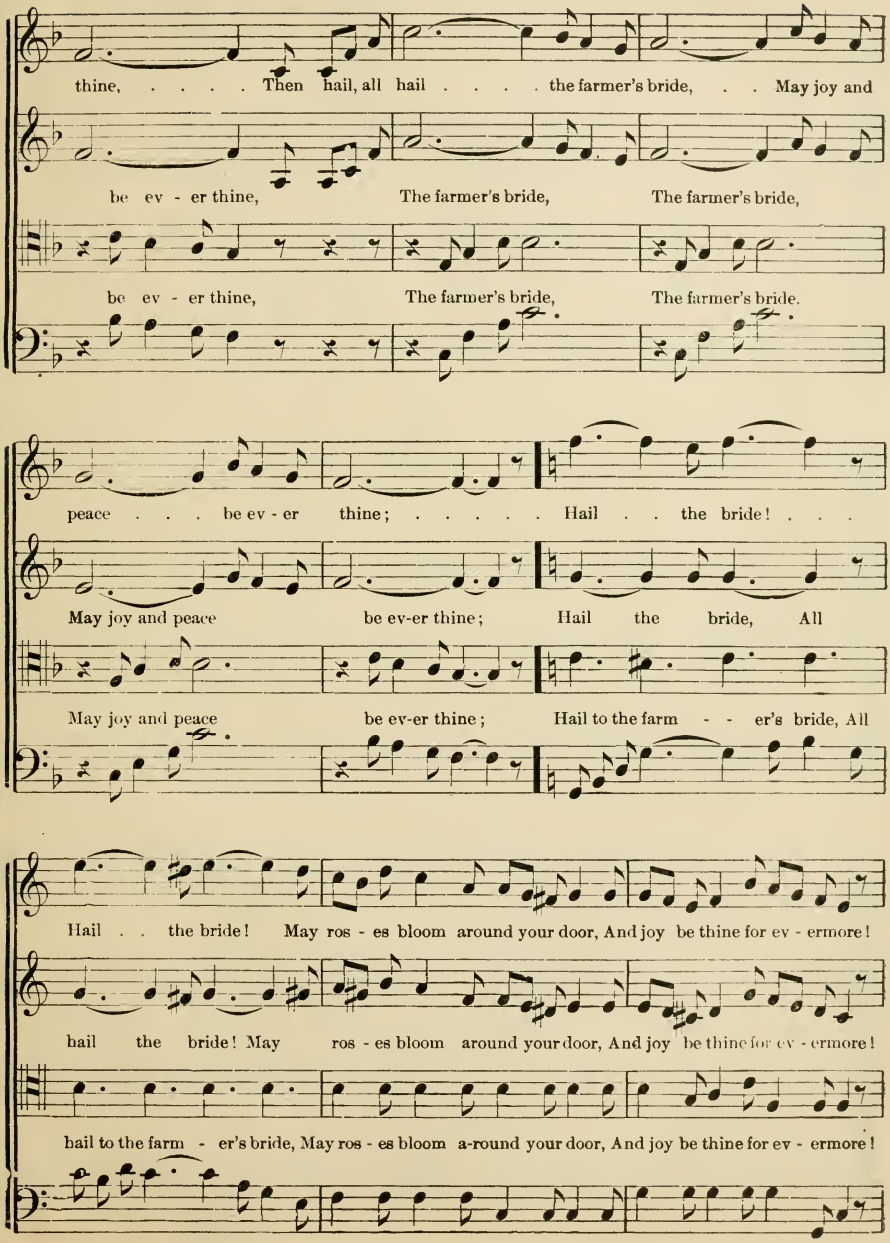


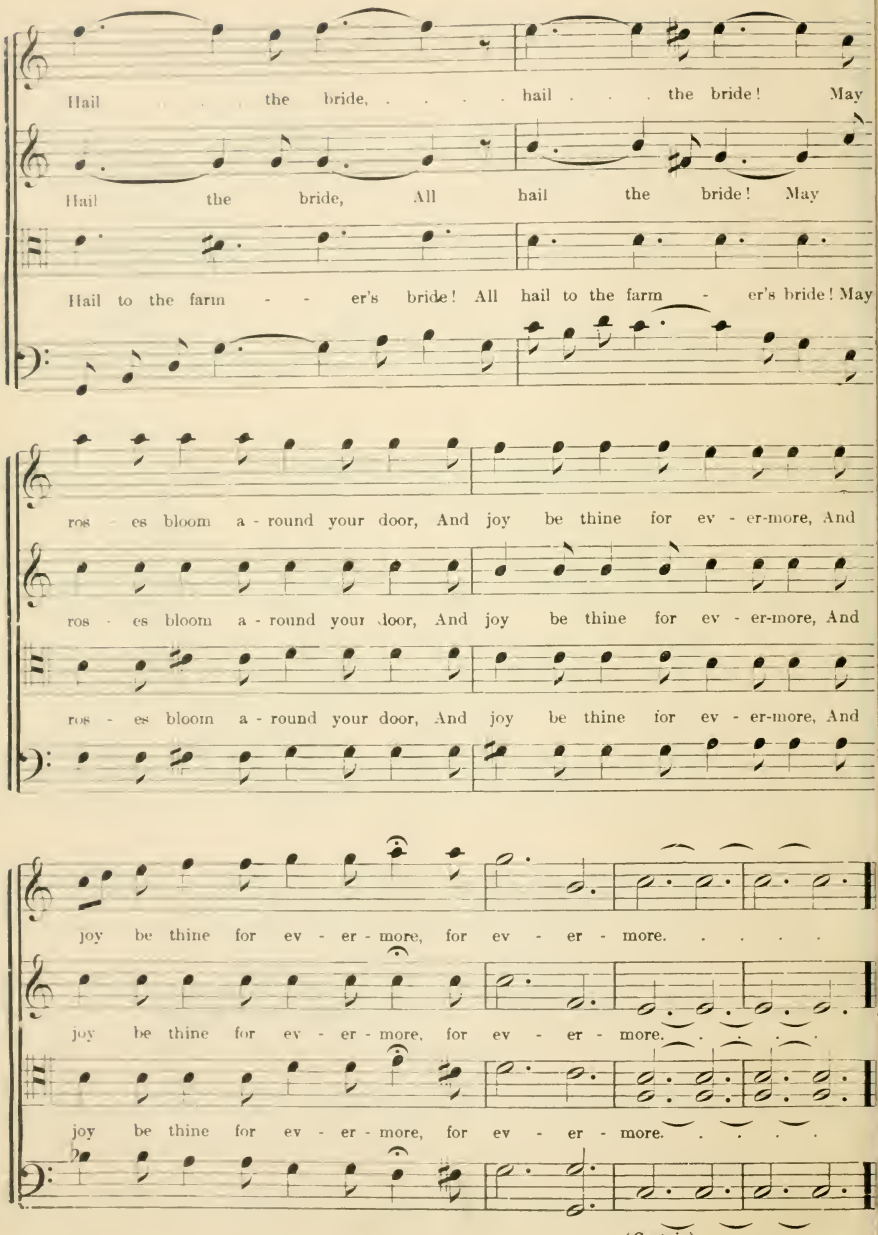

bride, to the farmer's bride, tra la la la la; Hail . . to the bride, . . to the
bride, to the farmer's bride, tra la la la la; Hail, all hail! hail! all hail to the
bride, to the farmer's bride, tra la la la la; Hail, all hail! hail! all hail to the
farmer's bride, to the farmer's bride! Hail . . to the bride, . . to the
farmer's bride, to the farmer's bride! Hail, all hail! hail, all hail to the
farmer's bride, to the farmer's bride! Hail, all hail! hail, all hail to the
bride, . . to the farm - er's bride, all hail!
bride, all hail to the farm - er's bride, all hail!
bride, all hail to the farm - er's bride, all hail! All


Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la,
Joy and peace be thine now and ev - er,
joy . . . . . and peace be thine, ... and the beauties of
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la,
May your life be smooth as the riv - er,
life . . . . . o'er your path-way shine, ... Oh,
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la,
And of dis - cord, oh, may it nev - er
may . . . . . suc - cess at - tend . . . . . and in hap - pi - ness


Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la. . . .
Reach your home, its fond hearts to sev - er.
shine . . . . . at your journey's end. . . . . .
Hail . . . . the bride! . . hail . . . . . the bride! . . . May
Hail the bride! All hail the bride! May
Hail to the farm - er's bride, All hail to the farm - - er's bride! May
ros - es bloom a - round your door, And joy be thine for - ev - er - more!
ros - es bloom a - round your door, And joy be thine for - ev - er - more!
ros - es bloom a - round your door, And joy be thine for - ev - er - more!


Hail . . . . the bride! . . . . Hail . . the bride . . May
Hail the bride, All hail the bride, May
Hail to the farm - - er's bride, All hail to the farm - - er's bride, May
ros - es bloom a - round your door, And joy be thine for ev - er - more!
ros - es bloom a - round your door, And joy be thine for ev - er-more.
ros - es bloom a - round your door, And joy be thine for ev - er-more.
Tempo.
Hail . . . . . the farm - er's bride, . . . May joy and peace . . . . be ev - er
The farm-er's bride, The farmer's bride, May joy and peace
The farm-er's bride, The farmer's bride, May joy and peace


thine, ... Then hail, all hail . . . . the farmer's bride, . . May joy and
be ev - er thine, The farmer's bride, The farmer's bride,
be ev - er thine, The farmer's bride, The farmer's bride.
peace . . . be ev - er thine; . . . . . Hail . . the bride! . . .
May joy and peace be ev-er thine; Hail the bride, All
May joy and peace be ev-er thine; Hail to the farm - - er's bride, All
Hail . . the bride! May ros - es bloom around your door, And joy be thine for ev - ermore!
hail the bride! May ros - es bloom around your door, And joy be thine for ev - ermore!
hail to the farm - er's bride, May ros - es bloom a-round your door, And joy be thine for ev - ermore!


Hail . . . the bride, ... hail . . . the bride! May
Hail the bride, All hail the bride! May
Hail to the farm - - er's bride! All hail to the farm - er's bride! May
ros - es bloom a - round your door, And joy be thine for ev - er-more, And
ros - es bloom a - round your door, And joy be thine for ev - er-more, And
ros - es bloom a - round your door, And joy be thine for ev - er-more, And
joy be thine for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more. . . . .
joy be thine for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more. . . . .
joy be thine for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more. . . . .

(*Curtain*).

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